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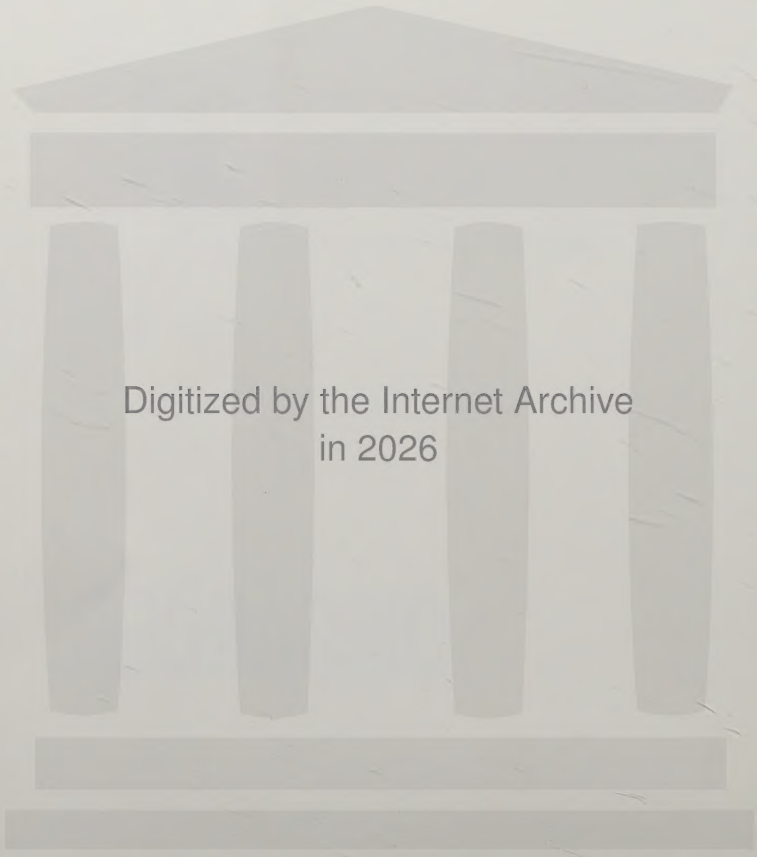
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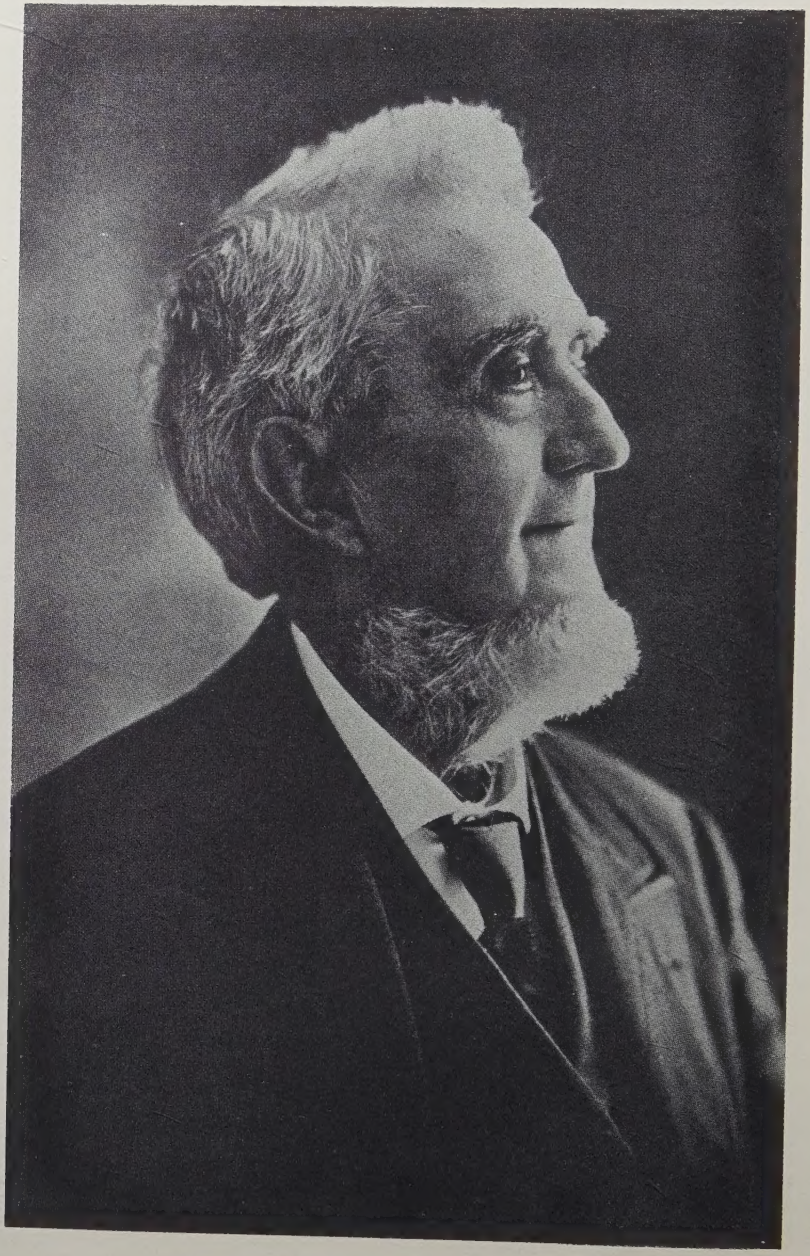
# SIXTY YEARS ON THE BRAZOS



Dr. John Washington Lockhart

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# SIXTY YEARS ON THE BRAZOS

## *The Life and Letters*

of

## *Dr. John Washington Lockhart*

1824-1900

*By* Mrs. Jonnie Lockhart Wallis

*in association with*

Laurance L. Hill

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*Dedicated to the Grandchildren and*
*the Great Grandchildren of*
*John Washington*
*Lockhart*

❦

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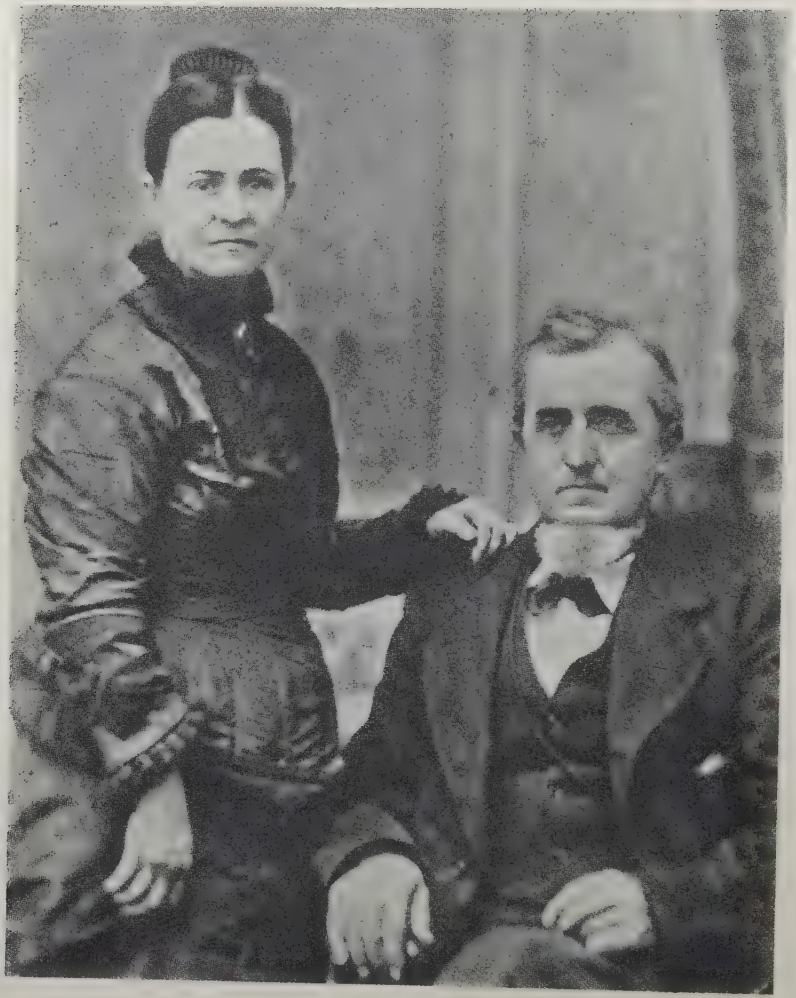
# *Preface*

In lieu of marble—which time but crumbles, and of bronze which the elements corrode, those appreciative ones who would fittingly honor the departed, have—as a memorial, compiled from his own vivid writings this volume; that his grandchildren and his great grandchildren may again live over with him his romantic and eventful years.

Under three flags, through the stress of pioneering days — the days of the building of an empire,— through lean seasons and fat seasons, through times of political turmoil and times of tranquil living, he has set down—line upon line, his acts, his thoughts, his motives and his philosophical outlook upon life itself.

What a heritage is this cross-section of that strenuous period, when the America that we know and enjoy in full flower was only in the making!



Dr. John W. Lockhart and
Mrs. Sarah Ann Elizabeth Browning Lockhart

# DR. JOHN W. LOCKHART—*a Biography*

## "THE LOCKHARTS OF LANARK"

Ancestors undoubtedly play an important part in the general scheme of life, but whom or whatever ours in particular may have been, we are inclined to flatter ourselves with the notion that—in spite of it all, we are self-made men. Of course we admit—rather grudgingly perhaps, that "blood will tell," but just to what extent is pretty much a matter of speculation with the most of us poor mortals.

We who know little as to what or whom our ancestors were, do not permit that lack of knowledge to bother us much. Those who would rather forget the lives led by their forebears go on living their own lives, regardless of such handicaps. And those who have reason to point with pride to previous generations are inclined to drift through life with the kindly and favorable tide set in motion by those generations, buoyed up as it were, with the memory of lives in which they had no part, and for which they can take no credit.

Perhaps the influence of generations past and gone is a matter of speculation with the most of us. The normal individual will endeavor to live down the effects of unwholesome living on the part of his grandsire. He will likewise endeavor to live up to and improve upon the good deeds of that individual. Consequently, the effects of the actual knowledge of the lives and characters of one's ancestors depends after all upon just what we ourselves are here and now—which in turn may depend upon the "blood which tells." It is indeed an abiding puzzle. But this much we do know: The memory of worthy deeds and worthy lives of generations long crumbled into dust bring unbounded pride and satisfaction to those who are fortunate enough to have such ancestry, and to have undoubted record of their lives.

Speculating once more, the figure around which this book is compiled, and to whom it would do honor, perhaps would have been just as lovable had he gone through life without actual knowledge of his noted forebears, or their place in history. Doubtless he would have been as courageous, as generous, as kindly, as philosophical, as industrious and observing. And yet just how much of his long and useful life was influenced by the

virile and worthwhile lives of his forebears, none of us can tell; nor perhaps could have been told by the Doctor himself.

William Edmonstoune Eytoun in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," tells us in his sixteenth century story of the "Heart of the Bruce," of a certain close and loyal friend of Sir James Douglas, one Sir Simon of Lee, yet to become famous in history. Briefly, the story runs something like this:

"Quehn Schir James Douglas was chosin as maist worthy of all Scotland to pass with King Robertis hart to the Holy Land, he put it in ane cais of gold, with arromitike and precious unyementis; and tuke with him Schir William Sinclare and Schir Robert Logan, with mony othir noblemen to the haly graif; . . ." So wrote one Victor Boice; but the pilgrimage was doomed to failure.

Douglas, who in the long English wars had seen seventy battles, stopped on his way to the Holy Land to help Alonzo, King of Leon and Castile, at war with the Moorish governor of Granada, who at the head of his Saracens had invaded Spain.

It was a fatal move, and Douglas was slain in the midst of battle. As he went down, he took from his neck the "cais of gold," containing the embalmed heart of King Robert, and cast it before him toward their destination; exclaiming in a loud voice: "Now pass onward as thou were wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!"

The body and the locket were recovered by the surviving warriors, and to a close friend—Sir Simon of Lee, fell the honor of becoming the custodian of the locket. Both the body and the locket were returned to Scottish soil, and upon the family of Sir Simon was bestowed the right to the effigy of the Hart within a Fetterlock, and to bear ever after the name of Lockhart.

That the Lockharts of the Brazos were worthy descendants of the Lockharts of Lanark may be determined in the mind of the reader by a careful perusal of this book. However, to get wholly into the spirit of the work, it would be well to list to the lilt of the Scottish bard, as he recounts in verse the details of the tragic and stirring conflict to which honorable generations of Lockharts have looked back with pardonable pride.

# THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

It was upon an April morn,
  While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
  Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights,
  All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
  That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
  But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
  The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed
  Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
  Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,
  And oh, his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
  When in the battle-van.

"Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
  Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
  I fain would tell to thee.

"Thou know'st the words King Robert spoke
  Upon his dying day:
How he bade me take his noble heart
  And carry it far away;

"And lay it in the holy soil
  Where once the Savior trod,
Since he might not bear the blessed Cross,
  Nor strike one blow for God.

"Last night as in my bed I lay,
  I dream'd a dreary dream:—
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
  In the moonlight's quivering beam.

"His robe was of the azure dye,
  Snow-white his scatter'd hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
  As good Saint Andrew bears.

" 'Why go ye forth, Lord James,' he said,
  'With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
  From this our Scottish land?

" 'The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

" 'But 'tis not there that Scotland's heart
Shall rest by God's decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

" 'Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

" 'And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert's vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!'

"Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee—
For truer friend had never man
Than thou has been to me—

"If ne'er upon the Holy Land
'Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
The relics of her dead."

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
As he wrung the warrior's hand—
"Betide me weal, betide me wo,
I'll hold by thy command.

"But if in battle-front, Lord James,
'Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!"

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed,
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
Rose grimly on our lee.

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long?
And whose the crowd of armed men
That round yon standard throng!"

"The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them today."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me,
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie!

"Have down, have down, my merry men all—
Have down unto the plain;
We'll let the Scottish Lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!"

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

"Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France's lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie!

"God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers—
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

"We do not fight for bond or plight
Nor yet for golden fee:
But for the sake of our blessed Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

"We bring our great King Robert's heart
Across the weltering wave
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Savior's grave.

"True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!"

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne—
"God's blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

"I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

"Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!"

The Douglas turned towards us then,
Oh but his glance was high!—
"There is not one of all my men
But is as bold as I.

"There is not one of all my knights
  But bears as true a spear—
Then onwards, Scottish gentlemen,
  And think King Robert's here!"

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
  The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side, and spear in rest,
  Against the foe we came.

And many a bearded Saracen
  Went down, both horse and man;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
  So furiously we ran!

But in behind our path they closed,
  Though fain to let us through
For they were forty thousand men,
  And we were wondrous few.

We might not see a lance's length,
  So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
  Still held them hard at bay.

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried—
  "Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of Saint Clair is down;
  We may not leave him here!"

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
  And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
  But they would not charge again.

"Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
  "Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
  I'll die beside thee there!"

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
  So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft
  All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him, far ahead,
  And never spake he more,
But—"Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
  As thou wert wont of yore."

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
  And heavier still the stour,
'Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
  And swept away the Moor.

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
  They fly o'er flood and fell—
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
  Good knight, that fought so well?"

"Oh, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me,
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

"There lies, above his master's heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And wo is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him!

"The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

"O Bothwell banks! that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day.

"And Scotland! thou may'st veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain:
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

"We'll bear them back unto our ship,
We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth,
Within our own countrie.

"And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
Shall never bear the Moor!"

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

"God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!
That fought so well for Spain;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again!"

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart we bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
No clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose;
And woful men were we that day—
God grant their souls repose!

## IN AMERICA, PRE-TEXAS DAYS

From such as these came the Lockharts of America. The one to whom this book would do special honor, Doctor John Washington Lockhart, was born July 4, 1824, at Union Town, Alabama. He grew in height to six feet and one inch and stood erect his full height until his last illness. His eyes were hazel, and his cheeks ruddy, his hair dark—never very grey. He was a prolific writer of events and teller of tales. If among his immediate forebears there had been those of like bent, we would have much more recorded American history, alas now lost and forgotten.

Dr. Lockhart's familiarity with early life on the lower Atlantic coast, and his decided opinions regarding it, convinces us that the Lockharts of that time were observing men, and handed down from generations much that should have been recorded, and undoubtedly would have been, but for the lack of white paper, home-made ink, and skill in struggling with the old grey-goose quill.

However, it is known that three brothers—Lockhart, came to Virginia from Scotland in early Colonial days, and that the first Lockhart to be remembered by name—James Lockhart, was born in North Carolina. The only record we have of him is contained in his will, which on account of the thoughtful and painstaking manner in which it was drawn, the quaintness of the language in which it was couched, and the picture it gives of the primitive life then prevailing, is worth perusing. It is to be found in the appendix.

As seen by reading the will, this James Lockhart was the father of nine sons and two daughters, of whom Stephen was the grandfather of the author of the articles in this book. The Doctor's father was born in North Carolina, was in Georgia during the war of 1812, being stationed at Savannah during the famous engagement of the Peacock and the Hornet and later moved to Alabama.

Here and there throughout the Doctor's writings we find charming glimpses of primitive life in Alabama, where the elder Lockhart was Judge and a member of the State Legislature, and where the boy spent the first fifteen of his seventy-six interesting years.

Life in Alabama was genuine and wholesome. The war of 1812 was not so very far back, veterans of the Revolution were not rare, and of Indian fighters there were a plenty. The cele-

bration of the Fourth of July was a real event, therefore, with real live heroes upon which to shower honor, and events, well worth glorifying, still fresh in memory. People had time to devote to the successful carrying out of smashing programs, which were good to talk about for months afterwards. Dr. Lockhart gives a vivid description of such occasions on pages 231-335.

These were the days of the genuine barbecue, when carcasses of farm stock were roasted over the embers alongside of venison, bear, 'possum and wild fowl of every description, and were drenched with vinegar, salt and pepper until they were fit for a king's feast. These were also the days of the spread-eagle speech, when the welkin was shattered by fervid oratory, patriotism was rampant, and eloquence rewarded by tumultuous applause.

This was life back in the States—the background for the new life the Lockharts were to undertake under a foreign flag and in virgin soil. The elder Lockhart had a bachelor brother who had gone to Houston in early days, acquired property and died. He went to Houston to settle up the estate, and liked the country so much that he returned home, resigned from the Alabama State Legislature and sold his plantation. He sent his negroes overland, took a boat to New Orleans with his family, and from there sailed to Galveston. There being only eight or ten feet of water over the bar, the ship could not approach close to shore, so passengers were put in small boats, brought nearer in and carried the rest of the way on the shoulders of big negroes. The only hotel at Galveston was the hulk of a stranded vessel.

## INTO THE TEXAS WILDERNESS

Into Texas was thus ushered a long-legged lad nearing sixteen, who with his parents settled upon the banks of the turgid Brazos River, in whose waters he was baptised three years later, and in the rich alluvial bottom-lands of which he lived nearly all the rest of his useful days. The life along this river—the men, women, children, beasts, birds, trees, and flowers he loved with an increasing and abiding fervor until his passing more than the proverbial three score and ten years later. It was during the administration of Martin Van Buren that he left Alabama. He died while William McKinley was President, passing away October 5, 1900.

While the world has seen great changes in these later years—and is due to see more and greater with those passing,—

the outstanding change of the nineteenth century was that of the transition from the tallow-dip to the electric light. Dr. John Washington Lockhart was witness of this stupendous miracle—spanning that period into which was crowded more of heart-breaking tragedy, constructive joy, thrilling development and genuine romance than ever before, and even since.

To pull an old settled family up by the roots, and move it bodily from the States to a howling, untamed wilderness, was a terrific undertaking in the days when travel was mostly by covered wagons drawn by reluctant and slow-moving ox-teams. But such was the ordeal Judge John Lockhart and his family of seven boys and their brave mother underwent. And, though it meant shattering of a political career back in Alabama, and for the mother the breaking of tender ties, none of them—not even the latter, ever regretted the move.

Dr. Lockhart writes most interestingly of the trip from Houston to the Brazos. "Houston (where they went by steamer from Galveston) also is a rough place," he declares. "It was very common to see men passing on the streets with from two to four pistols belted around them, with the addition of a large bowie knife. This was in the days before the six-shooter. The streets were very muddy and it was not an unusual thing then and long afterward to see ox-wagons bogged down on the principal streets."

". . . . After a sojourn of about three months in Houston he (Judge Lockhart) hired several ox-wagons which were returning to the country. After loading them up we started some time in February for our destination. The roads were in their worst condition. If we traveled five miles a day we did well. Frequently we would camp in sight of our previous camp fire. This slow traveling would have been unendurable had it not been for the abundance of game on the prairie. Geese and ducks were innumerable, deer by the thousands,—sometimes we could count from 100 to 150 in a bunch,—large covies of partridges, wild turkeys, and occasionally a drove of wolves were seen, but these last, from their nature, imagining that every man's hand was against them, Ishmaelites, as it were, were shy and hard to kill. On the contrary, the deer, turkeys and other game were comparatively gentle and easy of approach.

"There were only a few houses or settlements after leaving Houston until you approached the Brazos River going north, so that the whole flat prairie, some fifty miles wide, was in a state of nature. There were large droves of wild horses roaming on the prairie, and some young men made it a profitable business to go in the spring and catch young colts. Many commenced their ranches in this way. We, of course, took advantage of the fine hunting to pass off what would have been a tedious trip.

"After passing through much mud, water, and other trials and troubles, we finally reached the town of Washington on the 4th day of March, 1840."

Dr. Lockhart gives a second description of the country between Houston and Washington when he tells of the arrival a little later of his brother Charles and wife. "My brother," he writes, "had a few negroes along, and with them he walked the greater part of the way, varying the monotony by constant raids on the game he encountered along the road. There seemed an almost inexhaustible supply of deer, wild geese, duck, grouse, and all kinds of aquatic fowls.

"It seemed to my brother the veritable huntsman's paradise of which he had heard before leaving the old state and for which he had come prepared by bringing a fine double-barreled shotgun and two of his best hound dogs. The transition was so great and so quick from the old states that at times he thought he had—by some legerdemain, been transferred from this to the Red Man's happy hunting ground.

". . . . The scenes were not less so to his wife, for from her lofty perch (she was seated atop the household goods) she beheld nature in all her grandeur . . . . to a woman's eyes, the broad prairie, covered with its living green and the innumerable flowers in their variegated arrangement, spread out so lavishly on Nature's bosom, seemed somewhat to compensate her for the trials of her lonely trip."

And so it was that the family again took root in new and virgin soil, with unlimited elbow-room in which to expand and develop. With the sons, William, Charles, John, Alec, Lucien, Sam Houston, and Ben, and their families settled all about them, the Lockhart family became a part of the new Republic, and saw it absorbed into the Union in which they formerly lived. Old Washington, the birthplace of the Republic of Texas was their home; and here they lived and were buried. In the words of the Doctor, one of the seven boys, "What a glorious place in which to pass away."

## OLD WASHINGTON

Washington-on-the-Brazos became a real town through the persistent efforts of one John W. Hall, whose ambition was to found a city. Hall's father-in-law, Andrew Robinson, deeded 640 acres to him and his wife Patsy in 1824. The land was surveyed and platted in 1833, and in the following year he pur-

chased the remainder of the Robinson holdings, including a ferry constructed by Robinson, which served all-comers, many of them famous people, for sixty long years.

Back in 1819, when the whole land was under Mexican rule,—to the high bluff on the west bank of the Brazos, at its junction with the Navasota, came a score of men under the leadership of either Captain Randal Jones or of James Walker—history being a bit hazy as to this point,—with instructions from General James Long to establish a port, fortify the same and build boats with which to navigate and explore the river. On the 15th of October of the same year, Mexicans attacked the small colony and scattered it.

Two years later, as related, Andrew Robinson came with his son-in-law and built the ferry, and these two were followed by people from Stephen F. Austin's colony under the leadership of Amos Gates. Austin and Baron de Bastrop gave Robinson a conveyance of half a league of land, the colonists' share.

Thus began the historic town of Washington, around which was to evolve the making of the great Empire State. It was the acorn from which sprang the mighty oak, absorbing the original kernel until scarce a trace remains, except the location thereof. To Dr. Asa Hoxie must be given the honor of naming the town, which he did in remembrance of his own town in Wilkes County, Georgia.

But Texas under ruthless Mexican military rule became unbearable, and the spirit of revolt stimulated thereby, resulted in a move for independence. Delegates on horseback came to Washington from far and near; and in a rude one-story glassless-windowed structure, barely ample to accommodate the convention, declared the country free from Mexican rule. This was on March 2, 1836. Thus was born the Republic of Texas, and the immortal Sam Houston led the fifty-eight signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The building, where the signing took place, was from that time on called "Independence Hall." Here court was held and here social affairs took place. Many a cotillion and Virginia reel did young John Lockhart dance in that historic building, "not to the dulcet rhythm of costly string band but to the solitary fiddle."

The massacre at the Alamo took place during the time the convention was in session, and fifty-one days later at San Jacinto was dealt the blow which shattered forever the Mexican shackles. A constitution was adopted on the 17th of the same month, and David G. Burnett was installed as President and Lorenzo de Zavala as Vice President.

For nineteen days the town of Washington basked in governmental sunshine. Then the government was practically mounted on wheels and functioned in turn at Harrisburg, Galveston, Velasco, Columbia, Houston, and then at Austin. The year 1842 saw it again at Washington, from whence it was again whisked to Houston. From here President Houston ordered it once more to Washington, where it remained until Texas became one of the United States. As Dr. Lockhart put it,—"Washington sat beside the cradle of the Republic and followed its hearse."

The Washington that Dr. Lockhart knew, drew the live-wires from all points of the compass,—statesmen, sportsmen, scholars, adventurers, planters, politicians, soldiers, huntsmen. Whether educated or illiterate, crude or polished, they were men of decided opinions, and would fight to back up their ideas. They were men you could depend upon. Many of them, like the Lockharts, took root, sending out their influence in all directions, and their children have made the State what it is today.

Old Washington was located in a postoak grove and built on a second bluff, with its houses out of sight of the river. Its one business street was, of course, called Main. About 500 feet from the bluff stood "Old Independence Hall."

The population was about 250. There was about the usual proportion of gamblers, horse-racers and all-round sports—mostly floaters. The actual residents lived in well-made log and clapboard houses, and were indeed fine people, generous, hospitable, and courteous to strangers. Four doctors and four lawyers looked after the wants of the community professionally.

Getting an education was a difficult task. There was a lack of text books; the few obtainable had been brought from the States, and these were not standardized, and were otherwise undesirable. The first school in Texas young John Lockhart attended was a log affair in the edge of the town, presided over by a very deaf but otherwise excellent man, Judge W. P. Ewing. His next teacher was a Rev. L. P. Tucker, who on account of the wildness of his pupils did not last long. The teacher that followed was a man of poor judgment and exceedingly bad temper. The fact that he was afflicted with boils and was also bitten by a snake, did not improve his disposition to any great extent.

But life for teacher and pupil alike was hard indeed. Added to the lack of simplified and interesting books, were the long school hours from sun-up to near sun-down. And then the split log-benches without backs, and the ever-present hickory switch, together with the slow grind through heavy, unsuitable

subjects. Only four of young John's class of thirty struggled through and studied for a profession.

An ambitious blacksmith, while pumping his bellows, read and improved his mind, gaining more than local fame thereby. He was elected Captain of a troop of volunteers formed to repel an invasion of Mexicans. When Captain W. P. Rutledge fared forth to head off General Woll at San Antonio, he hastily departed with the first available squad, saying to the others, "Come on boys, as fast as you are ready. We have no time to organize here; we will meet and organize on the field of battle." John Lockhart, himself, only sixteen, admonished by his careful mother, strapped so much bedding and provisions onto his saddle, that he could hardly find sitting room. "In my case," he wrote afterward, "it looked more like going to a picnic than to a battle. I well remember bidding adieu to my aged father and mother, receiving her parting kiss and encouraging words; her almost broken heart, though carefully concealed from me; how I rode slowly away from the gate, my brain crowded with the thought of perhaps never seeing home again, and at the last pinnacle of the hill how I turned around to have perhaps the last glimpse of the house; a few stray tears, and after getting with the crowd how I forgot all and was as merry as any of them."

Most every man was in turn farmer, cattle herder or soldier against the ever threatening Mexican or the hostile Indian. Life was not really so monotonous. Good behavior of the pioneer, one to another, was the rule. The universal custom of wearing a weapon handy discouraged unseemly conduct, or discourteous remarks. Acute personal trouble seldom developed. A note from the Doctor's memoranda states that a certain sheriff held office during several terms, and found time to farm a bit, prospering thereby.

The customs of old Texans were simple and were expected so to be,—and usually were lived up to to the letter. However poor your host might be, he was the soul of hospitality. Real coffee might be scarce, and the substitute therefor of undesirable quality, but the pot was ever boiling on the hearth, and the guest urged to partake. The host might be a man of peace—and usually was, but to offer pay for such hospitality was the quickest way to provoke a fight.

"Fun and frolic were the ruling passions of the hour, and woe to the one who came in green from the states particularly if he were in the least presumptuous and loved whiskey. The old stagers would have an especial series of lessons for him to learn and some were so severe that they were never forgotten. But a gentleman who came and attended strictly to his business

and was polite to all would meet a most cordial reception," Dr. Lockhart writes.

When people left their homes, they, as a matter of course closed their doors to, keep the "varmints" out, but the latch-string always hung outside, that the stranger might enter and make use of the house. Things were sacredly left untouched. Scarcely anything was stolen.

"Thieves were not tolerated," the Doctor states. "They were looked upon with so much abhorrence that when they were caught they were either hanged or punished with such a severe flogging that they never dared show themselves in the community again. The writer saw two punished for theft. They were taken across the Brazos, tied to two large cotton wood trees and whipped fearfully. They were then turned loose and told to hunt new homes. The killing of a fellow was looked upon with a great deal more leniency than theft."

Naturally, the problem of raiment was acute; not so much with the women as with the men. The women could spin and weave and fashion their garments, but tailors were scarce, and suitings not home-spun were scarcer. Like the Indians, men often resorted to buckskin and pelts, wearing moccasins for shoes. One notorious chap wore a snake-skin vest—a very odoriferous affair, and head-gear was often fashioned from coonskins.

The slaves were clothed with cloth manufactured on the plantations, and provided with brogans made by itinerant shoemakers. Piccaninnies went about in their birthday suits as long as they could. Poke bonnets brought from back home were carefully stowed away to be worn on state occasions, and the sunbonnet used for common wear.

Mail was by private conveyance. "Generally some young man," according to Dr. Lockhart, "would volunteer, the neighbors paying his expense, to go to Houston—the nearest post office—and bring the mail for all . . . . Many a time, I have seen a man mounted on a mule, if the roads were muddy; if dry, on a Spanish pony, with his blanket, rawhide rope, coffee pot and wallet of provisions, with a pair of old saddle bags, start for Houston. In three or four days he would be back, bringing joy to all who wished to hear the news from the other states."

As in the case of all great moves—even unto this day, people break away from old religious habits, take a vacation, as it were, until they gradually form new ones. Consequently, Sunday did not mean to the pioneers in Texas what it had meant to them "back home." A certain venturesome divine, one

R. Campbell, D. D., held an occasional meeting in Washington. Although no coward, he wore his pistols strapped to his hips, and once offered to lick a chap who was disturbing his service by blowing a steer-horn; the occasion thereof being the singing of the hymn, "Blow Ye the Trumpet."

Gradually other preachers drifted in, sometimes holding protracted revival meetings, until Washington County developed into a strong, virile, religious region, setting a pattern for the rapidly growing State—its influence spreading in all directions. A Baptist missionary from Georgia, on one occasion, got all but three in the town to join the church. He would lead his converts from the meeting and baptize them by moonlight in the Brazos, with the whole population singing hymns on the bank. "The solemnity of the occasion, the hour of the night, the glinting of the moonbeams on the wavelets, and the thought of the savages in the forest not far away, created an impression on my mind that will never be obliterated," writes Dr. Lockhart. Old Mark, a negro from Independence, came preaching to his race. Such a prodigy he was, and such an influence for good, that the donations from the whites enabled him to purchase his freedom.

The first industries were the milling of corn and the ginning of cotton; the power being furnished by an inclined wheel, which by a heart-breaking effort, cattle struggled to climb. Of course, some adventurous souls had to attempt the publication of a paper; but the fact that they inadvertently named it the "Tarantula" probably had something to do with its early demise.

The removal of the seat of government from Austin to Houston, and again to Washington, occasioned much hatred in Western Texas for President Houston. Speaker of the Eighth Congress of the Republic, Judge Scurry, was the ablest defender Houston had in these trying times. General Burleson, chairman of the Senate, which for want of a better place, met over a bar-room, was also a staunch defender of the President's policies.

The close proximity of the bar-room had its advantages. The effects of many of the hot political debates vanished under the soothing influence of a few drinks of straight corn-juice. While the seat of government was at Washington, citizens rubbed elbows with many famous characters, and others who deserved fame. These adventurous souls had gravitated to the young Republic—both before and after its birth, from the four quarters of the globe. They were men of character—many of them highly talented; fitted for the rough work of pioneering,

Mrs. Elmina Wallis Lockhart and
Dr. John W. Lockhart

and qualified for shaping the policy of the new-born commonwealth. Many of their names have since glittered in the pages of history.

## LIFE AT CHAPPELL HILL

John Lockhart left Washington to attend Tulane University. Later he graduated at the Louisville Medical College. While away at school, both his father and mother died of pneumonia. Returning to Texas he commenced the practice of medicine at Chappell Hill. Here the young doctor was married to Miss Elmina Carolina Wallis, daughter of Major Joseph and Elizabeth Crockett Wallis of Chappell Hill, on the 11th of October, 1849.

Chappell Hill was but a short distance down the Brazos from Washington. It was the aristocratic and cultural center for the Austin Colony. Here were located Chappell Hill Female College and Soule University. The former was founded in the early forties and for "many years reigned like a Queen." "Weatherbeaten by age, the old building is now used as a public school. Across the highway, not a vestige remaining of its one-time glory, old Soule's campus is now a cotton field. From the halls of these ancient institutions went forth men who framed deathless constitutions and women who bore sons who fashioned empires."

Being a doctor meant something in those crude days. It meant long, hard rides on horse-back, with perhaps all the medicines in that part of the country stowed in one's saddle-bags. It meant treatment of people who knew little about the care of themselves or of sanitary matters. It meant home-spun nursing, the care of unlettered whites and of superstitious blacks. It meant little pay and long waits for that. Often Dr. Lockhart would be called upon to follow a black man out into a black night—perhaps fifteen miles, often twenty. One night, when he could scarcely see his hand before his face, he followed for fifteen miles through river bottoms the elusive lead of a white horse.

But before the boy became a doctor, he played a man's part as a soldier, as mentioned before, when he bestrode a pony and fared forth to help repel the advances of the Mexicans. When a treaty was made with the Indians at old Fort Marlin, John Lockhart served as secretary of the commission—a very honorable accomplishment indeed.

Declaring himself tired of seeing sick people, Dr. Lockhart gave up his practice in the fifties. But he did not retire to idleness, however,—far from it. At about 1848 he came into possession of over 1000 acres of land at Chappell Hill. Here he lived the life of a busy Southern gentleman, for in addition to overseeing the plantation itself, he had the responsibility of looking after the health, the comfort and the conduct of seventy-five slaves—no slight task. When he purchased his plantation it was still wild land covered with cedar brakes and black walnut. Wild horses still grazed upon it. He built his home from the timber on the place. The finish was all in beautiful black walnut. This house, still in possession of the family, now faces on a much traveled cement auto highway. The plantation is the only one of many of its size still remaining. All the rest have been cut up into small farms.

Most of the negroes had been brought by wagon from Alabama. A man was worth from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars, and a woman from eight hundred to a thousand dollars. Life on the plantation was well organized and systematic; making for the comfort and welfare of all, without overburdening a single worker. There was a negress who cooked and another who sewed. There was a negro milker and a negro gardener. A girl had the making of beds in the big house, and another had the very special job of "shooing out flies"—as the window screen was not yet invented.

These negroes were proud of their "white-folks." If perchance one should marry over into another plantation, their masters would try and arrange a sale to adjust things to their liking. However, they did not visit back and forth without a permit. Small negroes were well cared for while their elders were at work. An old mammy prepared their meals. The milk from ten to twenty cows insured well-filled "tummies."

When the first cold days came in the fall, seventy-five or more hogs were killed; the negroes making a holiday of it. Hams and bacon were hung in the big log smoke-house and the women were busy rendering lard and stuffing sausage. Material for clothing came from the soil. Women wove the cloth on hand-made looms from home-spun thread, dyed with the juice of native trees and plants.

Clothing for the whites—cloth by the bolt, coffee, sugar and other staples would all have to come from Galveston, the port of entry from Europe or from the States. During the Civil War blocade, Brownsville was the only port open. Farmers would send cotton in charge of some man hired for the purpose. He would carry with him long lists of merchandise to fetch back. The last wagon-train load sent by Dr. Lockhart during

the Civil War was confiscated. There is recorded with the Court of Claims in Washington, D. C., a claim for this amounting to $45,000, at the present day.

When, on account of these long trips, the coffee became scarce, okra would be parched and mixed with it. Wheat flour was only for Sunday use. On week-days it was corn-meal cakes. However, there were plenty of chickens, turkeys, and the like; while in the orchards grew peaches, plums, figs, and other fruits. There was never really any want. Corn went to the neighboring mill every Saturday. Then would gather at the smoke-house, representatives from each slave family to receive its portion of meal, bacon, and molasses.

There was no corner grocery to run to when out of soap. Soap had to be home-made. Wood ashes contained in a V-shaped hopper, were soaked with water, and pork drippings were boiled up. To these were added tallow; and then the whole was boiled until it would jell. The result was soap, which, to say the least, was cleansing. Blueing was made from the indigo plant, and starch was made by soaking in water corn that was a little over-ripe.

Eatables peculiar to plantation life included bacon and greens cooked together and called "pot-liquor," which went well with corn-bread and plenty of molasses. "Cush" was another standby, made with corn-bread brought to a liquor with salt-pork.

The plantation's houses were constructed of timber, cut from its broad acres. Those built of red cedar and of walnut lasted many long years. The Lockhart home, a story-and-a-half building, with fluted pillars and old-fashioned dormer windows, was one of the first plastered houses in that part of the country. A long row of crepe-myrtles stood in front, exuberant in spring with crinkled blossoms of watermelon pink.

The negro quarters faced upon a lane, with trees and rose-bushes in front of each. Every family had its own home and its own provisions. Fruit was dried on scaffolds; sweet and Irish potatoes were heaped in mounds, covered with corn-stalks, and left for the winter.

The plantation boasted a store, a blacksmith shop, and a cotton-gin. The latter was run by mule-power, the mules being hitched to a long sweep, which went round and round, and upon which children could ride to their great delight. Mules and oxen were used for plowing and freighting, horses to ride. Every girl as well as boy could ride, and children rode to and from school.

Sunday was an austere day. The children went to Sunday School in the family carriage with a coachman. A colored boy

would go along, provided with a silver cup in which to carry water to the children when they were thirsty. The father and mother drove by themselves in a buggy. In those days young men and women went to church together, but sat in separate sections. Only married couples sat together. In the home the piano was closed on Sunday, and no cards were allowed. As the years passed, however, the Doctor and his wife grew more liberal in their views, and permitted music, dancing, and cards.

Doctor Lockhart was always a proud and indulgent father and grandfather. He delighted in playing audience to the little games and playlets of his children and grandchildren. He always saw to it that the "gate receipts" were sufficient to insure "treats" for all present. In fact, he always kept a pocket filled with nickels and dimes for the youngsters. He was full of rhymes and stories and whenever he appeared in the yard he was surrounded by children. One of his girls climbed into his lap to study her lessons until she was well up in her teens.

The church held quarterly business and revival meetings, to which school girls were allowed to go. They were mostly Methodists and Baptists in Texas in those days. Immense camp-meetings were held each summer.

Round-up time came in the spring of the year, when wild horses were herded into an enclosure and branded. The three and four-year olds were broken to saddle. Hog-killing time came in the fall, as mentioned before, and was a gala day for the darkies. Christmas, without Christmas trees, nevertheless was a day of rejoicing and feasting. The children shouted "Christmas gif' " to everybody, and made a great "to-do."

The annual examination at school was a large event. The church, being near the college, was used as an auditorium. A platform was built the full width of the church. People came for miles around; and homes were thrown open to entertain the families of students. Three pianos would be on the stage at one time. Oral examinations would be held during the day, and concerts at night. One day would be given to Chappell Hill Female College, the next to Soule University. On the last day there would be a soiree. Long tables would be set for a banquet. Cakes of seven and eight layers would appear. Colonel Browning, father of Mrs. Lockhart, furnished roasted peacock one year. However, no dancing was permitted. The Methodists, who controlled the country around, did not approve of dancing. Only the negroes so disported themselves.

Commencement Day at the Female College was considered the day of the year. Some celebrated lawyer from Galveston or Houston would come and make the address. The dinner of

the year was held in some private home. Compositions were read by all graduates. Once each year a tournament was held, where young men, mounted on horses, at top speed, caught rings on lances. The one catching the most rings would have the privilege of naming the Queen of the Day.

## SLAVERY AND THE WAR

Just a year before the Civil War broke out, Dr. Lockhart started for Europe, but upon reaching New York became so lonesome that he returned home via Niagara Falls. Shortly after his return, on February 22, 1860, he married Miss Sarah Ann Elizabeth Browning, daughter of Colonel William Wescott Browning and Elizabeth Lewis Gilmer Browning of Chappell Hill. His first wife had passed away three years previously.

Sarah Browning had a legal mind, and would sit up nights reading court decisions just for pleasure. She had gone to school at Sharon, Mississippi. She was a natural executive and kept the plantation account books. The Doctor would ask her how much money there was in the bank, and she always knew. She took charge of the plantation when the Doctor went to war. She was supreme over the overseer. She saw that there was cloth for the negroes' clothing, and that the seamstress made them. She had many servants, but their care meant great responsibility. Bills were paid out-of-crop, always in the fall of the year. The Doctor would say: "Sallie, we'll settle with Mr. Soandso, now." She would get the books, and Mr. Soandso would get his pay.

Dr. Lockhart and "Sallie" would take vacation trips down the Mississippi River, indulging in what was considered the most luxurious traveling in the world at that time. A great and satisfactory event in their lives was a trip taken to Mexico in the year 1894 after the two Republics had enjoyed years of peace, and the Doctor and his wife had reached the point where they could relax and enjoy traveling in a strange land. Here the Doctor's alert and observing faculties were given full sway and his story of the grand trip beginning on page 293 is intensely interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Lockhart's father, Col. W. W. Browning, had a large plantation which he tilled with more than 100 slaves. He had such faith in the Southern Cause that he purchased more slaves only shortly before the close of the Civil War. He was very devout, read a chapter in the Bible morning and night and led

the family in prayer daily. At the age of five he had promised his dying mother that he would never drink; and he never did—even when sick. At the age of 18 he lost his father and inherited from him a family of slaves. To support these he had to go to work teaching school.

Colonel Browning was a great lover of horse flesh and was especially fond of matched horses of the Clay-bank variety. He always raised them himself. Like his son-in-law, he was a good story teller. He used to tell of one of his pupils who could not understand or spell the simple word "b-e-d." When asked what he slept on at night, the poor youngster replied "Cow-hides and blankets."

Doctor Lockhart was an independent thinker, broad and liberal; and this too in a strongly sectarian and intolerant community. He harbored ideas on political, religious, and social problems, which were far in advance of his day and time. "There are bound to be changes," he writes. "Evolution is marked upon the face of everything in nature. We see it in the colors of the butterfly, we see it in the formation of the rocks . . . in fact the whole face of nature speaks out in words that cannot be misconstrued, Evolution, Evolution!" He had no sympathy for the abuse heaped upon Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin.

The one outstanding question, of course, was that of slavery. As the Doctor read history, it was the Yankee traders who sold negroes to the South, and it was Yankees, perhaps of another type, who clamored for the abolition of slavery. In other words, it was the Yankee who started the trouble, and the Yankee who kept it up.

As to slavery—the institution—he held that its purpose had been served when the wilderness had been conquered, and made fit for the white man. But it taught the young that work was a disgrace, which was bad. He thought that the abolition of slavery was inevitable, and would and should be brought about gradually; and but for the politicians and the preachers, it could have been accomplished all in good time, and without secession and war. He always felt that war was a terribly unnecessary thing. His views on slavery are given at some length beginning with page 246.

When the great conflict came, it found the Doctor disqualified as a participant for any one of three reasons: He was a producer of supplies needed by the troops, he was a doctor, and he was over-age. None of these seemed to him valid excuses, so he hired an overseer to help his young wife run the plantation, and enlisted. When troops marched by his home, they were given all that could be spared from the fields.

Doctor Lockhart was in the Battle of Galveston with Kirby Smith, serving in Company B in Elmore's regiment. On pages 72-76 is reproduced a graphic letter to his wife written after the battle, in which he tells of receiving a letter from her just before going under Yankee fire and reading it by moonlight. "I thought it might be the last I ever should receive from you, though I did not believe that the Yankees would kill me. I had a strong presentment that I would not be hurt," he wrote. He then tells how it felt to go into battle for the first time.

Dr. Lockhart was a first lieutenant in 1863 while serving in the Recruiting Service, where he remained for more than a year. He rode all day one time with Quantrell's Gang, who fought first on one side and then the other, hardly knowing to which side they belonged.

After the War, everything was depreciated in value. The Doctor had land, horses, mules, cattle, and crops. Actual warfare had touched them lightly. On the 19th of June, 1865, he had come to the back porch with the President's Emancipation Proclamation in his hand. He called the negroes, read to them the document, and talked to them about it. Only one negro wanted to leave—an impudent, worthless scamp. The Doctor told him that he would not have him on the plantation, and retired to the house. The darkey, thinking he had gone for a pistol, decamped, and was seen no more.

During the War, Mrs. Lockhart had laid away sundry bits of gold, until they amounted to over $500.00, quite a tidy sum in those days. So they were prepared in a measure to face the real blight of the war, the Reconstruction period, when carpetbaggers, trouble-making deadbeats swarmed down upon the disorganized country, seeking soft official berths. These rascals made life miserable for everybody, and set back the rehabilitation of the stricken country for a long time.

Work on the plantation was taken up again and went on under new conditions. The former slaves were given five dollars per month and fed the same as before, but received no clothing. On each Christmas day Mammy would have sixty dollars counted out into her apron by the Doctor. She worked for the family ten years after emancipation, and her brood worked as house-negroes. She always had two or three girls to wait upon her. There were no stoves then, and the kitchen was away from the house.

The negroes disturbed nothing while the Lockharts were away, although they were absent three months at a time. The superstitious darkies on one occasion heard music in the house. (A piano string had broken.) They were glad when the Doctor and family returned. Each night during the Reconstruction

period there was a night-patrol. The colored folks' favorite expression was: "Run, Nigger, run; de Pat-e-roll will git you!" Money was scarce, and the diminutive paper bills in current use were called "shin-plasters." The Lockharts made a fire-screen of Confederate bonds.

In 1867 blankets in a box-car brought yellow fever. Whole families were wiped out. The schools were destroyed, never to amount to much again. Soule University moved to Georgetown. Dr. Lockhart, with the aid of physicians and nurses from Galveston, fought the fever, which took only the whites. The negroes were immune.

The epidemic was the beginning of the downfall of Chappell Hill. Polanders finally moved into that section, and the old plantation today is rented to Polish folk. The neighboring city of Washington, the very heart and core of that history-making region, no longer exists. Its people scattered, some to Waco, some to Dallas, some to points west.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL YEARS— SAM HOUSTON

Doctor Lockhart, as we have said before, like most old Texans, was an excellent story teller. He also was a tireless writer, and his literary efforts extended in all directions. His love letters, one of which appears in the appendix, scintillated with beauty of expression. He easily took to rhymes. He enjoyed telling of speeches made in legislative halls during the early days of the Republic and of the doings of the early settlers. There was the neighbor—a merchant, who could not remember to whom he had sold a certain saddle. So he added "One Saddle" to each of his customers' accounts, surmising that if he made a mistake, he would surely be told of it. There was another—also a merchant, who, in adding up a column in his ledger, added in the date at the top of the page. Still another—this time a blacksmith, who had his book burned in the forge. He bought a new book, and as he reentered the last account, all from memory, of course, remarked: "I'm not shore I got 'm jist right, but they is better ones!"

Dr. Lockhart thought the climate of Texas had changed. When he arrived, he said, they would kill a beef and hang it in a tree. It would neither spoil nor draw flies, but seemed to

dry out, and could be cut into as needed. This could not be done later on account of flies and rain. He thought rain followed the railroads.

Politics interested the Doctor little. He enjoyed rather to have his wife read to him David Copperfield and the like. The "Saturday Evening Post" was read by them as far back as the family could remember. After the war, came Little's "Living Age," the "Atlantic Monthly" and such magazines.

On the other hand men in public life did interest Dr. Lockhart. Coming into the life of the boy in his teens, at the age when he is a hero-worshipper by nature, the advent of General Sam Houston was a tremendous affair. For two years Houston made his headquarters in the home of John's parents during the sessions of the legislature. The first time he came was late in the evening, and he arrived astride a huge pacing mule which he called "Bruin." It goes without saying that no word spoken by this great man got by the youngster's hearing, and none of it was ever forgotten. The Doctor, boy and man, was his admiring friend, until the passing of the General in 1867.

On pages 96-99 is to be found a most graphic description of a meeting at Washington between Houston and a group of Indians. Doctor Lockhart closes it with this: "I do not consider it out of place to say here that General Sam Houston on that day was the finest looking man that I ever saw. After serving in the Civil War and seeing many of the leading military men on both sides, he was in my judgment the superior of them all. The Doctor also greatly admired Mrs. Houston who was with the General at Washington. He describes her as "tall and of fine figure, handsome and intelligent, had fine opportunities in her youth and had taken advantage of them. She was well educated and a good writer of verse. She would have graced the household of any man, be he president or prince."

Dr. Lockhart believed that Sam Houston was destined to play his part in the emancipation of the vast domain and in its development into a free and unfettered democracy, because the world needed just that thing to speed its progress. His first marriage, a tragedy, which drove him to a life among the Indians, was only an incident in the severe training he had to undergo, that he might develop the moral stamina and sinews necessary to undertake the tremendous task he later so successfully accomplished.

President Houston's life with the Indians, too, taught him their ways, their manner of thinking, and the methods by which they might be reached. Therefore, when it was a matter of life and death that the powerful tribes of Indians should be

mollified, Sam Houston was the one and only diplomat who could do it. It was told of him that when the Indians sulked in their tents, and would not come out and parley over treaty matters, he denounced them as squaws—stinging them into action. In the chapter headed "The Great White Father," Dr. Lockhart presents an absorbing account of a ten or twelve day stay of a group of Indian chiefs to draw up treaties. The impressions these braves made on young John are well given. In the chapter headed "Pacifying the Indians," a trip which John made to meet the Comanches at the most distant trading post in Texas is described. Riding with fellow commissioners, he engaged in buffalo hunting, exploring, and other adventures, not the least of which was the killing and preparation for the table of wild turkeys. Young John quickly came to the conclusion that he was not a good camp cook.

President Houston's diplomacy was no less subtle in world affairs. Ministers were sent to both England and France, and their ministers came to the young Republic. President Houston played them one against the other to the advantage of Texas. Dr. Lockhart termed it Sam Houston's flirting policy. He speaks interestingly of the suit of clothes the Sultan of Turkey sent Houston, a long robe of flaming red silk and large baggy pants with shoes attached. The President of Texas wore the robe all summer in his office, but could never be induced to try on the trousers or the fez. Dr. Lockhart describes his street clothes at Washington as a hunting shirt, an ordinary cheap pair of trousers and a very fine broad brimmed hat of a smokey color with fur nap half an inch long. He wore his very best clothes in treating with the Indians. He looked most imposing. On page 211 Dr. Lockhart describes more fully Houston's appearance as well as his remarkable ability as a public speaker.

The General had cut two hickory canes at the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's home. One of these he gave to the boy, not yet of age. Where the branches were cut off, silver knobs were put on and lettered—spelling GENERAL SAM HOUSTON. The Doctor's grandson, John W. Lockhart, has loaned this cane to the Texas Museum.

Houston's fondness for the Doctor as a boy was shown in other ways. He permitted him to have the "run" of the State Department which was located in an old renovated shop. Here young John examined the treaties which the President had drawn up with the United States, England, Germany, and France, and saw the signatures of Queen Victoria, Emperor

William, and Louis Phillip of France. The treaties were enclosed in small gold boxes. The Queen's name was written in a large bold hand on white wax. The President always reclined on a couch while dictating to his secretary, young John noted.

In looking back over the days of Sam Houston, one wonders how people got along with so little. No tractors or other complicated farm implements, no cook-stoves, no sewing-machines, no refrigerators. Electric power was unknown, except lightning; but no rods had been perfected with which to harness it for man's use. There was no sanitary plumbing. And yet folks lived—and lived well. Of course, there was the question of food and clothing, but these things came from the soil, and the pioneer was resourceful—he had to be.

Up the Brazos in 1842 came the first steamboat, a stern-wheeler. A most entertaining account of its arrival is to be found on pages 82-86. It was followed by others as time went on, and the river trade waxed mightily, until Washington became the distributing center for all central Texas. The steamboat finally became her undoing, however, as the majority felt that it was more to be desired than the proposed railroad. So, when the Houston & Texas Central Railway attempted to hold the town up for a bonus of $11,000, the proposition was scoffed at. Some thought it might prove a good thing, but not at the price, while others decided it would be a detriment. So the railway pulled up the stakes it had driven through the river-bottom, and diverged to Navasota. A disgusted prophet, who had worked hard to bring the railroad in, told them the site of Washington would yet become a cotton-field.

The Houston & Texas Central was conceived at Chappell Hill and Dr. Lockhart writes interestingly of the long struggle to get it built. Teamsters and their friends who hauled cotton to Houston, fearing competition, fought the railroad bitterly. They declared that anything that would go as fast as the promoters claimed it would "would be unmanageable and bring death and destruction." It must be remembered that a great many in Texas at that time had never seen a railroad or a train of cars.

However, despite the loss of the capitol, the removal of the county-seat to Brenham, and the added loss of the railway, Washington continued to grow and prosper; reaching the zenith of her glory and commercial importance in the early 50's. The population was estimated at one time to be between 4,000 and 5,000.

And yet, the disgusted prophet was right. The decline eventually set in. The principal reason why Washington did

not relapse wholly into a cotton-field was because the presence of foundations, abandoned cisterns and strata of brick-bats rather discouraged cultivation.

Marking the site of the once seething "metropolis," stands a gray granite shaft erected by the school children of Washington County, bearing this inscription: "Here a Nation was Born."

## DOCTOR LOCKHART'S MOTHER

Dr. Lockhart's mother, Eliza Alexander Lockhart, was a great Baptist. One Sunday morning, before starting with John to church, she counted the money left in a small trunk under the bed. As might have been expected, the preacher's text was: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." The conscience-stricken mother felt that he was preaching straight at her, and suffered accordingly.

While she was indeed of pioneer stuff, Mother Lockhart was strong for the niceties of the old life in the States. While admirers milled about the great Sam Houston, absorbing the wit and wisdom which fell from his lips, basking in the genial sunshine radiating from his strong and virile personality, she alone noted and was exasperated by the habit he had of spitting upon her clean porch floor, when by exerting no undue energy, and exercising a bit of consideration, he could have expectorated over the rail. To immaculate housekeepers, these old heroes were sometimes indeed trying.

And yet she was glad to provide, at the General's request, a vast spread of huge hunks of beef and corn pone and hard boiled eggs for his horde of untamed blanket Indian guests, who swarmed about her generous tables, and disregarding the knives and forks, ate from their unwashed claws.

Much of the Doctor's skill and resourcefulness, in handling stubborn cases with next to nothing in the way of medicines or surgical appliances, he owed to the pioneer mother who when illness seized upon those who were only a step or two out of the darkness of African existence, with rare judgment and pure grit, bent to the task of fighting off disease and grim death.

This was all before the days of successful and high-priced operations, of trained nurses in immaculate white, and of sanitary conveniences. The practice of medicine was by heroic methods, and nursing frequently by main force. Often precious

hours and even days would be lost before, by the cruel sacrifice of horse-flesh, a doctor could be fetched—more dead than alive, perhaps, himself. Thus it behooved the pioneer woman to summon all her wit and sagacity in her struggle with the enemy death, which lurked in so many forms on the frontier.



## DEATH VISITS THE OLD PLANTATION

As heretofore stated, Mother Lockhart succumbed to pneumonia while Dr. Lockhart was away at medical school. But her son outlived the frontier. He lived to see the present Texas emerge. He breathed his last on his beloved plantation which he had cleared from virgin timber and from whose cedar and black walnut trees he had built his home. During the latter years he and Mrs. Lockhart had spent much time in Galveston, staying with their children, but returning to Chappell Hill during harvest season. The great Galveston storm of September 8, 1900, reunited the whole family at the old homestead, for everyone who could get away from the devastated city did so. The tidal wave hit Galveston on a Sunday and washed out all the railroads as well as wrecking the city. It was not until the following Thursday that the Doctor and family were able to get a steamer out. It went to Texas City, but ran aground there, forcing the passengers to row ashore in life boats. Then followed a two mile walk to a railroad. Houston was not reached until night-fall. Next day the family went on to Chappell Hill.

The whole experience was too much for one of the Doctor's advanced years. Upon arriving at the old plantation he was taken to his bed and breathed his last before another month had passed its course.

Dr. Lockhart died bravely and cheerfully as might have been expected. He spoke of the approaching event with a calm philosophy. His only concern was that his grandchildren should not be afraid of him in death. He told them that when death did come he would just be going to sleep and would continue to love them as in the past.

He knew when he was going to die. He had a sinking spell the day before his passing, but they revived him and he said, "No, I'm not leaving you today, but this time tomorrow I will. I'm not afraid. I'm just going on a journey. I feel that I will be with you in spirit often."

Dr. Lockhart was a Spiritualist. From boyhood he had a firm belief in Spirit return. While in a reverie during a serious illness the previous year he wrote of the visit of a departed son:

"We have been with you in your indisposition," said the son, "and it affords us great pleasure to keep you company and cheer you in your lonely hours. Not many, dear Father, have the privilege that you have of spending so much time in daily communication with those you love and have gone on before you. It is our great pleasure to impress you with our presence, and cheer you in your old age, and to help you bear your infirmities.

"Father, the old castle you have so long been an inhabitant of will soon fall into decay. It has served a good long time for a habitation. Now its windows are growing dim. The inner chambers, through which the soul has viewed the bright beauties of nature, no longer bring the harmonies of light and shade which make the old earth so glorious. Nor does the ear bring back to the soul those charms of sweet music which was once so delightful to listen to.

"Father, the soul can be likened to a bird, imprisoned within its cage; seeing the beauties of Nature through its prison bars, and longing for liberty. It beats its wings against its wornout home and ere long regains its long-desired freedom and soars away to new fields of pleasure and delight to mingle with its kind in the sweet songs of the forest."

The day following Dr. Lockhart's death, the Galveston News, to which he had contributed so often, carried a dispatch from Brenham, the county seat of Washington County, which closed with these words:

"No man ever lived in Washington County who stood higher as a physician and a man than Dr. J. W. Lockhart, and no man ever died in the county enjoying higher esteem and whose death was more universally and sincerely deplored."

In Dr. Lockhart's letters which follow, the author's style and construction, so characteristic of his time and background, have been faithfully retained.

# Dr. John W. Lockhart
## *His Letters*

The Lockhart Coat of Arms

CHAPTER I

# DR. JOHN W. LOCKHART—*His Letters*

## SCHOOL DAYS IN THIRTIES AND FORTIES

From The Galveston *Daily News* 1897
(Exact Date Unknown)

MY attention was drawn a short time since to a group of little children across the street, gayly playing their childish games on the sidewalk. I learned that it was recess time given the little ones by Mrs. ——, who teaches a select school just across the street. This pretty sight carried me back just sixty-five years, when I attended my first school in the state of Alabama. I could not but think of the vast difference between now and then in the mode of teaching and discipline. They appeared so happy in their simple amusement, whereas we at that time of our life were a most miserable lot. The rod was used freely and effectually by the master and was considered by both parents and teachers as the key to the average boy's brain. The teacher was judged as to his proficiency by the number of switches he kept near his chair, and the frazzles at their ends. In the early times the advantages for gaining an education at the old field schools, as they were called, were exceedingly limited. These school houses were usually built of rough logs, as near the center of the scholastic population as possible, though there was an eye to convenience as to wood and water. The children had these two indispensable articles to pack to the school house themselves. Alabama was at that time a comparatively new country, and the average parent cared very little about giving his children any but the common rudiments of an education. My initiation into school life I shall remember with a keen sense of terror as long as I shall live. My father's moving to Texas in the fall of 1838 closed my experience with school life in Alabama, and was the beginning of a new experience in Texas, my father having settled in the old town of Washington, on the Brazos, in 1839.

The children labored here rather under more adverse circumstances than in Alabama, on account of a scarcity of school books, having such to use only as were brought by our parents from the old states, whether suitable or not. The first school I attended in Texas was taught by Judge W. P. Ewing, in the town of Washington, who taught in a double log house just on the outer edge of town. Judge Ewing was a man of fine legal attainments, but owing to his defective hearing had to relinquish the practice of law and resort to teaching. He was also a justice of the peace for a long while, of that precinct. After Judge Ewing's time expired, Rev. L. P. Rucker

taught in an old shell of a house about one mile south of the town. This old shell was called the academy. Mr. Rucker was a good man, and had the interest of his pupils at heart, but we did not appreciate his motives, having imbibed so much of the wildness of the country, which seemed to permeate the very air we breathed. He was soon forced to resign. Only four out of about thirty who attended his school studied a profession, namely: Colonel J. D. Rogers, his brother Edwin, Judge Joe Crosby and myself. Joe was one of the most mischievous boys in the school—not wicked nor vicious, but naturally a lover of fun and mischief.

In our old age we are apt to recollect more of the ludicrous side of life than the more solemn and serious. In looking back I remember one of the incidents of our school life which afforded us at the time a good deal of amusement. Early one morning some of the boys killed a large snake and at recess there came along a lank, lean yellow dog. No sooner was he seen than Joe was in for a frolic. He coaxed the dog by giving him food to let him approach him. As soon as possible he had the dog tied and blindfolded. He gave orders to bring forth the snake. In a very short time Joe had the snake tied securely to the tail of the dog. He then cast him loose. At first the dog, in his eagerness to secure the scraps which we had thrown from our dinner buckets, seemed not to notice the snake, his whole attention being given to the satisfying of the demands of his appetite, but in moving around he felt that his caudal appendage had been wonderfully elongated. To see what was the matter in that direction he turned and smelled the snake. In applying his cold nose to the snake he caused it to squirm. At the sight of the squirming and catching the scent, it seemed that a new revelation was on him, and in an instant he was off at full speed, yelping at every jump. He happened to head for town. Of course all the boys set out after him, but in a few minutes all that could be seen was a trail of dust rising gently into the air along the road. This, however, was not the last we heard of that dog. Captain W. P. Rutledge lived about half a mile on the road to town. His front gate happened to be open, and as it was warm weather the doors to his house were also open. About the time the dog made the distance to the house he had taken on a tremendous amount of fright and, seeing the gate open, he darted into the yard and into the house, took a turn around Mrs. Rutledge's parlor, and, not getting any relief, ran into the dining room, jumped onto the table which had been spread for dinner, swept a portion of the dinner dishes off and then ran out of the back door and onto a little chicken house in the back yard, where the snake became entangled in a crack in the boards and was left there, doubtless to the dog's great relief. Mrs. Rutledge, witnessing the actions of the dog, became thoroughly alarmed. Soon, Captain Rutledge coming home to dinner and find-

ing some of it on the floor and his good wife nearly in hysterics from fright, commenced an immediate search for the cause of the tragedy, but as it is in all such cases, no one knew anything of the occurrence, and so it ended.

Judge Crosby afterward studied law and moved to El Paso. After a time he was elected district judge, was sent to the legislature and afterward became quite a distinguished man in railroad circles. I have wondered whether the judge ever had a case similar to that created at the Rutledge mansion to come up before him when on the bench in a suit for damages. If so I have no doubt but that the judge acted with a great deal of leniency toward the poor defendant.

The patrons of the school, seeing that their boys were more disposed to educate themselves in the art of playing shinny, bull pen, town ball and like games, than to study their books, with the advice of Mr. Rucker, closed the school.

Soon after this, having some business to settle up in Alabama, my father left for that state and while there he met with an old lawyer who had sold his property to a man who had fled to Texas for debt. This old man was a bachelor, and from the bad treatment he had received, was as sour as a crabapple. He wished to come to Texas to look for the man who had despoiled him of his property. It struck my father that he would be the very man to manage the boys at the old Washington academy, so he employed him, and when he returned Mr. Nash came with him, and was installed as the regular and only professor for all the departments of learning. It did not take long for the boys to size him up. The unanimous opinion was that he was one-half vinegar and the balance cayenne pepper, ginger, and all the odds and ends of the hot things in nature. It was not long before Mr. Nash thought to try what virtue there might be in the rod, and so arming himself with a good sized hickory, he proceeded to try to use it. The boy, however, objected, and manifested his objections by the production of a long knife, which he pulled from his pocket. It then occurred to Mr. Nash that he was in Texas and that the ways of the Texan were not the ways of the Alabamian. After this he never attempted the use of the rod again, but resorted to the use of his tongue, which he wielded to perfection. We had a regular concert during school hours, but not of that sweet musical sort which it is always pleasant to hear. There were, however, some excuses for Mr. Nash's bad temper. Acclimated, he broke out in boils, and looked as if he might have been a twin brother to Lazarus, he who lay at the rich man's gates, and to add still further to his trials, he was afterwards bitten by a snake. To our surprise he came through, as Paul did, unscathed. The boys declared, though, that the bite killed the snake, as he was never seen again. Mr. Nash often said that the bite of the snake and the affliction of boils were as nothing in comparison to the teaching of that school,

but in extenuation of all the rudeness of the boys in the beginning they had a hard time with their studies. There were no small and interesting story books for them to read, nothing simplified as it is today. There was nothing attractive about the school house. We had to be on hand at sunrise, or as near that time as possible, and sit on hard benches, made often of split logs, with no backs, our eyes kept steadily on our books and the only movement allowed was, if the benches were high enough, the swinging of our feet under them. In this position we had to sit until 12 o'clock. Two hours were then given, if the master was in a good humor, for play time. At 2 o'clock the master would walk to the door and cry out "books," when all would resume their seats, there to remain until near sundown. These were the regular hours for school in the olden times. Instead of some little interesting primer, with pictures to break the monotony and afford at the same time picture lessons of what the scholar was to spell or read, he was initiated into Webster's spelling book, with the letters of the alphabet printed up and down the page. These he would plod over for perhaps a month or two, and, after he had committed them to memory, was promoted toward words of one syllable. Then "baker" and "crucifix" and "Constantinople" and "immateriality" followed, and finally, in the course of the year, he might arrive at "cheval-de-frise," I believe I have spelled it correctly, but it is the first time I have made the attempt in fifty years. All of these words, hard even for a man to spell, were expected to be mastered by the small boy. After he had learned the whole of the book, he was taught to read. Did one ever think how tiresome it is to read without mastering the ideas intended to be conveyed by the words? If not, let him take a Latin book and sit down for an hour and read it without the aid of a dictionary or grammar. He will find himself, at the end of an hour, worn out and disgusted without having obtained a single idea. This is just so with the schoolboy of the olden time. After he had mastered the reading in the spelling book he was advanced to the introduction to the English reader. In this we learned:

> 'Tis education which forms the common mind—
> Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines,

which, interpreted, meant to the schoolboy that the application of the rod was a very important factor in straightening the twig. The next course of his reading was the English reader, a large book which would compare favorably in size with the present law and medical works, and, to his juvenile mind, was equally as intricate. It would be hard reading for the average man of today, as it contains essays and speeches from the most eminent men of that day. This book finished up his course in reading. After the boy had made such progress in reading as the master thought sufficient, he was then promoted to the study of arithmetic. We had only two arithmetics

to select from, and the one usually adopted was the one which our master had used in his previous schooldays. Those in use were one by Thos. Y. Smiley, the other by Pike. Either one was far in advance of the mind of the boy who was required to master its problems, so much so, indeed, that a whole session was frequently consumed in the mastery of one rule. The boy could usually be tracked through the book by the dog ears, as they were called, and his thumb marks. To pick up his book and turn a few leaves would direct you at once to his lesson. The book would almost invariably be open at the multiplication table, and the marks of battle could be found all around that part of it. The time ordinarily consumed in the mastery of this complex array of figures was from one to two years. A session usually consumed one year. After the student had mastered the multiplication table and providing he had been a good boy and well trained by the use of the rod he might consider himself a "trusty," with the privilege of retiring to the lonely shade tree or the jamb of the chimney, there to wrestle with the intricacies of his rules and figures. In filling the position of trusty, he was not to be molested, but was expected to make his report of the work done by presenting himself at the door, call the attention of the teacher by saying: "I have the answer," at the same time exhibiting his slate full of figures. On the approval of the master by a nod of the head, he retired to his shade, sometimes without having worked the sum at all, merely having an array of figures on his slate. Masters were very lenient in this department, for they were not ordinarily overbright themselves, frequently having to use keys in working the examples for the boys. When such a thing occurred the master usually followed the example of the judges of law in those days, by taking the case under advisement and working it out with their key at night.

The old fashioned pedagogue was once a power in the land and it is amazing to look back and see to what an extent the parent submitted his offspring, both body and soul, into their keeping. Like Selkirk on his little island, they were monarchs of all they surveyed, and there were none to dispute their control over the poor boys. Their acumen was often measured by the number of hickories and stubs seen in and around their sanctums.

For the study of grammar there were likewise two kinds of books printed then, Murray's and Kirkham's. Geography was also taught. We had Olney's and Adams'. Geography was considered of minor importance. All of the United States west of the Mississippi river was an almost unexplored region. It was given over to the wild Indian, buffalo, deer and antelope and was truly the great happy hunting ground, in which they dwelt in primeval ignorance and bliss. We generally learned something of the United States, such as their boundaries, principal towns, rivers, capitals, etc., but the average person cared very little about them, as a journey to New York was

considered as difficult and was attended with as many dangers as a trip to Pekin, China now is. London, Liverpool, Paris, Vienna and all the great cities of the old world were on the maps, but were considered as almost on the outside of the world, and were little thought of. The map of Africa was marked in its interior position in large letters as the great Sahara desert; this and the mountains of the moon were all that was to be learned about Africa, with the exception of a few small dependencies around its border. If ignorance is bliss, then the majority of our people were in that condition, for they knew and cared little for any knowledge outside of their neighborhood and state. I do not pretend to say that all men were ignorant, some were as cultured those days as at the present. I speak here of the maps. Then should we much wonder at the little attention paid to the proper education of their children? Man is a very strange animal at least. It has taken unknown centuries to raise him to his present condition, and in the known centuries his progress has been slow. His early training and teachings hang like millstones around his neck, and often when the doors are open for his further advancement he hesitates, pulls back, as the mule would in being led over a new bridge for the purpose of grazing in pastures new. Even with the present advanced state surrounding him he will sometimes look back and long for the old worn out walks he traveled when he held on to his father's fingers trotting along by his side, and learned the scant lessons taught him in his youth. Then can we blame the boy of long ago for preferring his games while at school, and indulging in his harmless amusements, such as tying snakes to dogs' tails, drawing pictures on his slate, etc., instead of exercising the higher qualities of his mind in trying to unravel the deep mysteries of such books as were placed before him? I will say further that the master in many cases did not seem to think that it was any part of his duty to help the boy in unraveling and mastering these intricate mysteries. What a change from then to the present time! Now the education of the youth has almost been reduced to a science. It has been the work of great minds for many years who now draw together thousands of teachers every year to consult as to how best to push forward the great work. Normal schools have sprung up all over the country where teachers themselves are educated in how best to impart knowledge to the rising generation. God grant that they may soon arrive at the knowledge of how to treat the little ones as human beings, instead of as savages, as in the long ago.

Now, while I am so much pleased to see all the changes that have gone forth toward the enlightenment of the present generation in regard to culture, I can not but notice what might be called a retrograde action in some instances, notably the disregard sometimes paid to the aged by the young. It may be sometimes noticed on the streets of any city that I have of late years visited, that but very little

respect is paid to the aged and feeble of either sex. An old man, or perhaps an old woman may be wending their way, leaning on a staff for support, and perhaps meet three or four of the beardless youth of the city walking abreast. When meeting them oftentimes the old people will have to leave the walk, get onto the grass, however wet with rain or dew, for the young gentlemen to pass, for they are too much interested in the discussion of some favorite prize fighter, or baseball game, or perhaps they may be lost in the weightier discussion of Mr. McKinley's or Cleveland's administration, or what England's view is of the probable war with Spain, to discover that there is an old man or woman in their front, and will hold to their double breasted position and either walk over them or crowd them out of the way. This manner of procedure is entirely new to the oldtimer, in whom respect for his elders was instilled from the very beginning. But all this will be corrected in time, as our country makes longer and longer strides toward a perfected civilization.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

Galveston.

CHAPTER II

# REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD TOWN OF WASHINGTON

From The Galveston *Daily News,* 1893
(Exact Date Unknown)

THE town of Washington was laid off and settled by Bailey, Gay and Hoxey, John W. Hall, Andrew Robinson, Rev. J. W. Kinney, B. M. Hatfield, and others whose names I have now forgotten, and it may not be out of place, in view of the early scenes enacted on its historic soil, to give my reminiscences of as many of its inhabitants as I now recollect, many of whom had taken an active part in making Texas history.

In the first place, when I went there in the spring of 1839, the main road from Houston to Washington ran up the eastern portion of the Brazos valley until within a few miles of the ferry. It then turned nearly at right angles through the bottom until it reached the river at the ferry, which was located at the foot of Main street. In crossing the ferry you could not see any of the town on account of the high bluff on which it was situated. After ascending the second bluff, the houses were brought to view, rising gently back toward the prairie, which was nearly a mile still further to the west. The town had been built in what was an open post oak grove, which had been cleared away for the erection of the buildings. There was only one principal street, which was known as Main street. There were some cross streets with a few dwelling houses located on them, but the main business was confined to the one principal street.

On Main street, distanced about four or five hundred yards from the bluff of the river, was a building in which the declaration of independence was written and signed by the few patriots who assembled for that purpose on the 2d day of March, 1836, and was known ever afterward as the "Old Declaration of Independence Hall."

There were two hotels in the place, one kept by H. R. Cartwell, the other by Esquire Roberts. There were two or three dry goods firms in the place. E. S. Cabler kept one, Bailey, Gay & Hoxey another, and David Ayres another. These, I think, were the principal ones and did the largest business. These firms did not continue very long in business, on account of the scarcity of money. They sold their goods principally for lands, and in after years became quite wealthy off of the increased value of them. Land was cheap at that time and was sold at whatever price the owner could realize for it, and very few questions were asked as to its quality or quantity.

Washington then contained a population of some 250 inhabitants, about equally divided between a fixed resident population and a floating one. The floaters were mostly gamblers, horse racers and sports of all classes. The resident portion lived in very good houses, made of clapboards and logs, and were men and women of intelligence—kind, generous, brave and courteous to strangers. The other class was rough, uncivil, fond of fun, whisky and cards, and woe be unto the stranger who by any means should fall into their ways, for they were not in any sense the paths of peace and quietude. These fellows were always on the lookout for the "greenies," as they called all who were fresh from the states, though they were, as a rule, very respectful to the inhabitants of the town, and especially to the ladies and children did they pay homage. They were usually found around gambling houses and bar rooms, of which there were two leading ones, one run by Major B. M. Hatfield, a San Jacinto veteran, and the other by Mr. John Rumsey. Major Hatfield sold alone for cash, consequently did not command the trade that was given to his rival. As an instance of Major Hatfield's strictly cash principle, one of his customers, after a night's debauch, came into his bar room early one morning, after having lost all of his cash, leaned on the counter on one elbow, holding his stomach with the other hand, and looking as though he had been on a protracted spree. He remarked to the Major that he felt altogether out of sorts, and proved his assertion by a look that can be imitated only by those who have felt the influence of fire water. Major Hatfield responded by saying that he thought a good drink of brandy would be the thing to relieve him of all his troubles.

"Yes," said the customer, "I think that also, but I have no money."

"Then in that event," remarked Mr. Hatfield, "it will kill you as dead as h—l."

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Mr. Rumsey was the very opposite in the management of his business. All could go to his bar and get a drink of such as he had on credit. Consequently his place was crowded at all times with customers. This necessitated his keeping his liquors pretty well watered, and the men who drank at his bar had at times to pay as much for water as for whisky. This only caused them to drink the oftener. On several occasions when a sudden freeze would come at night, Mr. Rumsey's faucets would freeze, and then the crowd would have to wait for their morning potion until he could relieve the faucets by a bath of boiling water. Mr. Rumsey was a peculiar man and was very popular with his customers. When an emergency arose for the replenishing of his stock, he had no hesitancy in walking up to any one of his customers and say: "Dad blame you, pay me what you owe me!" If anyone else had dared to collect a debt in that way, he

would have been exterminated on the spot. This was quite a novel way to dun a man, but was a very effective one, as the debtor, if he happened to have any of the old "red-backs" about his person would respond immediately; if not, he would soon borrow enough to satisfy the claim. There were other barrooms in the place, but these two were those in which most of the business of the sportive order was carried on.

So far as I remember, there were only four lawyers in the place —Judge Wilson Y. McFarland, James Jenkins, esq., A. G. Perry, esq., and Judge W. H. Ewing. The latter was justice of the peace for several years. There was not much in this line to do, as litigation was of rare occurrence.

There were only four physicians, and of these, two composed the firm of Heard & Robinson. Dr. Robinson did not practice medicine long. His natural inclination led him to politics and the military field. He served after annexation in several sessions of the legislature, and if I mistake not, in one or two conventions when Texas was preparing to enter the union, and in the forming of her state government. At the breaking out of the civil war he rose rapidly, and before the close of the war was made a brigadier general. He served until the close with great credit to Texas and the southern cause. He died at Independence, Washington county, and was buried there. These two men, Drs. Heard and Robinson, were as dissimilar in their makeup as it is possible for two men to be. Gen. Robinson's whole nature seemed to be absorbed in the destruction of his fellow man, as witnessed in the civil war. Dr. Heard was equally absorbed in the soothing and allaying of suffering and the prolongation of the life of his fellow man. Dr. Robinson wished to make a name as a great soldier, which would be handed down to the pages of the history of his country, to be read by the admiring multitude, and also act as a stimulant to the young soldier as he girded on the armour of his country in its times of danger. Dr. Heard rather liked the pursuit of doing good to his fellow man by binding up his bruises and healing his wounds, and ministering to the women and children visited by him in his daily rounds. These dissimilar characters seem to be necessary in this unprogressed age of ours, else they would not exist, but in the great future who can say but the characteristics of the latter will shine with far more brilliancy than the former?

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Dr. R. B. Peebles practiced medicine at an early day in Washington, and was an able physician and a man of great intelligence in his profession. The doctor did not run with "the boys," as they were called, but liked a good practical joke occasionally. At that time there had been a tramp (for we had a few even at that time) around town, drinking at "the boys'" expense. After recovering

from one of his sprees, some of the boys approached him and persuaded him that he had by some means gotten his face considerably soiled. After repeated reminders of the fact, and having no looking-glass to examine for himself, he concluded that it would be best to have a good wash off. "The boys," glad to hear of his willingness to do what they had been for some time endeavoring to gain his consent to do, led him into Dr. Peebles' office, giving the doctor the wink. He immediately prepared a pan of water, into which he dissolved a stick of nitrate of silver. From the kindly bearing of the doctor the poor unfortunate did not suspect any trick. So he plunged his hands into the basin, washed them and then his face. Someone suggested that his neck and breast also needed cleaning, and so got him to bathe his neck, shoulders and breast in the caustic water. After the bath he professed to feel much improved. He then proceeded to dress himself, preparatory to accompanying "the boys" to the barroom for another drink, but before he had been exposed to the sunlight for many minutes he commenced to turn dark, and in a short time was as black as any African who was ever brought from the jungles of Africa. This sudden change of color gave him a great fright. The boys seemed apparently at a loss to know what the matter was. Some thought that he was mortifying, others thought that the whisky was about to convert him into a negro, and if it so happened he would have to become a slave and be sold, as it was the law that no free negroes were allowed to live in the republic. Others seemed to think that it would be advisable for him to select an owner at once. One even went so far as to try and purchase him. To all this he listened and was greatly excited and alarmed. As soon as an occasion presented itself he stole off from the crowd and went to the river, plunged in and made every exertion to free himself of the black coating, but finding it impossible, he left for parts unknown.

Thomas Punchard was a merchant of Washington, and was noted for his homeliness. At one time there was a premium awarded to a man for his extreme ugliness. It was said of him that when he first met Mr. Punchard he walked around him, taking a deliberate view of him from all quarters, and after making up his mind, pulled out an old jack knife which had been awarded him, and addressing Mr. Punchard, said: "Look here, stranger; I have been given this knife to keep until I should find an uglier man than myself. I do not claim it any longer. I have found him and am no longer entitled to the knife." Mr. Punchard, knowing his defects, pleasantly received the award and pocketed the same, on the same conditions, but I dare say was the owner of that knife until his death.

Moses Martin was also a merchant of the old town. He was a kind, good man.

Jesse Farrell was a carpenter, and once owned the land on which the city of Brenham is now situated. He was also citizen, and owned much property in Washington.

Moses Evans was a citizen of the town, and was known as "the wild man of the woods," of whom so much has been written.

Mr. S. R. Roberts, better known as "Esquire Roberts," kept one of the hotels of the place, and was the father-in-law of Mr. E. D. Tarver, the noted orator and petted child of Washington county.

Mr. Samuel Lusk was an Alabamian, and was noted for his great honesty and integrity. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits in his native state, and on account of his goodness of heart, allowed his friends to so impose upon him by getting him to do security on their notes, as to involve him to such an extent that he gave up all his possessions in Alabama and moved to Texas to commence life anew. He settled in Washington, and with a large family of small children, it was hard on him and his devoted wife, both advanced in age, to make a subsistence for them. Mrs. Lusk was a sister of General Coffee, one of General Jackson's favorite officers in his campaign against the Indians in southern Alabama. Mr. Lusk's sterling qualities were soon found out, and with the aid of Dr. Heard and other good friends he was elected to the office of county clerk, which position he held until his death. Hon. D. C. Giddings of Brenham married one of his daughters, who was one of the lovable women of Washington county.

Dr. W. B. Smith practiced medicine in the town and at the same time ran a hotel.

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Dan Kiger was a bartender, and afterward clerked for Joe Woods, a merchant of the place. Kiger was esteemed as a humorist, and thereby was very popular with "the boys" of the town. As said above, he clerked for Mr. Joseph Wood, who kept a good stock of goods, at a later period, and who was the principal cotton buyer of the place, and also one of the foremost men, in conjunction with the Butlers of Galveston, in the raising of capital for the purchase of two steamers, Washington and Brazos, for the purpose of navigating the Brazos river up as far as Washington. These two boats were purchased at the city of Pittsburg, Pa., and only made a few trips to Washington. They were sold after this to satisfy debts contracted in their building. They were afterward engaged in the trade between Columbia and Galveston. The venture was not successful and the stockholders never realized one cent for the money paid into the treasury of the company.

Judge James Smith was an early settler of the place, but moved to Austin in its early settlement. Judge Smith, after settling in the

suburbs of Austin, raised a few hogs near his home, for the purpose of furnishing his family with bacon, which was at that time always raised at home. No bacon was ever brought to Texas for sale, consequently every man, whether he lived in town or country, had to provide for that indispensable article of food. Early one morning Judge Smith caught his pony, took his little son Fayette up behind him, and proceeded only a short distance to where he was in the habit of feeding his pigs. The Indians were very bad at that time around Austin, but it being so near his house, he did not take precaution to carry his gun. On the way he was attacked by the Indians and killed. His little boy did not fall with his father, but held onto the saddle, and would have, in all probability, escaped but owing to his position of being behind the saddle, he could not get hold of the reins of the bridle to guide the horse in his mad flight. The horse ran under a limb of a tree, and Fayette was dragged off, and became a prisoner of the Comanches. He suffered almost martyrdom at their hands. He was finally carried by them to New Mexico, sold to the Mexicans near Santa Fe, from which place, after an absence of two years, he was carried to a trading post in Missouri, where he was rescued and returned to his mother, who had returned and was then living in Washington. Who can depict the sorrow of this wife and mother when she heard the fatal shot and the yelling of the Comanches so near her little log house? She knew the fate of those she loved so dear. When her husband's bleeding and scalpless form was brought to view and she perceived the absence of her little boy, she knew the boy's fate to be perhaps worse than death—that of captivity. I knew Mrs. Smith well, and will say that to my knowledge she never recovered from the shock. Her lips seldom ever wore a smile. Her heart wore the gloom that was always seen in her face.

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Captain W. P. Rutledge was a blacksmith, and one of the few men who wished to improve his condition mentally. While his iron was heating in the forge he was found reading. For this reason he rose in the estimation of his friends and became exceedingly popular. He was to organize, as captain, the troops from Washington to meet the raid of General Wall at the taking of San Antonio, and was one among the first to leave. He said before leaving, "Come on, boys, as fast as you can. We have no time to organize here; we will meet and organize on the field of battle."

John Farrell, a youth of about 17 or 18 years of age, was a veteran of San Jacinto, and it was he who blew up the magazine the day after the battle was fought. It happened in this way: After the arms of the Mexicans had been collected, John, seeing an old flintlock scopet, which the Mexicans used as a war gun, lying on the ground, its curious shape and make attracted his attention, and hav-

ing never seen one before, he picked it up to examine it. Finding it about two feet long, with the barrel at the muzzle in the shape of a funnel, curiosity caused him to try the lock and see how that would work. It happened that in the hurry of the previous day in the handling of the powder much of it had been spilled on the ground around where John stood. Snapping the old flintlock, it proved much better in producing fire than he thought for. A spark from the flint fell to the ground, igniting the loose powder, which communicated with the magazine. In an instant the whole thing went off with a roar. Fortunately there was not much powder left from the day's fight, so nothing serious happened. General Houston, hearing the report, sent an orderly to see what had happened. He reported to General Houston the cause, whereat he sent an officer to arrest John and bring him to headquarters. As soon as John made his appearance General Houston gave him one of his searching looks, which no man could stand without shrinking, and remarked, "And you are the young man who blew up the magazine?"

"Yes, sir, general; I did it, but it was an accident."

"Then, sir, I will have you shot tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Officer of the guard, take the young man in charge and bring him to me at half-past 8 in the morning."

On the following morning, as ordered, the officer had John before the general at the time designated, when, to John's great surprise, he was greeted by General Houston in this manner: "Well, young man, how did you rest last night?"

"N—ot m-u-c-h, general."

"Did you think that I would have you shot?"

"I d-i-d n-o-t k-n-o-w, s-i-r."

"Well, sir, young men are too scarce to be shot like dogs."

"Officer of the guard, turn the young man loose."

John was asked one day when relating the occurrence whether or not he felt alarmed. "H—l," he replied, "I did not know but the darned old fool would be as good as his word." John was ever afterward one of General Houston's strongest friends, and would have fought for him as soon as he would for his father. John always stammered, as was natural with him when speaking of this matter.

Thomas Steward was another of the old veterans. He was with Fannin in the massacre. His life was saved by his being a large, muscular man, not very tall, but strong. After the surrender of Fannin twenty-five of the strongest men were picked out from the soldiers to serve Santa Anna in his march east to cut out roads and assist in the moving of his cannon and supplies. Steward happened to be one of the fortunate ones. After some time he managed to

make his escape, and came to Washington, where he remained. This has been denied by some, though I heard Steward confirm it.

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In the early days some man conceived the idea of publishing a paper in Washington, and had brought all the material for that purpose to that place, but from some cause or other failed to carry out the contemplated plan. The type, press and the material were dumped into an old house in the suburbs of the town. Mr. Buffington and a Mr. Alfred Brigance, who were printers, concluded to carry out the idea of the original party by picking out from the mass of material enough type and other necessaries to publish a small paper. In a short time they had selected their material, re-erected the old press and commenced setting type. It was a long time before they could select a suitable name for the new enterprise, but finally settled on the name, and called it "The Tarantula." It was a small affair, being about twelve by fourteen or sixteen inches in size. It was a weak and delicate child and died in a short time, whether from inanition or its name no one could tell, most probably for the want of funds to buy paper. Dan Kizer, the jester, said that whenever old man Buffington ran short of paper he went around town and collected all the blank leaves of the old blue back spellers and printed his paper on them. Mr. Buffington and Mr. Brigance were both good men, and their venture deserved a better fate. Mr. Brigance, after several years, moved to Anderson, the county seat of Grimes county where he became one of the leading men of the place in good citizenship. Mr. Buffington was a Baptist minister, and also a San Jacinto veteran. He also moved to Anderson, and was after the civil war noted in politics. In the early days he occasionally preached in Washington. He was a good man, and died in Anderson a few years since at an advanced age, beloved and respected by all.

A. G. Perry was a lawyer and practiced law in the courts in Washington, which was also at that time the county seat of Washington county. He married a Miss Grimes, the daughter of Jesse Grimes, for whom Grimes county was named.

Robert Merett, an Englishman, lived near the place, and put up the first gin and grist mill in that part of the country. It was run by a large inclined wheel. These wheels are run by weight. Cattle or horses are driven in on one side of the wheel, and are confined on it by an enclosure so that they can not escape, and are forced by the turn of the wheel to ascend an inclined plane. They thus stand and tread in the same spot all day.

Johnson Hensley, James Haggard, Waco Williamson, "Camel Back" Smith and W. B. Scates were all San Jacinto veterans, and were brave and invincible soldiers in the wars against Mexico, the Indians and in the early struggles of Texas for independence, when

every man was expected to do his duty. These brave men bore their part and performed it well.

Colonel Josiah J. Crosby practiced law in Washington in the early days. He was from South Carolina and brought with him from his native state those characteristics which mark the high born of that noble old state. His every action proved him to be a man of education and of high birth. Although unpretending, he stood high as a man of more diversified knowledge than is common to the majority of men. His reading had been general, and his opinion on any subject was well and favorably received by those who knew him best.

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E. S. Cabler was a merchant who usually carried a stock of goods of about $1500 value. On account of the scarcity of money he went out of business in 1840 or 1841. A scene took place in Mr. Cabler's store on one occasion which will go to show what risks a man will take and what little value the old Texan placed on his life. Colonel Cypret and Mr. Cabler had a dispute over some trifling occurrence in the store. Mr. Cabler gave offense to Colonel Cypret, and at the same time drew a large holster pistol from under the counter. Colonel Cypret pulled a long blade bowie knife and at the same time jumped onto the counter, remarking: "If your old pistol snaps, I have got you." Friends interfered. The difficulty was soon amicably adjusted and the parties were good friends afterward.

John and R. A. Lott were both citizens. Mrs. R. A. Lott had a little farm about three miles from town and lived on it until the boom in Washington. He then gave up his farm, moved to town and erected a large brick hotel and ran it for many years. Mr. Lott raised a large family of boys and girls, several of whom married and now reside in Washington county and are classed among its best citizens. Mr. Lott was generous and hospitable to a fault, giving liberally when called on in the interest of charity.

Robert Stephenson was a full-blooded Irishman and kissed the "blarney stone" before leaving the old country. He was sheriff of the county, and being a very popular man, held the office for several years. There being very little to do in that office, he mixed farming with it, and by the combination made a comfortable living. His farm was situated about two miles from town, and on it he lived with his family.

John W. Hall lived some two miles south of town, near the Brazos valley. He was a small farmer, and being fond of racing, kept several race horses. On the race course near his home were scenes of many contests for the prize for the highest speed of Texas horses. Much money passed between the fraternity, and stock between the farmers. This class of people not having much money,

SARAH ANN ELIZABETH BROWNING
Later Mrs. John W. Lockhart
(From a daguerreotype)

substituted stock in lieu thereof. One of the bitterest wars between neighbors that the old town ever had originated on this race track. This war was so terrific that it came near severing the relationship and the peace and happiness of the whole community. It was finally brought to a close and peace and good will came back, and all went as usual, enjoying what little of life there is to be found in a frontier existence. Mr. Hall was a very hospitable man and always kept a few of his friends around him. Mr. Andrew Robinson, an old man from Georgia, made this his home, and by the assistance of Mr. Hall, established at the town of Washington the first ferry ever opened that high up on the Brazos river. Mr. Hall was the brother of Colonel W. D. C. Hall, who was once a resident on Chocolate bayou and afterward of Galveston city.

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One of the noted characters of old Washington was a man by the name of Shel Tunage. He was a man full of fun, and enjoyed a joke and loved his friends, and also his whiskey. He usually had from ten to fifteen of the same sort of characters around him. They were in the habit of playing practical jokes on some of what they called "greenies." It so happened that a subject for their sports had not presented himself for some little time, and the boys were beginning to get what they termed "lonesome for a frolic." It so happened that there was a stone mason living near Hidalgo, about five or six miles northwest from town, who once in a while came to town, and would invariably load up on whiskey, at which times he would become a veritable Julius Caesar in bravery. But the boys knew that it was all boast, and that come to test him, he was an arrant coward. So they selected him for their next victim. They had not to wait long for his appearance, as he had been absent at work for a time. On his arrival he was greeted with an unusual degree of friendship, and after a cordial handshaking he was invited into the bar room to take a drink, which he never refused. To this was added others, until the fellow's usual courage began to rise. Previous to this, arrangements had been made for Tunage to take exceptions to whatever was said derogatory to the character of anyone of whom the stonecutter might speak—he was to be a particular friend of Tunage, whether or no. It was not long before by prodding the fellow with what some one had said about his bravery, of which, when in liquor, he was exceedingly proud, he gave the desired offense, which Tunage immediately took on himself to resent. A few hasty words were passed and a challenge to fight a duel was given. As soon as the challenge was sent, by a prearrangement the majority were to take the side of the stonecutter in order to fortify him against the idea of a put-up job against him. All of his friends, as he supposed them to be, rushed to where he was standing and insisted upon his accepting the challenge. In spite of his protestations of innocence of the

charge of offense, he at last with great reluctance accepted the challenge. He, however, exhausted every argument in favor of an amicable settlement of the difficulty before his friends could have influence enough over him to make him accept. He was not allowed, as was usual in duelling, the choice of weapons. All of this was arranged by his seconds. In this instance double-barreled shotguns were chosen and twenty paces the distance. When informed by his friends of the weapons to be used and the distance, he came near deserting them by flight. The news came near sobering him, and they had to fortify his bravery with more whiskey. Finally the grounds were staked off, the guns procured and loaded. Tunage's gun was loaded with powder, with a tight, hard wad driven in on the powder, which would cause it to sting when striking almost equal to shot. The stonecutter's gun was loaded with powder and a handful of ripe pokeberries, which when broken leave a red stain like blood. After all the preliminaries were made, each man was led to his stake with as great solemnity as if a sure-enough duel was to be fought. Tunage took his stand with promptness, but it was only with much persuasion that the other party could be brought to his stand, and when he was conducted to it he was shaking as if an ague fit had taken possession of him. With a hôrrified expression on his countenance he said, "Oh, boys, I wish I had never come to town. I can't stand it," and was about to leave his post, but his second pulled out a long holster pistol and said: "Now this thing has progressed to such an extent that you will have to stand it, and if you don't stand at your post and shoot Tunage you will drive me to the necessity of shooting you with this pistol." He, recognizing his situation, preferred to take the chances of the longer range of twenty steps to that of the near proximity of an almost certain death. He reached out and took his gun, with abject horror depicted in his face, shaking in every joint. After taking his place, the usual word was given, when both fired. The stonecutter shot as "Ned Brace" did, so graphically described by Longstreet in the "Georgia Scenes." When Ned shot for beef at a shooting match in Georgia he shot with a double wabble. So did the stonecutter, accidentally planting the whole load of pokeberries in Tunage's bosom. Tunage fell, which, of course, he was to do.

All of the stonecutter's friends deserted him and ran to Tunage. When the smoke of battle had cleared a little the stonecutter, seeing Tunage lying on the ground with blood, as he thought, coming from his breast, naturally thought that he had killed him. Fear for the act immediately took possession of him, for he was now almost sobered from fright, and seeing he had been left alone he thought it a good time to make his escape. So off he ran for the river, which was near at hand. The crowd, seeing him in flight, made pursuit, crying, "Catch him, catch him," now and then shooting off their pistols, which only tended to hasten him. He at last reached the river

bluff, some distance in the lead, but, unfortunately for him, when he turned to descend the bluff his foot caught in a vine, which tripped him. The bluff being steep he did not try to recover his upright position, but kept on the slide down the bank and before he struck the water his arms and legs caught the swimming act and were ready for action whenever he reached the water. By this time the crowd had gained the bank, shouting, "Stop! Stop!" but there was no such word in his vocabulary, but rather haste, haste. He did not take time to divest himself of any article of clothing, but went straight to his work of putting the river between him and his pursuers. When he struck water in he plunged, and the boys said made waves equal to a small sized steamboat. It did not take long for him to navigate the Brazos, and when he arose on the other side he ascended the bank and was soon lost to view. This was the same man, if I am not mistaken, who afterward cut the stone and erected the monument to the heroes of the Alamo, which stood on the gallery floor near the door which led into the old capitol building at Austin and was burned up in the conflagration, with that building. Of this, however, I am not positive. The man I allude to here erected a similar one to that which stood at the entrance to the old capitol near Hidalgo, in Washington county, out of stone he quarried at that place. After finishing it he kept it for some time under a tent in a post oak grove near the prairie known as the Hidalgo prairie. Many of the citizens of the town went up to see it. I afterwards learned that he carried it to Austin. An appropriation was made by the legislature for its purchase and it was bought by the state.

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The Gates brothers, Amos, Charles and William, were old settlers who settled about five miles below Washington, near the Brazos river, in 1821. Their father, Samuel, followed them and settled in the same neighborhood in 1822. Amos, the oldest of the brothers, said he was the first white man who ever crossed the Brazos river at Washington. I think he and a negro constructed a raft and crossed over to see the country. He was so much pleased with what he saw that he moved over and settled. His brothers moved over with him. "Uncle Amos," as everybody called him, contrary to all old Texan usage, lived and died at the same settlement he made in 1821. He died only a few years since, a very old man, I think over 80 years, which would make him a resident of the same place for over sixty years. He kept up the old habits of the Texan until his death. In all the reunions and at all the Methodist conferences (he was a great Methodist) he appeared dressed in the old-fashioned buckskin hunting shirt and with his shirt collar unfastened. He was strong in his prejudices. For those he liked nothing he had was too good, and those he disliked could get nothing from him.

The heads of all these families are buried in Washington county.

Another old settler was William Deaver. He was something on the same order of man as Mr. Gates, a very positive man, a kind and generous neighbor, loved and respected by all. He was a great Methodist, raised a large and respectable family and was well to do in this world's goods. His farm and horse ranch was four or five miles from Washington.

James Gray, another old settler, lived about three miles below Washington, and kept up the old Texas habits as long as he lived. At any time, day or night, when you entered his house, in the course of five or ten minutes afterward a cup of good, hot coffee would he handed you. I do not think the coffee pot was ever allowed to get cold in his hospitable home, and no greater insult could he offered the old Texan than to offer to pay for any hospitality received.

Judge John Lockhart, the father of the writer of this, settled in Washington on the 4th day of March, 1839, and opened a farm above the town of Washington. His farm adjoined the town tract, and his residence was a half mile from Main street. He was in public life many years in Alabama, served as judge and legislator until he moved to Texas. He was nominated by the democratic party in Alabama to again run for the legislature the year he moved to Texas, but declined the nomination for the purpose of moving to this state. It went very hard with my mother, as with the most of the ladies, to undergo so many hardships in a new country, but having seven sons and no daughters, she, for their sake, was willing to forego all previous luxuries to enhance their future welfare. Her boys always felt thankful to her for the sacrifice. To have stayed in Alabama would have made it impossible for my father to have settled us all around him, and the move made it a great gain to us. Father and mother both passed away at old Washington, the birthplace of the republic, and its many and varied life scenes, and final dissolution and resurrection into a new state. What a glorious place in which to pass away.

The death of the republic was quiet and peaceful, and its resurrection was grand and glorious, for from a weak and unprotected condition she arose in her new life into the arms of one of the most powerful nations on the globe. So may we hope of our good father and mother, who passed away in the feebleness of age. May we not hope they were raised up in power, beauty and strength in their new life? So mote it be.

The foregoing list comprises the names of all the old resident settlers in and around the old town whom I now remember. If I have omitted any names I am sorry, for I feel that all who sacrificed so much should be held almost sacred and their names enrolled

on the pages of the history of Texas, so that future generations may know to whom they are indebted for this grand and glorious country. As I have said before, in the early days, Washington was rather a rough place. Sunday on the streets was not regarded with any more reverence than any other day. There was rarely ever any preaching; in fact, ministers of the gospel were a little afraid to preach in the place. R. Alexander, D.D., told me that he never went without his pistols, and he was no coward, either. It was said of him that when he preached in Washington his favorite hymn was nearly always read and sung, "Blow Ye the Trumpet." The boys found out by reports from those who attended church that that was his favorite song, so when his time came to preach again they posted one of their number on the outside of the house, near the back of the desk, with a tremendous, large Texas steer horn, which they made for the purpose (it happened to be at night service), and when the doctor gave out his favorite hymn the fellow on the outside set up a most unearthly blast of the horn, and kept it up until the doctor walked to the door and made the announcement that he could whip the man who blew that horn, and he would have done it, too. This story was told on the doctor. I cannot vouch for it. I never saw any disturbance made at any meeting, though it was a frequent occurrence that after church the wild fellows would congregate at some barroom and hold what they called prayer meeting. They would get a man by the name of Crabtree (who was one of the best violinists to be seen off the stage) to line the hymns on the coarse strings of his violin, and all would join in with the violin and sing the song. So great was his perfection in imitating the human voice in his lining the song that it would almost be impossible to tell it from a minister. After the song, all would get down, and Crabtree would then repeat the Lord's prayer on his violin. It would seem impossible, but he could almost make his violin articulate the words. I heard one other man who could do nearly as well as Crabtree. They were certainly masters of the violin.

There were very few preachers in the country at that time. Dr. Alexander, J. W. Kinney and a Mr. Ruter, after whom Rutersville, in Fayette county, was named, were all of the Methodist ministers who visited Washington in the very early days. There was a Baptist preacher whose name I have forgotten, and Mr. Buffington, of the Baptist denomination, who preached occasionally. In 1841 or 1842 Rev. R. S. Thrall and Rev. J. W. Wesson came to Washington. The first protracted meeting that I recollect of ever being held near Washington was carried on by Rev. H. S. Thrall, J. W. Wesson and Rev. Dilliplain, under old Uncle Amos Gates' gin house, early in the '40s. The running gear of the gin house not having been built, the under part of the gin house gave very good protection from the sun. The meeting was protracted for several

days, possibly for a week or more, with very good results. After this a camp meeting was carried on near what is now the city of Brenham, but at that time there was no Brenham in existence.

In the early days, too, there used to come to Washington a negro from Independence, by the name of Mark, who occasionally preached at Washington to the negroes. This old negro was a prodigy. His discourses were delivered with as much ability as most of his white brethren could display. He used to preach in a grove, and his audience was frequently composed of more whites than negroes. The white people were very kind to old Mark, and their charities were so liberal that he purchased his freedom.

Then, a little later on, came the protracted meeting held by Judge R. E. Baylor and Mr. Tryon, in the old Declaration of Independence hall, during which nearly all of the town joined the church. Washington was never as wild after this as before, for the seat of government was moved there soon after, and with it came a very different class of people; citizens who were more for business than pleasure.

Far be it from me to cast a word of reproach upon the name of the old Texan for his disposition for fun making. In the absence of, and uncertainties of government, business, and occupation, no market for produce, no money in the country to urge the people on to advancement in riches, and no inclination for such, they naturally had to revert to some mode in which to pass off the time. Their amusements were always innocent, though at times rough. No one was ever known to be injured in any way by them, and when at an end, all were as before, like a band of brothers, as it were, ready and willing to answer to the call of their country to arms to repel any invading host who might appear on the frontier of their adopted land. In view of these circumstances, they should not be judged by harsh criticisms, and yet these things ought to be recorded in order that the character of the old Texans, their ways and means of passing off the lonely hours which bore so heavily on a frontier people, may be known. At that time no man knew what a day might bring forth. The sun might be shining over the beauties of nature at early dawn, and ere dark go down with gloom and blight over a distracted community.

There were two other men who lived in Washington county, whose lives were somewhat of an eventful character, and who, I think, ought to be mentioned. I allude to the two Brooks brothers; they were both under Colonel Fannin, belonged to Dr. Shackelford's company, and were at the massacre. The elder brother, Zack Brooks, was selected as one of the twenty-five set apart to clear roads for General Santa Ana's army and cannon. He remained with Santa Ana's army some time before he met with an

opportunity to escape. I think they took him off toward the coast finally before he did make his escape. His sufferings were intense for want of water, and something to subsist on before reaching the settlements. He finally succeeded in getting in, and lived to a good old age in Washington county. The other brother, Whitfield Brooks, was marched out with the doomed to be shot. After taking his place with the others inside a brush inclosure, he told me that while taking his position it occurred to him that he would fall with the others, and if not wounded he would immediately spring to his feet and run for his life, which idea he had the good fortune to carry out. So he watched, and when the word fire was given, he fell with the rest, and not feeling any wound, immediately jumped to his feet and fled. It was his idea that all the Mexicans would fire their pieces at the word of command, hence would leave no chance for them to capture him only to outrun him. And he, being very fleet of foot, and spurred on by his surroundings, made that amount to almost an impossibility, though to his horror, as he ran he saw a brush fence immediately in front of him and about as high as his breast. This obstacle in his front and ten or fifteen Mexicans pursuing him not far in his rear, almost caused him to despair. He had on a bright silver watch, and it occurred to him to drop the watch, and by the time the Mexicans got through squabbling over it he could clear the fence. No sooner thought than he took the watch from his pocket and cast it as far as he could, though in a direction which he knew it would be seen. To his great joy all the pursuing party made for the watch, and he, with all his might for the fence. As he reached it he placed his hands on top, and with a bound was over. It being but a short distance to timber he was soon in it and lost to their view. The Mexicans did not follow, though he told me he did not tarry long to see. Goliad was a long way in those days from the white settlements, and a man without arms of any kind to defend himself with or to shoot game to subsist on, was truly in a bad fix. In this condition Mr. Brooks found himself. He was completely at the mercy of the savages and wild beasts, but the same merciful Providence which had so helped him previously still did so, and after many days and nights of discomfort and privation he got to his friends, and lived and died with them in Washington county. I was Mr. Brooks' family physician, and heard him relate this story many times.

JNO. W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER III

# TEXAS REMINISCENCES

## *The Men and Issues During General Houston's Second Term as President of the Texas Republic*

From The Galveston *Daily News,* Sunday, March 19, 1899

THE government of the republic of Texas was removed from Austin to Houston and from thence to Washington in 1842. After the government had been settled congress convened at Washington on the Brazos. The lower branch occupied the old Declaration of Independence hall, and the senate was assigned the upstairs over the barroom of Major B. M. Hatfield. The house was organized by electing Richard Scurry as speaker and James H. Raymond as chief clerk. The senate was presided over by General Ed Burleson, with Stephen Z. Hoys as secretary.

A brief biographical sketch of Judge Scurry and some other notable men will not be out of place here. Judge Scurry was born, I think, in Tennessee, and fought as a private in an artillery company in the battle of San Jacinto. He served as clerk in the senate after Texas was organized as a republic. He was afterwards elected district attorney after acquitting himself with honor, was elevated to the bench and was noted for his high attainment and legal ability. After filling these offices with honor to himself and credit to the people who elected him, he was still further promoted to serve his people as speaker of the Eighth congress of the republic of Texas. This was one of the most important sessions ever held in the Texas congress. On account of the heavy debt incurred by the preceding administrations, and the low condition of funds in the treasury, the wheels of government were nearly clogged, and bankruptcy was threatened. The opposition to the removal of the capitol from Austin was a source of much dissatisfaction to members from the west, who were not disposed to favor General Houston in his new policy to any great extent. Some threw every obstacle that could be brought to bear against him in order, if possible, to cause him to take a retrograde step and go back to Austin. All these things Judge Scurry had to meet. Being a strong advocate of the new departure and also a strong friend of the Old Hero, on many occasions Judge Scurry had to call some one of the members to the chair and descend to the arena and fight with all his might for his cause, not in a bloody arena, but one which called forth the power of eloquence and patriotism. His patriotism no one could doubt, for had

he not fought for his country as a private without the honor of office or reward? Nor could his eloquence and sound judgment be disputed, for they were felt by all who were then under the sound of his voice. Judge Scurry was one of the noble men of the earth. He was above the partisan who looked for personal gain. His ambition led him to a higher life, that of his country and his people, and so much did they appreciate him that after annexation they elected him to serve them in the United States congress during the sessions of 1851 and 1853. After the congress of the Texas republic adjourned Judge Scurry married a Miss Foster, near Chappell Hill, in Washington county. She was the daughter of an old Texas family who emigrated very early to the republic. She was a lady of high culture and a most excellent woman, fit to adorn the house and home of the noble of any clime. In 1854 Judge Scurry met with a very sad accident. He was fond of the chase, and in pursuit of game with a party of his friends his gun was accidentally discharged and caused such a wound in his foot that the greater portion of it had to be amputated, which made him a cripple for life. This and the great suffering it afterwards gave him caused his retirement from public life and Texas to lose one of her greatest men.

James H. Raymond of Austin, who was elected clerk of the house of representatives, was a good man for that place. He was considered to be one of the most efficient officers that had ever occupied that position. His voice was loud, clear and distinct. The reading of manuscript was his especial art. The deciphering of the almost hieroglyphics of some of the members was his especial delight. He seemed to read them with as much fluency as common print. He consequently could not be beaten for that office, and held it until his health failed, which caused his retirement. He afterwards went into the banking business in Austin, where he now resides in affluence, surrounded by his friends and relatives, who lend cheer to him in his old age.

General Burleson presided over the senate, as was his right as vice-president of the republic, with becoming dignity. He was an exceedingly modest man and might be called diffident for one who had occupied the life of a frontiersman and had dealt so long with men who were always ready to obey his commands. This charge is a mark which might be applied to all of our great Indian fighters. Their greatest speeches were such as this: "Come on, boys, there they are, we will whip them." They always led their men and were found in the thickest of the fight. Such was General Burleson in the field. But in the forum he always suffered himself to remain in the background, rather preferring to listen than to lead. Though when it came to a vote he always voted as his conscience dictated. In this he was as firm as when meeting the enemy on the battle field. General Burleson's character is too well known for me to attempt

a portrayal here. Every child knew him in the olden times, and his name was on the lips of praise wherever he went in the west, and his name meant protector to the women and children of the frontier.

Stephen Z. Hoyle was secretary of the senate, a man of fine learning, and was General Houston's private secretary during his first administration. He was one of the unfortunate Santa Fe prisoners and was carried to Mexico and lay in Perote prison for two years. He often used to tell of the great sufferings of that heroic band on their weary march to the City of Mexico, and their hardships in Perote prison. He said that their constant and almost superhuman march so inflamed his feet that after being confined in prison for a few weeks he commenced to shed the nails off his toes and was pretty much in the same condition as a foundered horse. Mr. Hoyle after his return married a Miss Vernon, a daughter of Mrs. Winfield, one of the old mothers of Texas, and one of the noted women of the old republic for patriotism and her great hospitality, erudition and fluency of speech. She could attract a crowd and interest them on almost any topic, equal to any in the land, regardless of sex.

These were the leading officers of the two houses as I now recollect.

General Houston was inaugurated for the second time as president of the republic of Texas December 13, 1841, and at once moved the seat of government from Austin to Houston, and from thence to Washington, on the Brazos. He had no downy bed of ease to lie on, as his removal of the capitol from Austin made him many enemies, especially from the west, and this extended down the Brazos on the western side, even into Galveston. But what he lost in the west was gained in the east, as all that portion of the republic was as much opposed to the seat of government remaining at Austin as was the west for it. This caused two parties to spring up in the state, and especially in the congress of the republic. These parties were known as the Houston party and the anti-Houston party in congress. The discussions between these contending parties would become so warm in partisan debate at times that it seemed nothing but the letting of blood would appease their wrath. But, as usual, the breach would be easily filled after adjournment with a few drinks at the bar. This, however, is not peculiar to Texas, as many other bodies of far greater magnitude than the little Texas congress are yet in the habit of allaying all their difficulties in that amicable way. General Houston had some strong enemies to contend with, notably Thomas Jefferson Green, Mr. Cazeno, General Sherman, Tod Robinson, Dr. Moore, Dr. Rugeley, J. W. Harris and others. All were men of talent and standing in the republic. The three Joneses were also on the opposition side. But the one whom Gen-

eral Houston had most respect for was the silver tongued orator, William H. Jack. Mr. Jack, although belonging to the opposition, had a great respect for General Houston, and was not so abusive as others. He recognized General Houston as being the head of the government, placed there by a majority of the people, and no matter how much he might differ with the president in his policy, he had respect for him as being at the head of the government.

W. H. Jack led the opposition, and was one of the leading lights in the senate. As a debater he had few equals. His propositions, when stated, were clear and lucid, and, with his eloquent appeals, were hard to resist. He was gentlemanly in his bearing toward all, modest and unassuming. In fact, his unassuming manner was so marked that one would hardly have picked him out as the man upon whom so much praise had been bestowed as the champion of the opposition party. Mr. Jack was a private on the field of battle at San Jacinto—then a young man. He arose to fame in his day, scarcely equaled by some who began at a much higher position in the public affairs of Texas. Mr. Jack was of a rather delicate build—could not be called stout, by any means. His brain power was too great for his physical, and consequently kept his system in an abnormal condition, subject to malarial fevers, which were prevalent in the country in which he lived. An attack of yellow fever caused his early demise, and the country to lose one of its most valuable citizens.

Mr. Green was a man of character. He participated in many of the early struggles of the republic; was in the expedition to Santa Fe, and was captured and carried to Mexico as a prisoner, and after being released, was again captured at the battle of Mier, and was at the revolt. He drew a white bean, which saved his life. He was carried to the Perote prison with the other captives, and was finally liberated with them and came back to Texas, and was elected a member of congress. In serving in this capacity, he was an intense partisan and opposed General Houston's administration with all of his power. After annexation he moved to California.

Many other names deserve a grateful mention on account of able services rendered the republic.

General Houston had also many ardent and devoted friends in both houses of congress from east Texas. General W. H. Darnell, from one of the eastern counties, was one of his staunch friends and a supporter of all his measures. General Darnell was a man of much character, and commanded the respect of all his associates, in so much that he was elected speaker of the lower house of congress after Judge Scurry's term expired. He made an able speaker, and presided over the body with dignity and success.

J. W. Henderson (alias "Smoky" Henderson) was also a fast friend of General Houston. And when the tocsin was sounded was

always found in the thickest of the fray. There used to be an anecdote told on "Smoky" that at some great revival he became much interested about the salvation of his soul, and when the preacher came around to where "Smoky" was wrestling with the great adversary and asked him how he was progressing. All of this thing being new to him, as there was not much of the article of religion in Texas at that time, "Smoky" ventured to ask the preacher what he should do, whereat the preacher told him he must be born again. At this piece of information "Smoky" objected, and said: "I am not willing to that condition, for it might be that I might be born a girl the next time," to which he most seriously objected. This may have spoiled his religious views, but did not interfere in the least with his political status, for he was always found to be a Sam Houston man and a sound and true democrat. After annexation he served Texas as governor and made a most excellent officer.

There were many brilliant men in the congress of the old republic from east Texas, among whom were K. L. Anderson, for whom the town of Anderson, the county seat of Grimes county, is called; also David S. Kaufman, for whom Kaufman county is called. He was also speaker of the house of representatives at one time. Mr. Kaufman, on account of some political difference, was shot and severely wounded by Colonel Mayfield in the early days.

In the senate from the east was that grand man, Thomas J. Rusk, who for his gallantry in all the positions he was called on to fill filled them with so much dignity and honor as to make him proverbial in the land, and not only did his fame fill all of Texas, but when in the United States senate he made his famous speech in which he exorted his colleagues to know no bounds, no east or west, north or south, but let their legislation be of such a character as to represent a great iron hoop which would bring all sections of the vast union together, and, as a great vessel, hold each connecting stave as a part and parcel of this great and glorious fabric. If such advice had been acted on, what rivers of blood and sorrow and suffering would have been spared to both north and south, east and west.

As influential a man as was in the senate was John A. Greer. Mr. Greer was a peculiar man. He was a bachelor and a regular sportsman before turning his attention to politics. He was a man of fine appearance, and only for a deformity in one of his feet was a grand specimen of manhood. After his election to congress he became one of the leading members of the senate, and was unusually esteemed for his brilliancy of intellect. He was also an earnest supporter of General Houston in all his measures. Greer county was named for him by his admirers.

The Hon. Jesse Grimes was also a great and good man, not so brilliant in intellect as some of his colleagues, but he was noted

for his uncommon good, hard sense. He was rather slow to act, but when he made up his mind to act he was found to be always correct. Hence he had the universal respect of his colleagues in regard to his business qualifications, and for his great integrity. Mr. Grimes lived and died in Grimes county, which county was named in his honor.

In the congress of 1844 there was one who afterward became famous for the many engagements fought with the Indians on the western and northern borders. This famous man was Colonel John S. Ford. On the celebration of his 75th birthday a synopsis of his early experience was published in The Galveston News, The News copying from the San Antonio Express, as follows: Colonel John S. Ford, the famous defender of the Texas border, came to Texas in 1836, and was present at the Fourth of July celebration at which General Sam Houston, the wounded hero of San Jacinto, was received by the Hon. Jonas Harrison, a man of wonderful attainments as a lawyer and orator. Not long after General Jessup sent Colonel Whistler into Texas at the head of a military force. This was done by order of President Andrew Jackson. These troops were encamped near Nacogdoches. They came ostensibly to protect the citizens against the hostile Indians who had left the United States. His first vote in civil affairs was given in 1836. It read: For the constitution of the republic of Texas, for Sam Houston for president, M. B. Lamar for vice-president. In 1844 he was elected a representative in the congress of Texas. In 1844 he offered the first bill providing for the acceptance of the terms of annexation made by the government of the United States and the people of Texas. During that year he married an elegant lady in the old town of Washington by the name of Miss Simms, and settled in Austin. The road from Austin to San Antonio at that period of time passed over a space of beautiful country. There was not a house between the two towns. George Neill was probably the first to settle a few miles southwest from Austin. In a short time a gentleman built a small cabin near the river, where now San Marcos stands. Very soon others settled on the Blanco. Stringtown was the name of habitations along the hill between San Marcos and New Braunfels. North of San Marcos, near the Blanco, lived Colonel Kyle. Colonel Ford was in the service in 1836, and at various times during the days of the republic of Texas. After annexation his services to his country did not cease. He enlisted in the Mexican war and served under Colonel John C. Hays, and was in several fights. In 1849 he commanded a company of rangers, and fought Indians in 1850 on the Nueces at old Fort Merril, and near where King's ranch now is. His first lieutenant, Andrew Walker, attacked them below Laredo in 1850, and on the Gate creek in 1851. Second Lieutenant Edward Burleson fought them in 1851, near the Nueces. It was a desperate conflict and resulted

in a complete victory for Lieutenant Burleson. In 1850 thirty Indians attacked Doc Sullivan, John Wilbarger and Adolphus D. Neal twenty miles south of King's ranch. Two rangers were killed. Neal escaped, having seven or eight terrible wounds. Colonel Ford was elected senator to fill the place made vacant by the death of General Edward Burleson. In 1858 he was placed in command of the Texas frontier. Aided by Captain L. S. Ross, Indian agent in command of 113 Indians, he fought the Comanches on the South Canadian, killing seventy-six of the enemy. During the same year he was sent to the lower Rio Grande, under command of Major Hentzleman, U. S. A. He engaged General Cortina at Rio Grande City, afterward at La Bolsa, also at his ranch in Mexico in 1860. In 1861 he was elected to the secession convention from Cameron county, although a citizen of Travis county. He was placed in command, destined to gain control of matters on the Rio Grande, and did all in his power to maintain peace. The regular troops left Texas in obedience to an order of General Twiggs. He was elected colonel by the Texas convention and placed in command of the line on the Rio Grande by General Van Dorn. This line was over 1000 miles in length. He found it impossible to even visit the upper Rio Grande, which was under control of Lieutenant Colonel Baylor. Colonel Ford's regiment was received into the confederacy and did noble service on the Rio Grande during the confederate war. Almost the last battle that was fought during those thrilling times was fought on the Rio Grande by Colonel Ford on the side of the confederates and Colonel Barrett on the side of the federals. This battle was fought on May 13, 1865, and was won by Colonel Ford.

Another noted man who served in the congress of Texas in 1842 was Judge Wm. L. Hunter of Goliad, who came to Texas as one of the New Orleans Grays. His life was spared almost miraculously in that dreadful massacre and holocaust at Goliad. He lived many years afterward and was a useful citizen in serving his county as probate judge and in the councils of the republic, as above stated. It was while serving in this capacity that the writer became acquainted with him and heard him relate the particulars of that sad affair, and his captivity and escape from what seemed an inevitable death. Judge Hunter was a very modest and unassuming man and seldom referred to the unpleasant affair unless requested to do so by his friends. It was at one of these social meetings that the writer had the good fortune to be present when the judge, at the solicitation of a few of his friends, was persuaded to make a statement of the facts which occurred, and although they have been written of and told over many times, yet the writer wishes only to bear testimony to their truthfulness. They are as follows:

After exhibiting the scars on his hands and neck, Hunter said that he, with the rest of the prisoners, was marched out of the barracks. They thought to be sent out of the country as they had been promised at the surrender, but to their dismay they were marched to their doom. He took his place with the others and at the crack of the musketry fell with the others, though not wounded. He lay as he fell. After the murderous affair had taken place the Mexicans commenced to strip the dead bodies of the Texans. They succeeded in getting the outer clothing off the judge, but thinking him not quite dead, they picked up a musket and stuck the bayonet through his shoulder. The bayonet fortunately struck the shoulder blade and did not enter the vital parts. The brute left the bayonet sticking in his shoulder, and the heft of the musket as it fell turned the judge's face and upper portion of his body over. In this painful position he had to lie for some time, for the least movement on his part would have been noticed, and that would have been followed by instant death. The judge had on a nice knit striped undershirt which struck the eye of a Mexican, who proceeded to possess himself of it by taking out the bayonet and pulling it off the dead judge, as he thought. The judge said the garment fit pretty tight and he reckoned he must have helped the Mexican in some way to get it off, for when he had stripped him the Mexican commenced to curse him, and pulling out an old, dull knife, such as every Mexican carries, proceeded to cut his throat. To prevent this the judge threw up his hand and protected his neck as much as possible. After he had made several attempts to cut the judge's throat and having drawn blood freely both from his neck and fingers, the Mexican desisted without serious harm. The judge had only to be thankful for the dullness of the knife for the preservation of his life. In this condition the judge lay until night had drawn her dark curtain over the ghastly scene. The sun had hidden her face behind the western hills, the stars peeping down on the merciless act as if too horrid for their steady gaze, gave only twinkling lights, and as all nature seemed stilled in death over the field where the brave soldiers lay, Judge Hunter crawled over the dead bodies of his comrades, nearly exhausted by the loss of blood, to the river, and there slaked his thirst and washed his wounds as best he could. After bathing his already fevered body he slowly crawled off into the brush, not knowing whether he would ever be restored to his friends or not. Fortune seemed to favor him, and at the time I saw him he was a robust man.

Another of General Houston's warm supporters in the lower house of the congress of 1841 and 1842 was R. M. Williams, alias "Three Legged Willie." He came by this name by having had a disease of one of his knee joints which caused the foot and leg to be drawn in such a manner as to make his leg from the knee down

stand out at a right angle. To obviate this difficulty in locomotion he wore a wooden leg from the knee down, resting the knee in the fork of the wooden leg. This gave him the appearance of having three legs, hence the name of "Three Legged Willie." He was the representative from Washington county and of course was in favor of the government and all the appurtenances thereto remaining at that place. When the seat of government was moved from Austin, of course all the courts were also moved with the government to Washington. There was a bill gotten up in congress to move the supreme court from Washington to Galveston by some of the members and was supported principally by the western members and the members from Galveston and the lower Brazos. Hon. J. B. Jones, the member from Galveston, and W. E. Jones from one of the lower Brazos counties, with Simon L. Jones from San Patricio county, were the most conspicuous champions of the bill. R. M. Williams, of course, approved the bill. It was in the opposition to this bill he made his famous speech wherein he said: "Mr. Speaker, this bill is fostered by his friends, the three Joneses, and in order to distinguish them in what I have to say on this subject, I will allude to them as my friend Big Foot Jones, from Galveston, assisted by my little friend the astute, tidy little W. E. Jones from Brazoria, and my red-headed, hell-roaring McSimon L. Jones from San Patricio. Now, Mr. Speaker, where is Galveston? Sir, it is a little sandy spot situated away out in the Gulf of Mexico, where the pelican lays her eggs and the sea gull screams, once the stamping ground of Lafitte and his pirates, and now inhabited by the lordliest set of d—d rascals that my two blue eyes ever blazed on."

It is needless to say that this speech killed the bill, and the supreme court remained at Washington. His speech caused a great deal of amusement, in which none partook in greater part than the three Joneses. R. M. Williamson was a noted character in the olden times, bold and courageous. He spoke his opinions freely, regardless of consequences. He was perfectly independent, for he was the peer of any both in courage and oratory, and just the man to suit the times. He was on the bench, and at one of his terms of court a case came up in which one of the attorneys had a case with not much law to back him. He concluded that what he lacked in law he would make up in bulldozing the court, so when he commenced to read, the law appeared strange to Judge Williamson, when the judge asked him to show him where he got his law from. He immediately ran his hand into his bosom and pulled out a Bowie knife and said: "This is the law, your honor." Whereat Judge Williamson pulled out a derringer pistol and laid it on the desk before him and said: "This is the constitution, and, sir, permit me to inform you that the constitution takes precedence over the law, and you will proceed with the case."

Sarah Ann Elizabeth Browning Lockhart
During Civil War times

On account of Judge Williamson's boldness and fearlessness he made a good judge for those trying times.

Hon. Isaac Parker was another noted character in the lower house of congress. He was the uncle of Cynthia Ann Parker, who was taken at the massacre of Parker's fort and fell into the hands of the Comanches. He was a quiet, dignified man, and had very little to say, but was a man of fine sense. He was rarely ever seen to smile.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER IV

# THE TEXAS REPUBLIC

## *Recollections of Scenes and Incidents Connected with the Early History of Old Washington*

From the Brenham *Banner*, July, 1899

FRIEND RANKIN: I was much pleased while reading the last number of the BANNER, especially so in perusing the article headed "At Old Washington." It naturally brought back to mind many scenes and incidents, both dramatic and comic, which transpired in that old historic place many, many years ago. There are few now living who bore witness to the many incidents which were enacted in its early settlement.

In regard to the information furnished you by my friend Frank Brown (who I knew in his early boyhood, and whose father and mother were of the most substantial citizens of the then young town) brings to mind many names of persons who have almost faded from memory, nearly all of whom I knew well. I well remember the old road he speaks of, and there was once a legend that the Mexicans had buried a large treasure somewhere near the crossing of the Brazos in the neighborhood of the old town. A Mr. Richard Slack was, I think, one of the earliest settlers on this road. His residence was on a high rock cliff, where the prairie gathered up to the river bottom. Near the summit of this hill there was quite a curiosity in the nature of a spring; small, though it was clear and inviting to the thirsty traveler, yet its water was so warm that it was unpalatable to the taste. The next settler was John W. Hall; the next Uncle James Gray, whose coffee pot never grew cold; and then Mr. Thomas Gay, Richard Hope, and the last down the river was Uncle Amos Gates, and near him Dr. Perry. Andrew Robinson was the man who put in the first ferry boat at Washington. He was quite old at the time I saw him last.

The first farm north of Washington was owned by Isaac Conly. My father afterward cleared and settled between Mr. Conly and the town tract, and afterward bought the old Conly farm from Mr. P. C. Watson, who had purchased it from Mr. Conly. J. P. Cole settled on Cole's Creek, about four or five miles above Washington on the road to Hidalgo prairie; Col. Josiah Crosby had opened a little farm in the prairie. These were the only settlements that I remember on or near the river at that time. On or near the road to Jacksonville there were only a few settlers, Mr. William Dever and

Charles and William Gates. Joe Franklin and Gus Woods owned farms near what is now called Graball. Mrs. Panker, John Early and his brother, Thomas Early; R. A. Lott and his brother John lived on farms near Doerun; on the road to Independence lived Mr. Merett, Robert Stephenson, Wm. Jackson, Mr. Newman, Mr. Farquhar, James Lynch and Capt. James R. Cook. These are all of the old settlers that I now remember who lived near Washington as early as 1839 who were farmers and stock raisers. There were, doubtless, others but I now fail to recall their names.

In looking over the list of names of the first organized church which has been so well preserved by the Rev. W. G. Wood, of San Antonio, is like removing a screen from a dark chamber which has not been inhabited for many years. The names bring figures to light which have been almost lost to memory, and make them appear almost as real as living organized beings. The great majority of them have crossed "over the river and no doubt are resting in the shade." If ever a class of people deserve reward for heroism, in suffering privation, trials and hardships, the old Texans certainly does. Yet, in all of their struggles they were cheerful, free and easy almost to a fault. The list of names added to the church on July 24, 1841, were made up mostly of new converts taken in at a protracted meeting carried on in the old Declaration Hall by Rev. W. M. Tryon and Judge R. E. B. Baylor. It was an exciting time and scene; fired by the eloquence of Mr. Tryon, followed by the persuasive speech of Judge Baylor made the call almost irresistible. Over half of the town joined the church at this meeting, which had a good effect on the inhabitants thereof. The old Texans were not angels by any means, but a more honest, honorable, charitable, bold, self-reliant people never lived on this Continent.

Illiteracy was very uncommon among the people; all men, with the exception of three or four known to the writer, were well educated in the English branches of study and could hold their own in trade or traffic with their fellow man. There were a few, however, that could not read or write, among them the famous "Wild Man of the Woods," Moses Evans, who was also an expert in the murder of the King's English. He could not be excelled only by one other in the town; this man was by the name of Delk. On one occasion there had been a heavy washing rain which had gullied Main street considerably. The citizens concluded to turn out and repair it. The evening before the work was to commence some one approached Delk and asked if he would assist. His reply was no, but I will send a prostitute in my place (meaning a substitute). The next morning Pat Lusk came along to do his part of the work with a large garden rake on his shoulder. Hello, says someone, Pat, are you going to work the street with a rake? No, says Pat, I only brought it along to keep Delk's prostitute company. We had an-

other character in the town by the name of Bob Flewry. Mr. Flewry was well educated and sprang from one of the wealthy families of New York City. After coming to Texas he lost his all and sank into poverty. He had been used to high living in his early days and could not forget it in his poverty. His main desire was for pudding, hence his pseudonymous name Pudding. Hence no conversation could be started in his presence without Flewry's bringing in his favorite dish, pudding. On a certain day a man bought a new broad ax and on stepping from the store to the street saw Flewry approaching. Boys, says the owner of the ax, I will bet a treat for the crowd that I get Flewry this time. The bet was immediately taken. By this time Flewry had arrived. The ax was presented and its uses commented on. Flewry reached out, took the ax in hand and remarked, after making a few short cuts in the air, "Boys, I wish I had as much pudding as I could cut up with this ax." Many more comic scenes and anecdotes could be related, but as to the tragic, they had better be hidden in the grave with the actors.

J. W. LOCKHART, M.D.

Chappell Hill, July 6, 1899.

CHAPTER V

# ANOTHER ONE ON MOSES

## *How His Snakeskin Vest Was Scented for a Wedding*

From The Galveston *Daily News*

ON LOOKING over my scrap book a few days since I came across a communication written for The News some time since by Dr. T. J. Heard on Moses Evans, alias the "Wild Man of the Woods," which I reread with renewed interest, as it brought to mind an incident in that peculiar man's life which the doctor omitted, and which I think deserves a place in his remarkable career. With the doctor's permission I will here relate it as near as recollection will permit.

Away back in the thirties, perhaps '37 or '38, a wedding came off in the old town of Washington. These were great events and weddings always were followed by a dance. In this instance Moses was one of the invited guests. On the evening of the great event Moses commenced to prepare for the occasion. It had not occurred to him to overhaul his box and see after his wardrobe until just time to dress and make his appearance at the matrimonial celebration. Moses had collected a number of rattlesnake skins and had himself a vest made of their nauseous hides. He prized this vest very highly and wore it on all great occasions. He thought his toilet incomplete without it. So Moses decided that this was one of the occasions in which he could appear to great advantage in his treasured vest. After donning his outer garments, which were simple and plain, he proceeded to carefully unroll his vest. Moses had for some cause or other neglected to give this article the necessary airing which he should have done to preserve its purity and sweetness. To his utter amazement, when he had unfolded it, it developed a decidedly snakish smell. At first he was a little startled, but it was not for a man of his genius to remain in that predicament long. He thought of the wonderful power of one perfumery over that of another, and as soon as this idea possessed him no more did the snake smell seem to discomfit him. As soon as all preparations were made he set off to hunt up his much needed perfumery. This article was exceedingly scarce in those days and was hardly ever used, only by physicians in compounding their medicines to give them better flavor.

Dr. Heard being a great favorite with all, Moses thought that he would first try Dr. Heard, as his office was on his direct route and of easy access, only one step up and you had gained the entrance.

When he reached the door he planted one foot firmly on the floor and in his usual familiar style yelled out:

"Hello, Doc, have you got any perfumery?"

All of the doctor's old friends know that he was always a hard student, very methodical and generally took his time in answering calls of all kinds. It so happened that he was lost in the midst of a sentence in the book he was reading, and at first did not notice the call for perfumery, but after finishing his sentence he closed his book and looking up, said:

"And what can I do for you, Moses?"

"Doc, I want some perfumery."

"Perfumery! Moses. Perfumery! Did I understand you to say that you want perfumery?"

"That's what I said, Doc."

Now it was fashionable in those days to address all doctors as doc, and was a sure sign of esteem.

"And may I ask you, Moses, what you want with perfumery?"

"Why, to kill the snaky scent of this dang waistcoat. It smells just like the natural varmint itself."

"It will take something remarkably strong to counteract that scent, but I think I have it. Be seated, Moses; be seated."

Moses carefully settled himself on an old rickety box, the doctor at the same time reached up to the shelf and took down a vial of old cinnamon oil and advancing on Moses, saying, "Please uncover your head, sir, and with your permission, sir, I will put a few drops of this oil on the top of your head and I warrant you, sir, that the ladies can smell you from afar off, Moses. I say, sir, that they can smell you from afar off, sir."

So saying, he doused Moses' head liberally with the cinnamon oil, much to his delight, for if all the perfumery had been offered him this would have been selected. Fortunately it was old and stiff and did not penetrate to the scalp immediately. After the liberal dousing on the part of the doc, Moses re-covered his head with his immense Mexican sombrero and proceeded on his way to the ball with much self-satisfaction, for he enjoyed the odor of the cinnamon immensely. When Moses arrived at the door of the ball room his large hat crown had become well filled with the odor of cinnamon, and when he uncovered he filled the whole room full of cinnamon perfume. As much so as if some breeze had just arrived from off Ceylon's spicy isle. On account of the delay in getting his vest fumigated he was a little late; the ball had just opened. Being fond of the dance, he hurriedly procured one of the old matrons to join

him as a partner and was soon lost in the mazes of the old Virginia reel. Moses was considerable of an expert in the mysteries of cutting the pigeon wing, knocking the backstep and coming down on the double shuffle. He had gained great proficiency in that art, so he commenced on the pigeon wing, then knocking the backstep and then let himself loose on the double shuffle. This last was his favorite, and when he got onto this step he generally waxed warm, and on this occasion the oil warmed up also and commenced to find its way down about the roots of Moses' auburn hair. At first he only thought it a pleasant glow from the excitement under which he was laboring, but presently the oil commenced to follow down the great streams of perspiration and found lodgment in his immense red beard, and as Moses increased his movements and became warmer in the dance, so did the oil in his whiskers. He borrowed his partner's fan and with it attempted to produce a small cyclone, but all to no avail, the draught seemed only to increase the raging heat. Finally the burning sensation became unbearable and he remarked to his partner, "By gosh, it is too hot in here for me," and he ingloriously fled to find cooler quarters.

J. W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER VI

# THIS IS FIFTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF BATTLE OF GALVESTON

## *Only Handful of Survivors of That Historic Event Living Today in the City—Search Brings to Light a Long-Ago Letter*

From the Galveston *Daily News* of January 1st, 1914

THIS is the fifty-first anniversary of the battle of Galveston.

There are today less than a dozen men living in Galveston who on Jan. 1, 1863, served on the confederate boats and participated as members of companies stationed ashore in the battle which rescued Galveston from the hands of the federals and gave to the Southerners control of the city until hostilities closed.

In many sections of the city today confederate flags will be floated, reminding the populace of the event which marked the incoming of a new year fifty-one years ago. Many of the men who engaged in the "taking of the city" later became residents, and in Galveston the names of the survivors are linked with the leading families of the Treasure Island of today.

Among the picturesque characters of Galveston is Captain John Quick, 911 Church street, who not only is a survivor of the battle, but assisted in the construction of the vessels Bayou City and Lucy Gwin and other boats that participated in the conflict. Captain Quick removed to Galveston in 1852. His home was in Utica, N. Y.

"None of my brothers participated in the war between the states," he said Wednesday. "They lived in New York and went to Canada when hostilities began."

The late J. W. Lockhart, father of W. B. Lockhart, an attorney of this city, in a letter to his wife, dated six days after the battle of Galveston was fought, gives accurately a description of the vicissitudes which attended that struggle.

The letter is as follows:

### SOLDIER TO HIS WIFE

"Galveston, Texas, Jan. 7, 1863.—My Dear Wife: I have thought I would write you a long letter for several days, but I have been so much fatigued that I have not been able to do so yet. My feet are all blistered, but still I have to go. I will now commence

and try and give you a short history of several days, commencing the day before the fight. At the end of every two months we have to go through with muster and inspection. This came off the day before we made preparation for the battle. We hurried through in order to get ready. Our company drew new Enfield rifles, and all wanted to get a show to use them at the Yankees.

"We were drawn up in line of battle preparatory for review. We marched around a time or two, our band playing Washington's music. I began to think every heart was big with emotion, every arm nerved to the uttermost, for everyone knew that the battle was to come off soon. As I went around the music seemed plaintive, and I began to think how our hearts pulsated with the current of life, our step firm, our arm nerved for the eager contest, yet in a short time some of us would be laid low, our heads would bow, our bodies droop and die. My heart melted and I wept. It was not for fear, but the necessity of spilling others' blood.

"The next day came, and with it unusual calmness and silence in camp, each one seemed in communion with his Maker, but stern resolve rested on every brow. Many were the thoughts and feelings which passed through the brains of the men of Elmore's Regiment that day; nearly all had wives and children at home whom they loved, and no doubt many an honest prayer went up to God for the protection of their homes if it were their misfortune to fall in battle.

### On the Eve of Battle

"Evening came and with it an order for us to cook three days' rations, for we were soon to start for the scene of action. All obeyed cheerfully, and in a few hours rations were prepared. Before sunset the long roll was beaten and we formed in line; 'Forward, march!' was given by Major Bell. We all commenced the slow and solemn march to the field of battle.

"If the thoughts of men could have been read, oh, what a medley! The vast majority, no doubt, were thinking of home and dear friends; the more thoughtless, of the number of Yankees they were to kill. We marched to the point where we were ordered to halt. There arrived from Houston just at that time a part of Green's Regiment, which was to participate in the fight. I also received a precious letter from yourself. I read it partly by moonlight. I thought it might be the last I ever should receive from you, though I did not believe that the Yankees would kill me. I had a strong presentment that I would not be hurt.

"After remaining some two hours at the Point we were again ordered to march, having previously been furnished with three ladders to the company. We marched some three miles to Colonel Pyron's Regiment, where we were again halted, and then two companies of

Elmore's Regiment were detached, viz., A and B. We were thrown into a part of Griffin's Battalion and a part of Pyron's Regiment, and then for the first time we had intimation of the part we were to perform in the great battle.

"It was then we were to wade under the command of Colonel Cook into the bay and scale the wharf, the plank on the wharf having been torn up by the Yankees to keep us from charging them. About that time things looked gloomy. We knew we had terrible work before us, a desperate and hazardous undertaking. But Texans never flinch from any duty. So we set out again for the city, as we thought, every nerve stretched and every heart resolved to conquer or die.

### Cannon Drawn by Men

"We were marched but a short distance, when we were again commanded to halt in order for our artillery to pass us. On it came, cannon after cannon, some drawn by mules, some by men. I then learned that the remainder of our regiment had been made to subserve the place of horses, and were drawing the cannon. We had been divided and subdivided until we lost our identity as a regiment and were placed under other commanders, which I considered disgraceful for our field officers.

"After the cannon passed us, which was about 10 o'clock, we were ordered again to march, which we did cheerfully. On we came in almost perfect silence, until we entered the city. We were again allowed to rest. It was getting late and the men were weary. Here Colonel Pyron's men were detached from our division and were carried on in advance to act as sharpshooters. This left us with but four companies, viz., A and B of Elmore's Regiment and two companies of Griffin's Battalion, in all about one hundred and fifty men.

"This was our last rest. We marched in silence, not a whisper was heard; every one seemed to be wrapped in his own meditation. The sand in the hour-glass had well-nigh run out, each tick of the clock brought us nearer the scene of blood. We moved slowly down Center street onto the Strand, where we deposited our baggage, when loud boomed a cannon near us. It startled us. This was our maiden fight; it shocked us; our breathing became louder, our hearts palpitated.

"Our commander, Captain Wallis', voice was heard to cheer the men. In an instant another gun was fired from the enemy. This made the confusion greater; our lines were broken. It now required the assistance of the other officers to keep the men in ranks; they were disposed to scatter; some fell to the ground, others dodged, but after a time we managed to gain the advantage of an old plank fence. By this time the battle had opened in earnest; the grape and canister came so fast and thick that Colonel Cook ordered us to lie

down. About this time the Yankees commenced pouring a shower of balls upon us from the wharf, which we had been detailed to storm.

### Northerners Driven Back

"A few shot from our battery planted near the wharf drove them back, which enabled us to gain our feet and repair to an old building, from which we commenced pouring into them a murderous volley from our Enfield rifles, which drove them back into an old warehouse on the wharf. So rapid and disastrous was our fire they were not able to again fire at us. We soon attracted by our fire the peculiar notice of three vessels, which played on us for near one or two hours. The most of the shot passed over us, but so constant was their firing and so thick their grape that we were unable to form and carry out our first purpose, yet we did a great deal of good, for by daylight we had the Yankees in the building ready to surrender. The bombardment was awful, extending on our side from nearly every corner on the Strand. The enemy had seven large vessels.

"About daylight they had nearly silenced all our guns and we were about to withdraw from the contest, when our gunboats made their appearance, and in a short time captured the Harriet Lane, one of their finest and best vessels, with a considerable loss of life on our side. This inspired our troops with new courage, and a loud huzza went from every throat. A white flag was immediately hoisted on the H. Lane, and responded to by every other vessel in the harbor. An armistice was agreed on for three hours; an unconditional surrender was demanded by General Magruder, who gave them three hours to accept or reject it. Our company had become considerably scattered and we set about to hunt them up and to count who were killed and wounded.

### Picking Up the Wounded

"The surgeons, with the ambulances, were going to and fro to gather up the wounded and dead. Great confusion prevailed. I did not think at first that many were hurt, but in a short time I learned differently. Captain Wallis was placed in temporary command of the regiment and we were sent to the wharf to receive the prisoners. After forming on the sidewalk, the prisoners were brought off the wharf and sent away, for we thought the fight might commence again. After receiving the prisoners, 258 (I will say here that they looked pretty well dressed, neat and clean), dressed in blue, their colonel, a middle-aged gentleman, with his head bowed, walked in front, the men marching four abreast behind him.

"We preserved silence and treated them with respect. We were then marched further on to assist in completing a battery.

We remained at work at the battery but a short time, for the three hours had nearly expired, before the Yankee boats commenced moving. We were then ordered away to let the artillery have fair play. Instead of firing at us again they peacefully made their escape. Our guns fired at them as they left, with what effect we do not know. So ended the battle.

"A great many things took place which I have not recorded. I believe I wrote you the part I took in the affair. I acted my part well—I did not flinch. I will tell you all when I see you; but I do not know when that will be. We are strictly disciplined.

(Here occurs a line in the letter which is illegible on account of being on a folded paper, but evidently relates to a court-martial.)

### A Pathetic Scene

"He was a deserter. I never witnessed a more pathetic scene. I felt sad, though according to the rules of war he forfeited his life. His name was Smith. He came over from New Orleans after we took the city, and sailed into the harbor without knowing of it. There were five others with him. We captured all of them.

"Dear wife, we have a hard road to travel; something you can not conceive of; I did not. I long for peace. My soul craves it. I want to be with my family. I love them; I cherish them beyond all things on earth. I do not know when we will have another fight. There is another vessel in sight; another came this evening, but went off.

"If they come again we will have bloody work to do. We are fortifying as fast as we can. I hope we will have time to get our trenches in good condition.

"I have written you enough to tire you with reading it, so I will close by giving you a good-bye.

"J. W. L."

CHAPTER VII

# FIFTY-THREE YEARS AGO

## *By First Steamer From New Orleans to Galveston—By Buffalo Bayou to Houston and by Ox Wagon to Washington—Incidents by the Way*

From The Galveston *Daily News,* February 26, 1893

IN THE fall of 1837 an uncle of mine moved from Alabama to Texas, bringing a good many negroes with him. He died the following year in Houston. My father, being heavily interested in my uncle's estate, came to Texas and commenced suit in the district court in Houston for recovery of the property. The adverse claimants to the property put off the case from court to court, necessitating a trip to Texas twice a year. This fact and the prejudice existing against foreign claimants of property in the republic, caused my father to sell his possessions in Alabama and move to Texas. So in the fall of 1839 he left Alabama with his family and came by way of Mobile and New Orleans. At the latter place he took ship on the old Columbia for Galveston.

This was the first steamship that ever ran between New Orleans and Galveston, and we were among her first passengers. Previous to this all travel and trading done between the two places was by small sailing vessels. Our captain and crew of the Columbia kept a constant watch lest we should be captured by some Mexican war vessel, as Texas and Mexico were at war at that time; but no such ill luck befell us and we arrived safely at Galveston in due time. Galveston then was a small village, with no pretensions toward being the commercial metropolis of the present. We steamed up to the only wharf, and a poor affair it was, long and narrow, with planks laid down on sleepers, and not nailed. This made a very insecure structure yet all the commerce of the port was carried on over it.

Near by was the cabin of an old steam boat lying on the flats with a small plank walk leading out to it, which was used as a hotel. The Tremont, then a small two story house, was the only hotel in the place. This was kept at the time by Mr. Nathaniel Norwood, a whole souled, genial gentleman, who catered to the wants of his customers as best he could. Owing to the paucity of the market, his table was not as inviting as in older cities, though as to fish, oysters, wild game, such as geese, ducks, turkeys and venison, his table could

not be excelled. In those days wild fowl eggs were gathered by the bushel on Pelican spit and other islands in the bay. They were fine for eating and were used in place of domestic fowl eggs, which were very scarce.

As our stay in Galveston was so short I will not attempt to write it up.

Instead of landing our goods on the wharf, the Houston steamer, under command of old Captain Sterett (well known to all Texans in those days), was brought alongside our ship and all baggage and papers were transferred directly to her. After a delay of some twenty-four hours in Galveston we were

### On Our Way to Houston

Buffalo bayou was then a miserable stream for navigation. Our boat showed that on a former trip she had run foul of an overhanging tree, which had pulled nearly half of her cabin off. This damage Captain Sterett was having replaced whilst we were steaming along. Carpenters and painters were on board as busily at work as if the steamer had been tied up at some repair shop. There was great difficultity in those days in crossing Red Fish and Clopper's bars, and it was not an infrequent occurrence for steamers to ground on them and remain for several days. Our steamer stirred the mud up on Clopper's bar so that our wake appeared like a sluggish, muddy canal for a long distance.

We passed Lynchburg, a small place, and the battle field of San Jacinto just before dark. When opposite the latter place everyone on the boat was stirred with great enthusiasm at the thought of the great event which had so recently transpired there, the scene of the birth of a nation and the downfall of a tyrant, who had boastingly called himself the "Napoleon of the west." Such reflections filled each breast with emotion as we steamed along past that almost sacred spot and every eye was strained to its utmost to see the particular position which had been occupied by each army as pointed out by some one familiar with the facts, where General Houston's headquarters were located, where Generals Rusk, Sherman and Burleson made their famous charges, the position of Santa Ana's army, etc., which was all very interesting to the new comer.

Further on night overtook us as we entered the narrows of Buffalo bayou. It seemed our boat entered with a very tight squeeze. We made very little headway from there to Houston. Captain Sterett had two huge bonfires made, one on each side of the bow of the boat of pine knots. These fires were made in iron baskets, supported on iron rods attached to the bow, so that the boat in moving along carried its own light. These lights in straight parts of the bayou lit it up for some distance, but when the boat would have to

make short curves in following the winding stream the bow would frequently appear to rest on one bank of the bayou and the stern on the other, and then the lights would make it appear as if we were about to take to the woods. All trace of water was gone until the deck hands with their long poles would, by pushing against the bank, turn the prow of the boat into the stream again. At these times the boat, gliding smoothly and almost without noise along the banks, the torches casting grewsome shadows of the big trees here and there, the thumping of the machinery, the ringing of the bells signaling the engineer to "go ahead" or "reverse," mixed with the wild refrain of the boat hands singing their chorus songs; the darkness and stillness of the night outside, except when broken by the occasional howl of some wild animal, made one feel as if he were wandering in dreamland.

On our trip up the bayou it would have been an easy matter to step off the boat on either side to land, for then the little stream was much deeper and more tortuous than now. After much perseverance and pushing we

### Landed at Houston

at about 8 o'clock in the morning, having consumed the entire night in compassing so short a distance. Captain Sterett made his boat fast to a large cypress tree standing near the water, and also near the foot of Main street. This seemed to be extra labor, for it looked as if the boat could not have gone further.

It interested me, a boy, to know how Captain Sterett could get his boat headed for Galveston again, but by watching I saw that he backed the stern into White Oak bayou far enough for the bow to swing around, and so again be ready for his return trip.

Everything around the landing place was in a state of nature except a portion of the steep bluff had been scraped off sufficiently for a roadway for drays and carts to get to the sand bar, which had been converted into a wharf. This sand bar was formed by the currents of White Oak and Buffalo bayous coming together there, and was of vast benefit to the citizens of Houston. It made a very passable pier, and as it gradually sloped off into the water it was convenient for the stable men for watering their stock. It was also used by drivers of water carts, who drove out far enough for them to reach down to the water and fill their barrels easily. As Houston then had no wells that afforded good water, all, or nearly all, the water used by the city was supplied by these water carts at so much a barrel. After filling their barrels they would go from house to house and peddle out their water at so much a bucketful, or by the barrel, as the customer desired.

The city of Houston is built on the south bank of Buffalo bayou at its conjunction with White Oak bayou. The houses, at

the time I speak of, could not be seen from the steamboat landing on account of the bluff, which gradually rises toward the southwest. When the landing of the boats was announced, every man who could leave his business came to meet friends from whom they had perhaps been long separated, and many were the joyful greetings witnessed when friend met friend on the bank. Others, I fear, met in sorrow, while reflecting on bad deeds done in days gone by.

At the date of our landing very few houses had been erected, and those mostly on a small scale. Some were doing business under tents. Barrooms were in the ascendancy. I well remember one man who had a little barroom about 14x16 feet, who was not able to buy his liquors by the barrel, but had to be content with purchases by the demijohn, and who is now a millionaire.

Houston then was the only trading mart in Texas, with the exception of Galveston, hence immense fortunes were made very quickly by its merchants. Galveston was almost inaccessible to the common farmer. Houston was also a rough place. It was very common to see men passing on the streets with from two to four pistols belted around them, with the addition of a large bowie knife. This was in the days before the six-shooter. The streets were very muddy, and it was not an unusual thing then and long afterward to see

### Ox Wagons Bogged Down

on the principal streets. It was by ox wagons that trade with the country was carried on, and it was a strange sight to new comers to see the long string of oxen, from five to six yoke, attached to one wagon, without a rope on any one of them, being guided and controlled entirely by the whip and voice, and it was remarkable under what good control the teamsters had them. They seemed to be well educated in the two phrases used by the driver, "back," which meant, "go to the right," and "whoa come, here," which meant "come to the left." These commands they would obey or die in the attempt. The roads from Houston to the country in almost any direction at times, especially in the winter and spring, were almost impassable, and it was said that enough oxen had been killed on the roads from Houston to the high rolling country to build the first twenty-five miles of the Houston and Texas Central railroad. I do not know how true that may be, but at times the roads were lined with carcasses.

After looking around some time for a suitable location my father determined to settle in the old town of Washington, and after a sojourn of about three months in Houston he hired several ox wagons which were returning to the country. After loading them up we started some time in February for our destination. The roads were in their worst condition. If we traveled five miles a day we did well. Frequently we would camp in sight of our previous camp fire.

Four Children of Dr. John W. Lockhart. Left to right, Mrs. H. A. Landes (nee Mary Elizabeth Lockhart), William Browning Lockhart, Jonnie Lockhart (later Mrs. Charles Landes Wallis), Daniel Harvie Lockhart

This slow traveling would have been unendurable had it not been for the abundance of game on the prairie. Geese and ducks were innumerable, deer by the thousands—sometimes we could count from 100 to 150 in a bunch, large covies of partridges, wild turkeys and occasionally a drove of wolves were seen, but these last, from their pusillanimous habits and the low, mean cunning of their nature, imagining that every man's hand was against them, Ishmaelites as it were, were shy and hard to kill. On the contrary, the deer, turkeys and other game were comparatively gentle and easy of approach.

There were only a few houses or settlements after leaving Houston until you approached the Brazos river going north, so that the whole flat prairie, some fifty miles wide, was in a state of nature. There were large droves of wild horses roaming on the prairie, and some young men made it a profitable business to go in the spring and catch young colts. Many commenced their ranches in this way. We, of course, took advantage of the fine hunting to pass off what would have been a tedious trip.

After passing through much mud, water and other trials and troubles, we finally reached the town of Washington on the 4th day of March, 1840.

Old historic Washington!

How often have I wished for the power to make a true record of the many eventful changes and scenes which were enacted on thy sacred soil!

Texas was cradeled here and from a weak and tottering babe, nursed and cared for by that noblest of men, General Sam Houston, has grown and magnified until it has become one of the greatest states of the American union. But Texas was then a weak and very unpromising child, and was threatened many times with collapse; but when that grand old man, Sam Houston, would put his fingers on its pulse the arteries would commence to flow with renewed vigor. By his great wisdom and judgment Sam Houston brought the tottering child through the many trials which it seemingly had to pass. In the affairs of the republic no town took a more conspicuous part than old Washington.

J. W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER VIII

# BOATING ON THE BRAZOS

## *First Trip of the "Mustang" to Washington—A Regular Packet Line Afterward—The Terrible Overflow of 1842—Interesting Reminiscences*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, Feb. 12, 1893

GALVESTON, Feb. 10.—TO THE NEWS: As there is considerable correspondence going on at this time about the navigation of the Brazos river I will, with your permission, give you a short sketch of what I have seen of it after living on its banks, or near it, for the last fifty-two years. My father moved to Texas and settled on the banks of the Brazos river in 1840, just above the town of Washington. Just previous to this time there had been one of the greatest overflows of the river that had ever been known. The water extended from the town of Washington to Ringold's prairie, near the present city limits of Navasota. The ferryman, in his crossing, had marked the trees in order to keep his course. The marks were plainly visible for years afterward, and showed that the water was from ten to fifteen and in some low places twenty feet high in the bottoms.

After this rise for a succession of years the country was very drouthy. It was very hard to raise a crop. We had to plant corn in January in order to catch the very limited spring rains, which rarely ever wet the ground more than two inches; in fact this was considered a fine rain. In consequence of this drouthy condition the river got to be very low. It looked for a time that it would stop running.

In 1840 or 1841 Mr. Tillotson Wood, now living at Hempstead, and myself rode from Washington to Hidalgo falls, some seven miles by land, and perhaps double that distance by the river, along the bed of the river, never once having to leave it, but crossing from the point of one sand bar to the other. In some places it looked as if a ten foot rail would reach across the water.

In 1842 or 1843 the second great rise came, but I do not think the water was quite so high as the previous one, although it extended from the bluff at Washington to near where now stands the city of Navasota. This was a peculiar rise, in so much that there had been no rain up the river so far as we know. The rise came suddenly and unexpectedly late in June. After the river had left its banks and spread over its bottoms it rose steadily from one-half to three inches daily, and that, too, under a bright and cloudless sky. This

regular daily rise continued two or three weeks without intermission and was attributed by the knowing ones to the melting of snow near the sources of the river. Of course we, in those days, knew very little of the

SOURCE OF THE BRAZOS

as we had no communication with that far off region. Its topography, latitude and longitude we only surmised and that it headed somewhere in the Rocky mountains. One who had been to the far off Cross Timbers was looked upon as having performed a wonder in geographical feats and was considered quite a traveler, one who to do so had come many times near sacrificing his life. The Indians were all hostile during that period and were a barrier to any travel, with the exception of a few nervy surveyors who had gone as far as the Cross Timbers, and only a very few had gone that far. All west of that was a sealed book, as much unknown to the inhabitants of Texas as the interior of Africa was a half century ago to the outside world.

During this great rise of the river my father gathered his corn crop in boats, the water having covered the stalks of corn as far up as the ears. This was in June, and it was late in July before the flood subsided. During this great overflow many buffaloes, wild horses and smaller game were seen floating down the river intermixed with driftwood which consisted of immense cottonwood, oak, ash and pecan trees, green and fresh, going to show that there had been great erosions of the banks of recent date. In fact when the water got near the top of the banks the soil, being so loose and loamy, sometimes as much as one-fourth of an acre would slip off into the river.

These land slides created a roar resembling the roar of distant cannon. The large trees, intermingled with smaller dry drift, the washings of the smaller streams, made a continuous line for miles and miles without a solitary break. For several weeks it was impossible to cross the river with a boat without serious risk, though some few took the chances. I heard the Rev. Mr. Wesson, a Methodist minister, say not long ago that he paid the ferryman $5 at that time to put him across the ferry, which extended six or seven miles.

There have been numerous floods since but none so great, according to my knowledge, as that of 1842. Of course they have been much more destructive, on account of the numerous farms since opened on the river.

Previous to the overflow, many times, when a boy, I have pulled off my shoes, rolled up my pants to my knees and waded across the river at Washington, and the water would not come up half way to my knees. I have seen the ferry boat lie across the channel of the river, and travelers ride in at one end of the boat and out at the other without moving the boat. I have never seen the Brazos quite so low since that time.

Somewhere early in the 40s, I do not now remember the year, a small steamboat called the "Mustang" came up to Washington on, I presume, an experimental trip, for I do not remember her having much freight aboard. I think it was a trip merely to ascertain the feasibility of the navigation of the river. I remember distinctly the stir it created among the citizens along the valley, and especially the citizens of the town and country about Washington.

### The Current of the Brazos

when half banks is quite swift, and the machinery of the "Mustang" being small and weak, she made slow progress on her upward trip and gave warning of her coming long before her arrival. It was known several days before her appearance that she was coming to Washington; consequently the whole surrounding country came to town on the day of arrival. As soon as the puffing of the boat was heard in the distance there was a hurried exodus from the town to the river bank, people from the country on horseback, those from town on foot, hastening to catch the first sight of the steamer. One Alabama farmer brought in his family on an ox cart, drawn by a pair of muley oxen, which he tied securely to a fence near the river bank. The negroes had a fair representation, too, and they had brought all their dogs along. Presently the boat hove in sight near a mile down the river. There was a burst of enthusiasm long to be remembered, as there were many there who had never seen a boat before. All crowded near the brink of the bluff to see her land. The current was running swift and the boat, in order to take advantage of the eddy, steered for the opposite shore and when near us came across directly under us and eased up to the bank with so little noise as to cause one old lady to say, "Poor thing, it looks like it was tired."

The boat was soon made fast, and the river being half banks full placed her upper deck some fifteen feet below us, and in order to see what was going on all had to get as near as possible to the edge of the bluff. There being no steam whistles in those days a short piece of two-inch pipe was made to do service instead. This piece of pipe extended from the boiler up about two feet above the deck, and somehow or other a box had been placed over the top of the pipe. Steam being very high, the engineer, not wishing to lose time, opened up everything at once in order to allow its immediate escape. This let off the steam through this pipe. It came with such force that it blew the box high up in the air, and the crashing, rasping sound, followed by the immense cloud of vapor, caused all to think that the whole thing had burst and was rapidly going up. It was immediately voted, without any preliminaries, that every man, woman and child should take care of themselves, and such a scattering was never witnessed on the banks of "The Arm of God" (Brazos de Dios) be-

fore. The men dodged behind trees, the poor women with their frantic children clinging to their skirts and screaming were making all the haste possible to a place of safety.

The negroes, finding all the trees occupied by their white men, broke off on a double-quick for the town. Horses broke their fastenings and were off in every direction. The poor old yoke of muley oxen, fastened to the worm fence, made such frantic efforts to get loose that it set the dogs to barking at them. This made them increase their efforts to such a degree that they finally made their escape by tearing down five or six panels of fence, slinging rails in every direction. They happened to head for town, right up the middle of the street, which was occupied just in front with the negroes, who were seemingly doing their level best to escape the wreck and confusion; hearing the oxen and cart, and rails and dogs in their immediate rear put new springs in their heels, and when one would look over his shoulder and see the catastrophe so close upon him he would utter a sigh and shy off into the bushes. In a very short time

THE OX CART PROCESSION

had the whole street to itself and was gallantly escorted through town by the whole pack of dogs and never stopped until it arrived safely at home in due time, four miles in the country beyond.

It was amusing afterwards, when the negroes got together, to hear their explanations of their feelings. One was heard to say: "What for, Ike, you run so fas'? Fo' God, nigger, when you look back your eyes jest pop out, and de white shine like new money."

"I declare to goodness, Bob, I done thought dat ar steamboat done bust and half on it done took up de road after dis yer nigger, and 'fore God de end of de world had come for dis poor nigger. Hi! hi! I is so glad it was nuffin' but dem old butt-headed steers and de cart and de dorgs. Man, didn't dey make a noise. I declare dese laigs got so skittish dat I couldn't hold dem still."

In a short time quietude reigned on the ship and many went on an inspecting tour of the boat, and saw many things new and strange to them. After a few days' delay at Washington the "Mustang" renewed her exploration of the Brazos. Taking on a few goods she ascended as far as Port Sullivan, and on her down trip she ascended Little river, a tributary of the Brazos. It was on this trip, if I am not mistaken, that Captain J. W. McCown made his famous leap over the limb of a tree which overhung the water, and under which the boat passed; and poor Aquilla Jones, it is said, in order to prevent his being brushed off into the water, seized hold of the limb and unfortunately held on too long, letting the boat pass from under him, being suspended nearly thirty feet in the air, over a raging river, on a limb that swayed so he could not climb back to the main body

of the tree. In this condition Jones remained until a yawl boat was sent back to rescue him.

This trip of the "Mustang," however, proved beyond a doubt that the Brazos was navigable as far as Port Sullivan, for she made the trip up and descended again without meeting with any obstruction or accident.

This trip of the "Mustang" so encouraged the citizens of Washington that they employed Mr. Y. M. H. Butler of Galveston to go to Pittsburg, Penn., to have two steamers built of light draught to run as regular packets on the Brazos.

They were christened "Brazos" and "Washington," but made only two trips each. By some means they became so heavily encumbered with debt that they had to be sold, and were put into the trade of the lower Brazos.

In 1849, I saw as many as three steamers at Washington at one time, and among them the "Sam Williams," a boat made to run from the mouth of the Brazos to Galveston. All old citizens know that the "Williams" was a very large boat. The navigation of the Brazos during the fall and winter got to be not uncommon in those days. Washington was a town of considerable importance, and boats did a good business to that point.

In 1853 Captain John C. Wallis and myself came to Velasco on the steamer "Magnolia." She was loaded principally with cotton at the old "Warren ferry" on the Brazos, three miles east of Chappell Hill. The river was at half banks. We had a delightful, and to us a novel trip to Velasco. There the cotton was reshipped to Galveston by way of the gulf, as there was no canal at that time. I remember taking a hack at Quintana at 8 o'clock in the morning and arriving at 9 o'clock at night in Galveston. We came by way of the beach.

J. W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER IX

# HOUSE OF INDEPENDENCE

## *Building in Which Free Texas Was Born—The Pioneer Scenes That Were Enacted Within Its Sacred Walls—Hardships of Early Settlers*

From The Galveston *Daily News,* March 12, 1893

IT WAS a one-story house with the gable toward the street, and situated immediately on the street with a double door in the center of the end opening on the street with one or two steps leading into it; there was one window on the left of the door in front; on the north side were some four or five small windows; none of the windows had glass in them, but were closed by wooden shutters; on the end or back of the house was a single door, with perhaps one window. I do not recollect exactly in regard to this or the south side, but if I do remember aright it had no openings. The house was about 25 feet in width by about 50 feet in length, was an ordinary frame, weather boarded with common clap boards split with a fro and smoothed with a drawing knife. The boards were common oak boards about four feet long and made from trees which grew in the Brazos bottom. It was not ceiled, but was what we commonly call a shell, and was covered with two foot roof boards. There were a few large postoak trees growing around it. It was at this time used as a town hall. The justice's court was held in it, also the district court.

Some amusing scenes happened within my observation in this old house. At one time when Judge John T. Mills was holding court, some important case was being tried which brought in more than the usual number of the citizens. There being no benches, all had to stand or squat around the wall. Old Dan Millican, with his coat off, was squatting near Jim Cook, a man full of mischief. Dan made a target more than Cook could stand, so he sharpened a stick to a pretty good point, reached around his neighbor and plunged the stick into old Dan, who did not stand on the order of his going or the dignity of the court, but jumped out into the middle of the floor, lighting on his hand and knees. As soon as he could attain an upright position he commenced rubbing himself on the part injured and with imploring mien, said:

"Mr. Mills, can't you make Jim Cook behave himself?"

Of course this put an end to the dignity of the court, for the judge enjoyed the joke as much as any of the "boys," as they were called.

Going back to the old house, it was very plain; no ornament adorned it. It was built of plain material, as were all the houses in the town. There were

No Saw Mills

in those days; all the lumber used was sawed with a whip saw, in this wise: A log, or stock, as they were called, was put on a scaffold, lined on top and bottom, the lines as far apart as you wished your plank to be thick, and then with one man on top of the stock and one underneath they rip the log into planks. It was slow, tedious and hard work.

This house was the place where the young people had their balls and parties, and many a cotillion and old Virginia reel has the writer danced in it. Not such Germans and entertainments as they have these days, where the young people are educated to keep step to the dulcet rhythm of costly string bands, but to the solitary fiddle; and it was perfectly proper to knock the back step or cut the pigeon wing as one saw fit. No tables groaned under their weight of fruits, flowers, salads, cakes, wines and other delicacies; but generally sweet cakes and coffee for the young ladies and for a change a little whisky on the sly was the thing for the men.

The young men wore no standing collars and evening suits with fine patent leather slippers, but danced in their cowhide boots, blacked perhaps with pot blacking, and if all their fine clothes failed they would rig themselves up with a cotton shirt, turned-down collar, fancy linsey-woolsey hunting shirt with fringe on it for a coat. Their pants were of any material, and if by chance a little the worse for wear they would have them foxed; that is, patched on the seat and down on the inside of the legs with buckskin. This with a pair of moccasins would be admissible as full dress, and the young ladies, if they could secure a piece of tarletan wherewith to make their ball costume would be indeed happy, for with this tarletan dress decorated with a few bows of red or blue ribbon, with a little piece tied around their necks, they would feel as proud and look as charming to the boys of that day as do the finely dressed belles of the present to their devoted admirers.

I do not write this as a slur on the first settlers of this now great state, but to show under what disadvantages they labored and what privations they underwent to secure to the present generation the great advantages which they now enjoy.

This old house was occupied for a time by Flora & Ackerman as a dry goods store, but the people were so poor that the firm did not prosper. To curtail their expenses they would even sprinkle salt on their candles in order to prevent the flame from taking up

the tallow too fast. This made the candles give out a sickly yellow light, which made the customers look more like phantoms than human beings. This firm did not remain long in the building and it again became a public hall. Some time after the occurrences I have narrated there took place one of the

Greatest Christian Revivals

in this building that has ever come to my knowledge either in print or legend. A young Baptist missionary preacher was sent to Texas, by the name of Tryon, from Georgia. He and Judge R. E. Baylor held a protracted meeting there, and by Tryon's silver tongued oratory and Judge Baylor's great persuasive powers they captivated their hearers and converted nearly the whole town. There were only two or three who did not join the church. It was a curious and solemn sight to see from ten to fifteen candidates for baptism arise from their seats and follow their pastors to the Brazos river at 9 or 10 o'clock at night to receive the ordinance of baptism; and the very water that was to cleanse them from their sins had perhaps only a few hours previously laved the bodies of beastly savages not far up the river. There were plenty of them not far away. Of course large crowds followed the candidates to the river, and stationing themselves up and down the banks, gave vent to their feelings in solemn song. The solemnity of the occasion, the hour of the night, the glinting of the moonbeams on the wavelets and the thought of the savages in the forest not far away, created an impression on my mind which will never be obliterated. Many, many more things could be related of what happened in this old house, within whose almost sacred walls the declaration of Texas' independence was signed by that grand old band of patriots, who are now nearly extinct and who, when they signed their names to that document, knew that in the event of failure, if ever caught by Mexico, death would be inevitable. Still, like their forefathers who gave freedom to America, they were willing to risk their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to give Texas a like inheritance.

Washington in 1840 had a resident population of about 250 souls and a non-resident population of about 50 to 100 more, principally gamblers, horse racers, etc., for this was a great resort for such characters. In almost every other house on the public street you could see games of all sorts being played, both night and day, and, strange to say, nearly all the money of the country was in the hands of this class of people. It was not unusual to see a man one day with his pockets full of money and have the next day not a cent in his possession. Of course, barrooms were plentiful and did a good business. Outside of this there was very little business going on. There were a few dry goods stores, which kept only a very inferior quality of goods, a few staple coarse goods, with an enormous price attached to them—so great that only a few could afford to purchase

from them. Money was exceedingly scarce among the farmers and stockraisers. The principal circulating medium at that time was known as

THE "REDBACKS"

issued during General Lamar's administration, and in a short time they became almost worthless. The writer has seen $4 and sometimes $5 paid for a single drink of whisky, yet after annexation this money was redeemed at from 50 to 80 cents, and some at par, every dollar of it.

Notwithstanding the dissipation going on at all times in the towns, there were very few difficulties. Every man was heavily armed, and it was known that if a difficulty should start some person, or perhaps many, would be killed. This knowledge acted as a very efficient peace officer.

The scarcity of money among the resident portion of the community forced them to practice all kinds of economy. A great many made their own cloth at home. The sound of the spinning wheel and loom was not unusual, and those who had no conveniences of this sort resorted to buckskin. It was no unusual sight to see a man's outside garments made entirely of buckskin. even to his moccasins.

It is strange how men can adapt themselves to circumstances. Although the people were in such utter poverty so far as regards money (they were comparatively rich in stock and lands) they were as happy and as cheerful as though they possessed all the comforts of life. Fun and frolic were the ruling passions of the hour and woe to the one who came in green from the states, particularly if he were in the least presumptuous and loved whisky. The old stagers would have an especial series of introductory lessons for him to learn, and some were so severe that they were never forgotten. But a gentleman who came and attended strictly to his business and was polite to all would meet a most cordial reception. The old Texans were proverbial for their hospitality. In their neighborhood there was nothing they had that they were not willing to share with each other, and when visiting they would meet you at the fence, or if they had no fence around their little log cabin house, at the door and bid you welcome. You must get down, come in and partake of a hot cup of coffee (the coffee pot was always on the fire ready for use) and tell all the news you knew or had heard. As we had no mails in those days it was expected that every man on his rounds would gather all the news he could and dispense it when called on. Every man and woman was simply, in the way of news, a traveling bulletin board.

Speaking of mails, for some time all the mail matter received at Washington was by private conveyance. Generally some young man would volunteer, the neighbors paying his expenses, to go to Houston

—the nearest postoffice—and bring the mail for all who wished him to do so.

Many times have I seen a man mounted on a mule if the roads were muddy, if dry on a Spanish pony, with his blanket, rawhide rope, coffee pot and wallet of provisions with a pair of old saddlebags start for Houston after the mail. In three or four days he would be back, bringing joy to all who wished to hear the news from the states. The papers were all read with avidity, whether old or new.

All the visiting by either sex in those days was done on horseback. There were

### Only Two Vehicles

that I recollect in the country contiguous to Washington. One was a carriage belonging to the Rev. J. W. Kinney. Occasionally his family would use it to come to Washington in. It was known all over the country as the "old ship of Zion." This old "ship," as it was called then, in time began to give way, and as it was hard to get blacksmithing done the breaks were mended with rawhide thongs, and in time became a veritable patchwork of rawhide, iron and wood. The other was owned by my mother, and on account of bad roads and its loneliness at gatherings, was used very little and was left to rot down under its shelter.

The ladies dressed very plain, wore calico if they could get it, if not, homespun of their own make. For head wear sun bonnets sufficed. They wore home knit stockings with buckskin moccasins.

The farmers' houses were simply constructed, sometimes of boards, though oftener of logs, with puncheon floors. Often the floor was of mother earth. The writer knows at this time a famous lawyer, now wealthy, whose father once lived in a small oak log house with a dirt floor. The pioneer's furniture was plain as was his other surroundings. The table, chairs and bedsteads were usually homemade. If the head of the house possessed any mechanical genius the good lady could move her furniture occasionally, if not the bedsteads were made by boring an auger hole in the side of the house, a pole was driven into it, extending out the width of the bed, a forked stick was driven in the ground for the end to rest on. This operation was repeated at the other end and a pole laid on, thus making a scaffold for the bedding, and the job was completed.

Cooking utensils consisted usually of a frying pan and skillet, the pan to fry their beef and venison steak and the skillet to bake their bread in. By the by, the old Texan did not escape the curse bestowed on man when expelled from the Garden of Even, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," for he had to grind his corn into meal on an old-fashioned steel mill (some called it the Armstrong mill). This mill was made of iron, with a handle on each end of a spindle, which was turned by hand. The mill being fastened to

a post, corn was put into the hopper and the operation began by turning the handles with might and muscle. With much noise, occasional profanity and a good deal of sweat, the meal was obtained. It was then handed over to the good wife to be cooked into plain dodgers. This with fried beef or venison and black coffee constituted with a great many in the country the chief bill of fare.

A pot for boiling a dinner was rarely to be seen, and, strange to say, though there were many hundred cattle roaming over the prairies, the family rarely ever enjoyed the delicacy of milk or butter. Flour was $20 per barrel in gold or silver and consequently was entirely out of the reach of the ordinary family, and if biscuit was to be indulged in one would have to resort to the cities.

There was a story told of a man traveling in Texas who had obtained a few biscuit, which he put into his wallet to eat; when he stopped at noon and was enjoying his midday meal some little boys came playing around him. To please the little fellows he gave them a biscuit each. He noticed by their eyeing them so intently that they did not know what they were, so he thought he would say nothing and see what would be the outcome. At last one of them, after turning his over and examining it minutely, said: "Hello, Dick, let's put fire on their backs and see them crawl." I will not vouch for this, for I am not the man who first told the tale, but will say that there were a good many children in Texas who for several years never saw a biscuit.

Before leaving the log house I must not omit to mention the inevitable water shelf, which was always attached to the wall, on the right hand side of the door as you entered the house, with its nicely scoured pail filled with water, the long handle gourd hanging on a peg just over it and in easy reach, whereby the thirsty traveler could at any time, with welcome, dismount and refresh himself. And if perchance the family was not at home, he could enter and rest; there were no locks or bolts in those days. Nor were there many thieves; thieves were not tolerated; were looked upon with so much abhorrence that when caught they were either hanged or punished with such a severe flogging that they never dared show themselves in the community again. The writer saw two punished for theft. They were taken across the Brazos, tied to two large cottonwood trees and whipped fearfully. They were then turned loose and told to hunt new homes. The killing of a fellow was looked on with a great deal more leniency than theft. The old settlers reasoned in this way, that the man killed had an equal showing for his life, while, as against a thief, men were completely at his will.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER X

# DARKEST DAYS IN TEXAS

## *Relieved by Houston's Re-election to the Presidency—Mustering Out to War—Moving the Capital—Houston Rode a Mule—The Treaty With the Indians*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, March 26, 1893

GALVESTON, March 24.—TO THE NEWS: From 1836 to 1841 were the darkest days for Texas. Gloom and despair had settled on her western borders, the frontier was breaking up and settlers were being driven in. Immigration had almost ceased and nothing but the iron will and undaunted bravery of her few citizen soldiery could have saved her. The poverty, hardships and many trials which they had been undergoing taught them to rely upon themselves, and gave them courage, vigor and the bravery to repel the many onslaughts of the enemy.

For five long years we had been contending almost daily with and watching nightly for the cunning and merciless savage on our northern and western border, whose cruel tomahawk and blood-stained scalping knife had done their work on too many of the heads and persons of our brave citizens. The crack of the rifle, the whirring of the deadly arrow, the taking of our women and children into captivity, where they were subjected to all the horrors of hell, made the boldest tremble and ask themselves, "Will it pay to remain here longer?"

Added to the cruel deeds of the savages were the frequent invasions of the Mexicans on our western border, the capturing of our court at San Antonio, judge, jury and everything pertaining thereto, and the carrying of them captive to Mexico, and Wall's raid again that fall, in which he again captured San Antonio. At this time wild rumors began to spread all over the country that Mexico was sending a large force to invade Texas, and soon the Mexicans would reach the Brazos. Runners were sent to every town, village and neighborhood. The cry was: "Get ready, men, as soon as possible to meet the enemy as near the Colorado river as possible. Don't wait to organize into companies. Go as soon as you can get ready by ones, twos, tens or twenties, as the case may be."

I remember this news came to Washington one Saturday evening. In half an hour every man and boy of 15 or over who was able to go was hard at work cleaning his gun. The wives during the times they could spare in getting their husbands' and sons' scanty provi-

sions ready, were moulding bullets for their rifles. I say scanty provisions, for they consisted of a few pounds of roasted ground coffee put up carefully in a little sack, a few pounds of raw bacon or beef and a peck or more of "cold flour," which they made by parching corn brown and grinding it into meal on a steel mill; this was used and eaten cold as a substitute for bread, as that article could not be taken in sufficient quantity to last more than a day or so.

### Going to War

By Sunday morning, soon after daylight, those who had worked the greater part of the night commenced to leave in small squads, and by Monday morning scarcely a man was to be seen on the streets. The writer, then in his 16th year, his older brother, Charles Lockhart, J. G. Heard and Rev. W. M. Tryon, the great and good missionary preacher, left on Monday morning. The reason I recollect that the rumor came on Saturday evening was that we had no lariats, consequently had to spend all day Sunday making ropes to stake our horses with. From this, however, we excused Mr. Tryon in order for him to preach and pray with women and children. Well do I remember mounting my horse, which I could scarcely do, as my good mother, in her solicitude for her boy, had caused to be rolled up in a bundle of blankets and other bedding which, when I had crawled over and taken my seat in the saddle, came far up on my back. In my case it looked more like going to a picnic than to battle. I well remember bidding adieu to my aged father and my mother, receiving her parting kiss and encouraging words, her almost broken heart, though, carefully concealed from me; how I rode slowly away from the gate, my brain crowded with the thought of perhaps never seeing home again, and at the last pinnacle of the hill how I turned around to have perhaps the last glimpse of home; a few stray tears, and after getting with the crowd how I forgot all and was as merry as any of them.

Our campaign was of short duration. Captain Caldwell (better known as "Old Paint Caldwell") met the Mexicans under General Wall at the Salado, sixteen miles from San Antonio, and after a hard fought battle whipped them and drove them back into Mexico; not, however, until they had almost exterminated Dawson's little band. I knew one of the party, by the name of Alsey Miller, who escaped the massacre. He was riding a fine horse, and seeing that they would all be killed, he and one or two others mounted their horses and charged through the Mexican lines, and thereby saved their lives. This same Miller was in the fight at Plum creek, an engagement with the Comanche Indians. He told me that his horse became unmanageable and ran him up beside a large Indian, and fortunately on the right side of him, so close that the Indian could not use his bow. The Indian, seeing this, reached back, pulled a

handful of arrows from his quiver, and stuck the whole of them into Miller's back. He in turn shot and killed the Indian with his pistol.

"These and similar scenes being enacted all along our northern and western border caused a constant dread and depression of the people and also caused their courage to almost fail them and their giving up in despair. But in the midst of all this commotion, troubles and trials,

### General Sam Houston,

the great, grand, old man, soldier, patriot and statesman, took his seat as president of the republic for the second time. This seemed to quiet the people. Confidence was restored to a great extent, and the dawning of better times came.

### Moving the Capital

In view of the conditions before enumerated, viz.: the danger to life and property in and around Austin, where the Comanche Indians made daily and nightly visits, killing and capturing its citizens; the raid of the Mexicans, under Vasquez in 1842 and of Wall the same fall, on San Antonio, taking the court prisoners to Mexico; that there was no army to protect the citizens; no money to pay men for their services, every citizen having to be a soldier without pay and having to furnish his own provisions, gun, ammunition, clothing, horse, etc.; Austin's proximity to San Antonio, which had been twice captured by Mexicans during the year 1842; in view of all this General Houston did not think Austin a suitable place for the secure keeping of the archives of the republic, so he moved the seat of government to Houston. It, however, did not remain there long, as the people of Houston were unwilling to furnish houses free of rent for government offices. General Houston regarded the government too poor to pay rent, for at the time it had nothing to pay with, so he sent Mr. Pettus (Uncle Buck Pettus) to Washington to confer with the citizens and bring before them the condition of affairs. He advised the holding of a citizens' meeting, which was done, my father, Judge John Lockhart, occupying the chair. After all the conditions were fully set before the citizens and discussed, they agreed to give all the buildings necessary for offices free of charge if they could be made in their then dilapidated condition tenable. The report was favorably received by General Houston and the archives were removed to Washington immediately. The moving of the seat of government from Austin caused General Houston many enemies in the west, and to this day the old settlers and many of their descendants are unfriendly toward him for this reason. Ever after that event his influence in the old Texas congress was not so great as it should have been, especially with western members. The members from eastern and middle Texas were equally as strong in favor of the removal from Austin, and, of course, took sides with the administration, which

gave General Houston a large majority in both houses of congress. Consequently he was not hampered in his administration except in local and minor matters.

When the officers of the government arrived at Washington of course there was general rejoicing among the citizens, and a cordial greeting was tendered to all. There was but one hotel in the place at the time, and of course it could accommodate but few of the employes, so a council was held by the citizens, and each private family agreed to take as many as they had room for. My father agreed to take General Houston and family, his private secretary, W. D. Miller, and Acting Secretary of War M. C. Hamilton. The others found good homes at other places. The general did not arrive until late one evening. He rode a fine large pacing mule, which he called Bruin.

I was but a youth then, and having never seen the general before of course watched every movement that he made. I remember him sitting near the edge of the gallery chewing tobacco, and invariably when he went to spit he would turn and spit on the floor; but his conversation was so entertaining, his wit and humor so captivating to the large crowd which he invariably drew around him that this peculiarity was not noticed by anyone save my mother.

### Reconciling the Indians

Carpenters were set to work as soon as possible and in a short time the old shanties were made habitable, and the government settled down and went to work. One of General Houston's first acts was to try to reconcile the Indians, for he saw that Texas could not hold out much longer with both Mexicans and Indians to contend with. So as soon as possible he sent out two men, I think, one a Mexican by the name of Sanchez, and the other a white man by the name of Williams, both old Indian traders. They bore friendly greetings and tidings; that General Houston was then president of Texas, and that he wished to see as many of their chiefs as could come to him at Washington, on the Brazos. General Houston also sent little tokens of friendship to each chief. All knew that at that time the name of Houston with the Indians was a power and commanded more admiration and respect than any army with banners. These men were sent secretly and their mission was not known until their return, which was after several months. A decided change was, however, noticed on the frontier. Hostilities in a measure ceased among all the warring tribes that these men visited, except the Comanches. These Ishmaelites were always a law unto themselves, a terror to other tribes and to the Texas frontiersmen.

In the course of time the chiefs of the following tribes commenced to arrive at Washington: Caddoes, Wacoes, Toncyes, Kickapoos, Delawares, Anddarkoes and several other tribes the names of

Mary Elizabeth Lockhart (later Mrs. Henry A. Landes)
and Elmina Eliza Lockhart, daughters of
John W. Lockhart

which I have forgotten. General Houston had a place allotted them about one mile south of town, at a fine spring at the base of a hill, gently rising up toward the south, terminating in a nice grove of postoak trees, a beautiful place for a camp. They pitched their tents in this pretty grove, which contained some ten or fifteen acres, and made themselves entirely at home, as they seemed to have entire confidence in the word and honor of General Houston. Soon they received rations of beef and corn, which was all they wanted, for as to corn meal or flour they did not know what to do with it. As soon as the corn and beef arrived the squaws erected their tripods, hung their pots and commenced the process of cooking. The squaws had all the work to perform, even to the getting of wood and water, building fires and so on. The bucks contented themselves by stretching full length under the tents, which had been previously erected by the women, reclining on their buffalo robes, made soft and luxuriant at the expense of much labor and fatigue of their poor squaws. They smoked their pipes and looked the personification of ease and contentment, such as was enjoyed by their remote grandfather Abraham at the expense of Sarah and Hagar. Their pipes were their tomahawks; the large end, or pole, served as the bowl of the pipe; the handle, with a hole through the center, was the stem. This same pipe, at no great time in the past, may have been the instrument wielded in the hands of the brave to send some poor soul into the great happy hunting grounds or to spread desolation and sorrow into the log cabin and heart of some poor backwoodsman. Who knows? No one save that self same muscular, sinewy savage, who, through the cloud of smoke thrown out through his immense nostrils at each draw of the pipe, saw as he dreamed the bloody scalp and heard the groans of agony of the victim as his or her spirit took its uncertain flight into the great beyond.

There was one chief whom I noticed as having two wives. He had caused his wives to stretch each one a tent, directly opposite the other, with just passing room between them. Each family occupied one of the tents and were seemingly as happy and contented as could be. There was no privacy. The tents were nothing more than a straight piece of dirty domestic stretched across a pole, with no end pieces. One wife could look on, if she chose to do so, and see the caress given by her lord to her rival. I gave this chief credit for being the wisest man that I had ever met, for he evidently had attained the knowledge of how to govern women. If two of the paleface tribe had been placed in such close proximity, and necessarily close relationship, there would have been wars and rumors of war, not only among themselves, but the paleface lord would have called on the mountains to hide him from their wrath.

The young pappooses were soon out with their little bows and arrows shooting at the birds in the trees, or with a part of a corn

cob stuck on the end of their arrows, shooting at a mark. Thus early were they practicing their eye and educating their muscle in the noble and manly art of wielding the bow, and their ear to the musical twang of the string. It seems strange to relate, but for several days General Houston did not see one of them; he seemed to hold himself aloof from them; they neither went to his office nor he to their tents. No one knew why this was so. All thought that at such a time as this he would have met them with both arms wide open. But he, knowing the Indian character well, knew best how to act.

### The Pipe of Peace

At length the great day for the grand pow-wow arrived. A number of citizens, I among them, had gone out to camp to see what there was to be seen among them while strolling in and around their tents and grounds. Suddenly we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming up toward the camp and, upon looking down the road toward town, we beheld ten or fifteen men in full military uniform approaching at a gallop. None of us knew who they were, or what the object of so many men thus approaching and in military attire. For a short time there was consternation both with Indians and Americans, but when nearer we saw it was General Houston and aides. He was mounted on a fine horse and draped in the full uniform of a general. He rode grandly and at a full canter, followed by his escort, nearly around the encampment, and, dismounting, walked leisurely through to the farthest point from where he dismounted. The chiefs were all assembled to greet him. He emgraced each of them as presented with the old fashioned Indian hug (which is done by placing one arm over and one arm under, as is done by boys when engaged in wrestling; this is accompanied by an energetic squeeze). When the embracing scene was over, all present of both parties were requested to be seated on the ground in a circle. Then a huge calumet made of stone with a long cane stem was placed in the center of the circle. By General Houston's request it was filled with kinnykanic (that is, sumach leaves and tobacco) and lighted. The stem of the pipe was long enough to reach from the center to the circumference of the circle. General Houston was the first to draw smoke, which he did with great solemnity—as much so as if he was partaking of the Lord's supper. Then the stem was passed from one to another as we sat, and each with the same solemnity as did our leader drew forth three or four puffs, and with head slightly bent back and eyes uplifted let the smoke escape upwards, emblematic of our sincere desire that as the smoke ascended so did our prayers to that Power which upholds nations and rules their destinies, that our troubles might come to an end. After the pipe had passed all round General Houston arose and addressed the In-

dians through his interpreter, a Mexican. All the frontier Indians speak Spanish, and this was the court language used for that treaty. He addressed them in very feeling words, and judging from their grunts and other demonstrations they were well pleased. As the day by this time was nearly spent, the meeting was adjourned until next morning in order for the different chiefs to make their reply. And I do not consider it out of place to say here that General Sam Houston on that day was the finest looking man that I ever saw. After serving in the civil war and seeing many of the leading military men on both sides, he was, in my judgment, vastly the superior of them all. General R. E. Lee came nearer him in soldierly bearing and commanding appearance than any man I ever saw. He was a natural born ruler, both in the field and forum.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER XI

# THE GREAT WHITE FATHER

## *General Houston's Pacification of the Texas Indians—The Dance After the Treaty—Indian Dudes—Rebuking a Petulant Chief—Bread and Beef Banquet*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, April 9, 1893

ON THE first day of the council of General Sam Houston with the Texas Indian tribes, spoken of in my communication published last Sunday in THE NEWS, there were but a few whites present on account of it not being generally known that preliminaries were to commence on that day, but on the second day all the town and neighborhood turned out to hear the speeches of the various chiefs. The meeting on the second day took place at a schoolhouse a little nearer town. Some few accommodations had been provided for the ladies in the way of seats. (There were no ladies present on the first day.) W. D. Miller, General Houston's private secretary, and myself, armed with pencil and paper, were on hand to take down the speeches of the Indians as they were delivered, which we could easily do as they were spoken in Spanish and then translated in English for the general's benefit.

After all the preliminaries were settled, General Houston told the chiefs that if they had anything to say in regard to a treaty of peace between themselves and Texas he, as the chief executive, was willing to hear them.

I think Jose Morea, chief of the Wacos, was the first to address the general. He began by saying that not long since he had had a fight with Stroud, a Texan, and had whipped Stroud, but that he was tired of war; that he could not pursue the buffalo in order to get provisions for his people without being in constant dread of a fight with the white man; that he was constantly uneasy for the fate of his women and children, and the Great Spirit had whispered peace in his ears; that his path had been one of blood for a long time, and that he was tired of traveling in it; that he wanted his path to be white and lead him to

PEACE AND SAFETY.

That was about the trend of his idea. He spoke for some time, but mostly in repetition of the same ideas. As I said before, I took down all their speeches and kept them as they were delivered, but

unfortunately lost them. I greatly regret this, as the reading of them at this date would bring back many occurrences and recollections which will now be forever lost to me.

Speaking of Jose Morea, he was by far the most intelligent of the chiefs who had come for the purpose of peace-making. He was rather below the medium height for an Indian, rather spare, would weigh about 140 or 150 pounds, was a wiry, sinewy specimen of humanity, and one who had done much damage to the frontier. He told General Houston that in the fight with Stroud he was shot through the breast, and was whipped if Stroud had known it, and that it took him a long time to recover from the wound.

Bencher was, I think, chief of the Caddoes. He was an old Indian, had enormous ears, caused by their having been split into numerous pieces. Each piece was wrapped with thin pieces of lead and tin, which elongated them and made them appear very large. He also wore a silver ornament in his nose, and I think was the only one who wore a nose ornament. He spoke of coming a long journey to see the great white father and make friends. That his path (all of them compared their past to paths they had traveled during their lives) had been tortuous and crooked, sometimes red with the blood of his enemies and sometimes with the blood of his own people. That at night when he laid down to rest he would often be aroused by the tread of his enemies, and that the Great Spirit had whispered in his ears that there was a path white and pretty to travel, and he believed that he had found it, and he was willing to

LAY DOWN THE BOW AND ARROW

and no more use them for the killing of the palefaces; that he would only use them hereafter for the purpose of killing the buffalo and the deer for the subsistance of his people. He finally asked General Houston to protect his people from the palefaces and he would never molest his (the general's) people again, which promise I reckon he kept, for he was an old man then.

"Roasting Ear" was chief, I think, of the Delaware tribe. This tribe was the finest looking Indians I ever saw—straight, muscular and of much finer appearance than any of the other tribes. I think they were partially civilized. I do not think that Texas was ever troubled much by them. They were very well clothed and appeared more cleanly than the wild Indians did. Roasting Ear made a talk, as did all the other chiefs, but I do not now recollect much of what was said, having been young and thoughtless, though all were pretty much upon the same idea; that is, peace with the Texans. Several admitted that in their raids into Texas they lost more than they gained, as their loss was usually two or three killed to one Texan

killed. This much I distinctly remember, that none of their speeches came up to the historical utterances of Logan.

The chief of the Iowas was a very large, muscular man. He would have been a good prize fighter, and but few of the celebrated human punchers who figure in the ring these days would have cared to tackle him after an equal amount of training as themselves. I do not remember his Indian name, but from the compactness of his build and good stature, General Houston told him he would call him "Big Tree," and I would not be surprised if it was not this little episode that gave the name to the celebrated "Big Tree" who was put in the Texas penitentiary a few years ago. This tribe was exceedingly troublesome to the northern portion of the state.

The Kickapoo chief made an address, but I can not recall his name or features. I distinctly remember the dress of some two or three of their young men, which was dudish in the extreme. They wore buckskin leggings fringed up the seams on the outside, ornamented with beads. Their moccasins were also ornamented with beads. Their hair was plaited in long cues; by attaching buffalo or horse hair to their natural hair it was made to reach the ground and even trail on the ground when let entirely loose. Each plait had at distances say of six to eight inches a band of silver or other bright metal ornament. Several of them were very good looking; they seemed to be proud and to appreciate their decorations.

At the conclusion of their chief's speech they in a very facetious manner asked General Houston if he could not give them some of the fair palefaces who were present for squaws. The general laughingly remarked to them that he had no power over his fair young daughters in the selection of their braves, that each young man was expected to do his own wooing.

### The Dance

This day's proceedings was wound up with a grand Indian dance at night in the grove. All palefaces were invited to attend, and most of us accepted the invitation and were on hand soon after dark. The camp fires were lighted and the orchestra put in tune preparatory to commencing the dance. The instruments were simple, and easily tuned, for they consisted of a skin stretched over a hollow log about six or eight feet long, and two or three dry gourds with the seeds left in them so as to rattle. The squaws, arrayed in their best ball costume, which consisted of an old calico skirt tied around their waists and a blanket over their heads, one end falling loosely to the ground from behind, placed themselves in a circle to themselves, for they do not dance with the bucks. The braves arrayed themselves in a circle to themselves, fully painted, and with nothing on except a breech clout and strings of long gray moss which they had gathered

from the trees in the grove. This moss, swinging around their necks and heads as they stood waiting for the music to be turned loose, made them look rustic indeed.

Soon an old squaw seated herself on the ground near the end of the log and commenced pounding the skin with her hand, and at the same time giving vent to a strange, weird chant which appeared more like the sound emanating from a coyote or mountain lion than anything I could compare it to. The refrain was caught up and added to by others shaking and rattling the dry gourds, and pandemonium soon followed. The braves could not contain themselves longer, the music did not only fill the air, but seemed to permeate their whole bodies. Up and down they pranced around the circle, with no idea of time or tune, but seemingly bent on seeing who could jump the highest, cut the most capers and yell the loudest. Some of these, too, had their dry gourds, and would rattle them with all their might as around and around the circle they went. Seeing the contortions of their bodies, and the nimble springing of their feet from the earth as they bounded from it, uttering their weird, monotonous chants, would make one think that he was on a visit to the regions of his satanic majesty and was witnessing the materialization of the doomed spirits in their eternal rounds of torment. Such reflections would naturally insinuate themselves on our unwilling minds.

The squaws were more quiet. They formed their circle near by, but were entirely separated from the braves. Their step in the dance was performed somewhat after this manner: They would rise on their toes and the ball of their feet, bring a quick jerk of their heels to the right, come down on the heel, elevate their toes again in the same direction, thereby gaining the length of the foot in each step. While their bodies were elevated on the balls of their feet and toes, and being swayed to the right, they would give themselves three little spasmodic jerks, uttering these sounds: "He-a-hock, he-a-hock, hock-hack-hock." These were the only sounds they uttered during the whole dance, which lasted for several hours. They arranged themselves in the circle touching elbow to elbow, consequently, though slow in movement, they looked like a moving animated troop. I did not see a smile or any animation about their faces; each seemed to look on the dance as work they had to perform.

The ball lasted until 11 o'clock, when we all took our departure for home.

### Sober in Conduct

After the dance, there being some vacant houses in town, General Houston allowed them to move into the houses in order to be more convenient to his office. They then had free access to the town, and roved around at will. They behaved themselves very nicely, not molesting anything, and I saw only one who was under the influence

of fire water, and he was a young buck, who would sing snatches of religious songs and clap himself on the breast and say: "Me missionary, me heap missionary."

I think he was one of the partly civilized tribes, but I do not now remember to what tribe he belonged.

They seemed to have a great fondness for eggs and would sometimes ask the merchants for them. When given them they would as soon eat a stale egg as a sound one. I forgot to mention in the proper place that in cooking they put everything they had to cook in the same vessel and cooked all together. The pot was left always hanging to the tripod. When any of the family felt like eating they went to the pot, armed with a spoon made of buffalo horn, and helped him or herself, never removing the pot until everything was eaten out of it. They were fine marksmen with bow and arrow, as a sample of which, one, for our amusement, placed a part of a buffalo skin, say one yard square, at a distance of 100 yards suspended to the limb of a tree, and he pierced it with an arrow more times than he missed.

Their bows were of immense strength and were made of mountain cedar. Their arrows were made of swamp dogwood or other hardwood switches, well seasoned and pointed with a long triangular piece of iron. The end which was used for the bowstring was provided with three rows of feathers running straight with the shaft to the distance of three or four inches, and were well secured, as was also the iron spike, by deer sinews taken from the back of the deer, and so securely were they put on that it was almost impossible to pull them off. Each tribe had peculiar marks for their arrows, and when seen by old Texans they could readily be told to what tribe they belonged. Their arrows were kept in a shield suspended at their backs, the upper end just level with their left shoulder, which gave them great facility for rapid shooting. They kept their arrows well protected from damp.

The Indians remained in town for some ten or twelve days for the purpose of finishing up the treaty and receiving presents, which were of the usual kind, viz., blankets and bright colored cloth.

### An Amusing Incident

To show General Houston's great knowledge of Indian character I will here relate a little incident. There were two Indians to whom General Houston wanted to make additional presents in order to further gain their favors. One was Aquaquash, one of the Waco chiefs, of whom he knew he could make a fast friend, and one he could use in the future for pacific work among other tribes. The other was Red Bear, a treacherous, "talking man" they called him, who would suit the character of a "shyster" or low order of politician of the present day. Anyway, General Houston was afraid of him,

not, of course, personally, but of his influence when he again went on the plains. So he purchased two rifles, both of which he wanted to be flint and steel locks, but he could succeed in finding only one with flint and steel lock; the other was percussion. When presenting the guns he gave Aquaquash the flint and steel gun, which was accepted with many expressions of gratitude, of love and friendship. And on reaching the other to Red Bear, he drew back with much scorn and indignation, and would not accept it, but went immediately to his quarters. General Houston handed the gun to one of the attendants without saying a word. In about half an hour General Houston went to the quarters of Red Bear, some half dozen of us going with him, and in one corner of the room was Red Bear lying on a scaffold used for a bedstead, covered up head and ears, the maddest Indian that I ever saw. He looked to be twice as large as he really was and there was no perceptible life in him, he was lying so still. The general seemed not to know that the mad Indian was near, paid no attention whatever to him, but went to the fireplace in the chimney, took a seat among half a dozen Indians who were sitting around and commenced talking to them of Red Bear, heaping abuses on him. In a few minutes the blanket commenced to move a little. At this seeming animation he made it a little warmer for Red Bear; before long there was a perceptible change in the mass lying on the scaffold. At last General Houston told the other Indians that Red Bear was a squaw. At this he leaped out of his bed as if on springs, made his way to where the general was standing and embraced him, and was as humble as a whipped dog, promised to accept the gun and be friends forever. The reason he did not want the percussion lock was that it would be impossible for him to procure caps for it out on the plains.

In an emergency like this I reckon there are few men who would have known how to act.

### A Banquet

A day or so before their departure for their homes, General Houston requested my mother to prepare for them a dinner, which she did according to the general's directions. The menu consisted of beef and corn-bread. The beef was boiled and cut into chunks about the size of a man's fist, put into trays and tin pans and scattered along on a long table prepared for the purpose. The corn bread was cut into pieces about as large as the chunks of beef and also placed on the table. This, with some boiled eggs, constituted the dinner. Plates, knives and forks were laid for them. When dinner was announced some fifteen or twenty marched in and took their seats. Long benches had been prepared for them as seats. They were the most awkward set that ever assembled around a table. When shown how to use their knives, forks and plates they made an

attempt to imitate, but finally laid them aside and pitched in with their fingers. In this way of feeding they were perfectly at home and did ample justice to what was set before them, except the corn bread, which they did not quite understand. They are remarkably heavy flesh eaters.

In a few days after this feast they commenced to leave, each tribe going by itself. All seemed happy to seeing the great white father, and professed peace and quietude for the future, which they kept during General Houston's administration. And, but for the Comanches our frontier would once more have been at peace. These Ishmaelites, though, seemed to put forth more energy and vigor than ever in their marauding parties on the western border, and had to be met as best they could by the hardy frontiersmen. And many a one was sent to the happy hunting grounds by the unerring bullet of the rifle in the hands of the early pioneer.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER XII

# PACIFYING THE INDIANS

## *A Trip With Judge Terrell to Meet the Comanches—The Fat in the Fire—An Adventure With a Buffalo—At an Early Indian Trading Post*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, April 30, 1893

AS THE Comanche Indians were still depredating on our frontier, General Houston determined to make another effort to try and appease their wanton cruelties by sending agents again among them and persuade, if possible, their chiefs to come in and see him.

In order to assure them further of his good intentions he caused all the Comanche prisoners then in Texas to be brought to Washington in order to send them by the agents who were to go into their country. Two women were brought from San Antonio to my father's house, one about 18, the other about 25. There was a law among the Comanches that all women who were caught in adultery should have all the cartilaginous portion of the nose cut off. This had been done to the eldest woman. Her nose had been cut off quite close, which disfigured her very much. People would hardly believe, unless they feel the soft substance of the nose, what a small portion would be left, and what a wonderful change it makes in the appearance of a person. Both of the captives were very much opposed to being returned to their tribes; they had been in partial civilization long enough to learn something of our ways, and were old enough when captured to know of the ways of their people, and by comparison of the two much preferred to stay. But for policy's sake they were sent away, and no doubt in a short time relapsed into their old habits and life. It has been said by some learned man that it would not take half as long without the restraints of good laws and government for the majority of mankind to relapse into a state of barbarism as it has taken to elevate them to the present status. To this proposition I can only say I do not know.

When everything was in readiness the commissioners left Washington for the purpose of hunting up the Comanches, for they were of such a roving disposition no one knew of their whereabouts. General Houston gave the commissioners instructions to get a few of the Delawares and Aquaquash, one of the Waco chiefs, to go with them. Those he selected of the Indians he had made fast friends while in

treaty previously at Washington. He had the happy faculty of knowing men, whether civilized or savage, and could tell in a short time whether he could depend on them or not. In this case he made no mistake, for when they arrived among the Comanches they (the Comanches) held a secret council as to whether or not they should put the commissioners to death, and if it had not been for the brave Indians who accompanied the expedition they would most certainly have done so, but according to the statements of some who were along, brave old Aquaquash and others told them that the great white father had sent them, and if they killed their white brothers they themselves were ready to die with them. This turned the tide in their favor and saved the whites. Mr. Miller asked Aquaquash while at Washington how he became possessed of that name. He answered that all names were given to Indians because of some accident or circumstance which had taken place during their lives, and the way that he became possessed of his was that when a small boy he accompanied an expedition into Mexico, and that on that occasion he rode a bob-tailed pony, which in their dialect means Aquaquash, his name.

After the agents had been gone a long while General Houston learned by some means that they were expected at a certain time to be at Torry's trading post with some of the Indians. So he commissioned Judge Terrell and Major Western to get ready for the trip and take with them anyone whom they saw fit. They selected J. F. Crosby and myself, two young men of Washington, to accompany them. We made preparations as soon as possible. We had to take tents and some provisions with us, for there were few settlements between Washington and Marlin.

### Amateur Cooking

On our second day out we halted for the purpose of cooking our first repast in the woods. We had succeeded in killing a large wild turkey gobbler and J. F. Crosby and myself concluded we would have a good mess of turkey steak prepared from the breast of our gobbler, so we set to work. After building our fire we began to pick the turkey and slice the breast into thin steaks. Crosby had charge of the frying pan and I the turkey. In order to get grease to fry with Crosby had sliced some thin pieces of side bacon and was rendering it into grease preparatory to receiving the turkey breast, but not knowing exactly how to regulate the heat had let the whole thing get too hot, and before he was aware of it, pan, grease and bacon were all in a blaze. He was down on his hands and knees trying to blow the flames out, when I discovered it. I ran immediately to his assistance with a cup of water, and without thinking, emptied the whole cup of water into the flaming mass which caused the conflagration to be ten times worse, as I ought to have known. The flames spread all over Crosby's face and head, but he being a very expert

dodger withdrew before the happening of any serious results, only singeing his eyebrows a little. After that we turned the culinary department over to the negro boy whom my father had sent along with us.

On the next evening we arrived at Marlin, then called Buck Snort, not a very euphonious name but nevertheless expressive. Mr. Marlin gave us a very cordial invitation to stop with him, and after finding out our business, said that if we would remain with him a day or so he would send along with us one of his sons to pilot us to the trading post then known as Torry's trading house, or post. All accepted the invitation except myself. As I had started out to rough it I thought I would continue in my first determination, so I took the negro boy and the outfit to a spring a short distance from the house, stretched our tent and stayed for the night. But unfortunately for me, my negro boy was taken with a chill and fever that night and when morning came was unable to cook breakfast. Not to be turned from my original intention, I commenced to make fire and cook breakfast for both of us, hoping that the boy would be well enough for duty by dinner. On looking around I saw a bucket, rinsed it clean, put in some flour and a little salt, poured in what water I thought would make it into dough, took a spoon and commenced to stir, and found that it would not mix. I had seen the old black mammy at home mix her biscuit dough by putting her hand into it, so I thought I would risk one hand in, which I did, and commenced to stir around in the mass. I found it soon commence to creep up my arm, and the more I stirred the further it came up, so in order to disengage it I had to rake it off with my other hand, and in a short time I had more dough on my hands and arms than I had in the bucket. It then occurred to me that I was not an expert in the art of cooking, and in disgust I went to the spring, washed myself clear of the dough, turned over the outfit to the boy, went to the house of Mr. Marlin, confessed my error, enjoyed a good breakfast and felt happy.

After spending a few days with Mr. Marlin, in company with one of his sons we left early in the morning for the trading post. In about seven miles we came upon seven large buffalo feeding near a clump of postoak trees. They were hidden from us by the underbrush until we were quite close to them. We were then on a high hill. As soon as they discovered us they separated, each one on a long run. Mr. Marlin pursued one, Crosby one and I another. We had nothing but pistols, as Major Weston and Judge Terrell thought it best to leave at Mr. Marlin's our guns, as it would not be very proper to be armed when on a mission of peace to the Indians. I had chased my buffalo perhaps a half mile without any perceptible diminution of distance between us. Thinking of the folly of straining my horse in such a useless task, I drew up, and to my utter sur-

prise I was alone, for in the eagerness of the chase I had been unmindful of the possibility of my buffalo leading me in the opposite direction to the others and I had been regardless of the course or distance. In my loneliness hallucinations of the worst character began to fill my brain there; if I should be lost in that lonely, savage country, without a white inhabitant between me and the Pacific ocean, and God only knew how far to the north or south of me, with only one little settlement that I knew of for a hundred miles to the east. In this condition no one knows how fertile becomes the brain. I, a boy then 16, became almost frantic within a very few minutes. Just at this most opportune time came the report of a pistol. The grandest strains of melody ever produced by the gifted Mozart or Beethoven were never so sweet to the ear of the most cultivated artist as was that sound to mine. I was off in a moment in the direction from which it came, and I dare say that if the wildest buffalo that ever trod the plains had been running at his best in that direction I would have overtaken it with ease. On reaching the summit of the high hill which I was ascending I caught sight of Mr. Marlin. He had had better luck than I, for he had overtaken his game and with a well directed shot with his derringer pistol, the sound of which I had just heard, had mortally wounded the animal. The pursuer, when I first saw them, was being the pursued, up a long stretch of hill, and the race was so warmly contested that it looked as if Mr. Marlin, although on a good horse, would be overtaken, for it looked to me that the buffalo was so close at times as to be nearly able to lift the tail of his horse. It is the nature of a buffalo when severely wounded to turn on his pursuer, and if the party pursuing be not very fleet woe be unto him. The chase was kept up until they reached the top of the hill. By this time the buffalo became sick from the wound and gave up the race. On top of the high hill he stopped, turned around a time or two with blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils, and lay down and died. There he lay in solemn majesty on top of that high hill, and to my untutored eyes looked as large as an elephant.

Mr. Marlin got down from his horse and cut the tongue out and tied it to his saddle, and on we went for the station. But before leaving the spot where the buffalo fell we took a view of the surrounding country. We were on one of two high hills that overlook the Brazos valley. Far above the trees of the vale our vision was unobstructed for miles and miles; far below us in the fertile valley hundreds, and perhaps thousands of buffalo were lazily feeding, up to their sides in wild rye and other luxuriant grasses, not knowing that the white man was invading their country and that the advance guard were then looking down on them as they were feeding so leisurely in their solitude. Little did they know that that same race would be at some time not far in the future the means of their ex-

tinction; that by the deadly crack of their rifles they would be swept from the face of the earth.

### Picturesque Scenery

Up to this point we had passed through a beautiful, rich, undulating prairie country, with here and there mots of postoak timber. North of us there seemed to be a continuation of hilly, broken country. The scenes and surroundings of this place were grand. On our way to the post the question would often recur to my mind: Did ever white men's eyes gaze on these rocks, shrubs and trees before? Did white men's feet ever tread these wilds? I think it doubtful, for our chase had thrown us considerably out of our course. And then the question would arise: If these rocks, trees and shrubs were endowed with the power of sight, speech and reason, would they say, "Welcome here, or depart thou destroyer of nature's beauty? By thy cunning hand thou destroyeth the forest and upturneth the rocks. Our solitude and our quietude are gone forever. No more will the wild beast roam at will, nor will nature's flowers ornament and bedeck the bosom of mother earth, but rather will the white man bring the ax and plow, the reaper and the rifle, and all will be changed. The deadly rifle will sweep the buffalo and deer, the bear and elk from these hills and valleys, and soon the red man must follow. The ax will destroy our forest and the plow level the hills, and seeds will be planted we know nothing of, while the reaper will in due season come and garner the crops for the white man's gain." Such reflections would crowd themselves on my mind as we traveled along to the post.

### Petrified Trees

We saw in Robertson county a grove of petrified trees. None were standing erect, but it looked as though they had been blown down, and in their recumbent positions had turned to stone. I have heard this contradicted, but it was so. Since then the country has been thickly settled, and a great part of them may have been carted off for various purposes.

We reached the post, which was situated on a high hill covered with small pebbles, in a post oak grove; a beautiful place it was, well selected for shade and other conveniences. When we rode up we were met by Mr. Torry and made welcome, for he seemed to know our mission. After taking care of our horses we went into the house and were made as comfortable as extreme frontier life could make us. When supper was announced we found it cooked after the regular Mexican mode, everything seasoned plentifully with red pepper. Thinking this a little strange, on looking around we found our cook to be a Mexican woman, who, we were told, had been captured by

the Comanche Indians in one of their raids into Mexico, and had been sold to Mr. Torry. Mr. Torry had hired her to cook for him until such time should come as would enable him to return her to her people. Mr. Torry said that she seemed to be well satisfied to stay with him and did not care to be sent back, as her surroundings were much better with him than at home. On the next morning she had our buffalo tongue cooked a la Mexicano, which I did not relish much. After a good night's rest on buffalo robes, dressed nicely and soft, we were up bright and early looking after our horses, and finding everything in proper shape, and then we were ready for breakfast, which was served as the supper was, after the fashion of Mexico, with plenty of red pepper. Before breakfast, Mr. Crosby and myself took a stroll around the post to see what there was to see. Naturally the first thing to attract our attention was the wild Indians who had come in to trade. It was then the only trading house for the Indians in Texas, and Mr. Torry must have had the courage of a lion to have conceived the idea of risking himself and goods so far out on the frontier with the assistance of a dozen or less men. Verily the arm of God and his protecting power must be thrown around some men. But to return. There were some fifty or one hundred Indians walking leisurely around the encampment. They seemed to be the same tribes as those who had previously made the treaty with General Houston at Washington.

### Trading With the Indians

The next thing to arrest our attention was the number of mules and horses Mr. Torry had on hand, confined in a stockade which he had built for the purpose. In the day these mules and horses were grazed on the prairie and at night securely locked in the pen and kept until such time as he could dispose of them. I learned that frequently teamsters and farmers would go and supply themselves, as they were sold cheap. Mr. Torry could afford to do this as the Indians stole them from Mexico, and as Texas was then at war with Mexico, Mr. Torry felt no compunction of conscience at buying them of the Indians, exchanging articles which they needed for such stock. Next we went into the store house; it was built of large post oak logs, tight and strong. We found the store crowded to its utmost capacity with trinkets, ornaments, some bright colored calico, and other such goods as he found to be most salable with the Indians, and to my surprise he was selling them powder, lead and caps. Of these things he had found them bountiful purchasers. In the store he had bales on bales of buffalo robes, on which the poor squaws had expended many hours of hard work. Some of them were very prettily finished off on the flesh side. After they had scraped them thin and made them soft they had painted them with bright colored heiro-

William Browning Lockhart and Jonnie Lockhart,
age 7 and 5 respectively
(From a daguerreotype)

glyphics, embematic of some battle or some fight with wild beasts, races and other scenes in which they had participated. Their drawings were crude and rough to our vision, but no doubt artistic to their eyes, and served to perpetuate scenes in which they no doubt had participated.

On rambling around I found Red Bear's grave, the old Indian whom General Houston had had trouble with in Washington. Even in this solitary spot, situated on the slant of the hill, I felt I had found a friend, for in the solitudes and wilds if one comes only on the footprints of a fellow being who had once been known to him there comes a feeling which makes all men akin. Such was the case with me. Red Bear had been to my father's house, had partaken of my mother's hospitality, and now in this lonely spot, to my surprise, I had come unawares on the last resting place of him who in life and under other circumstances would have caused me alarm. But he was in his last resting place, he had passed unto his fathers and was with them in their happy hunting ground. Naturally I asked: "Are all his ideas of the future a myth, or is he now in the enjoyment of his early teachings and idealistic dreams which were to bring him much happiness in the pursuit of the wild game in the great beyond?" Who knows? His grave was new, was inclosed with a square pen made of poles; at the head of the grave was a square pole with so many notches cut in it and so many bands of paint around it. No doubt it was a monument of his standing in the tribe to which he belonged. On a board at the head of the grave was this inscription: "This is the grave of Red Bear." No doubt the inscription was placed there by some white man from the post. Never did I feel more solemn than when standing by this lonely grave. Who could tell of the many hearts that had been made sad by the right hand of that moldering clay? How many piercing shrieks and cries for mercy had been heard by his merciless ears? How many bleeding scalp locks had he placed on the pole whereby to make him more noble and brave in the eyes of his race? None will ever know; it is all covered up in that solitary grave dug up on the side of that lonely hill. As I turned to leave I could but say, "The animal part of your being rests here; your spirit has gone to that sphere where justice will be meted out to it."

We found no Comanche Indians at the post or if any they had gone in with the friendly Indians for the purpose of barter. Mr. Torry said that they would slip in some time under the guise of the friendly Indians, and do some trading, but that they were very sly, and feared that they would be recognized. If he should know them he would have to trade with them, in order not to be murdered and robbed; that it was through the influence and perhaps fear of the other tribes who were friendly to him, that he was enabled to remain where he was. This trading post was a great convenience to them,

for if it were not here they would have to go some hundred miles or more to other trading posts in the territories of the United States. Torry had treated them kindly and fair and thereby had gained their friendship and respect.

We waited a week, and still no tidings came from the commissioners. Judge Terrell and Major Western determined that if no tidings came within the next few days we would return. The few days rolled around and still no tidings came, so early one morning we saddled our horses, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, and a passing good-by, and God bless you with Mr. Torry, we left the post on our return trip.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER XIII

# STORIES OF EARLY TEXAS

## *The Last Visit of Wild Indians to the Old Capital—The Great Indian Fighters, Hays and Burleson—Mrs. Houston's Wonderful Influence Over Old Sam*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, May 14, 1893

GALVESTON, May 12.—Some time after our return from Torry's trading post, about which I wrote in my last communication to THE NEWS, a small band of Indians came to Washington to see General Houston. I do not remember how many tribes were represented in this band, but I do remember that there was one Cherokee chief among them whom I think General Houston had either known personally or had known some of his people.

General Houston gave him a very cordial greeting and seemed very glad to see him. They met on the front gallery of General Houston's house, which was a welcome he did not accord any other Indian. I do not now remember whether he was invited into the house or not, but rather think that he was not. All of this band tented near the house in which the general lived. I remember also that one of the tribes was very filthy and far below any that I had seen before; for instance, I saw one squaw searching the head of another, and as she caught the vermin she would eat them. I had never seen this done before, and of course it produced an impression which has been lasting. This same squaw had on a skirt of old faded calico, which came down to the knees. She was bare from the waist up and was tattooed on her breasts and cheeks. She was the only Indian I ever saw who was tattooed. There was also an old Comanche woman and man among them. If there ever was such a thing as a witch, this old woman would certainly fill the bill; she was old and wrinkled, nearly half bent, with black, sparkling, cunning, restless eyes, never still; long hair streaked with gray fell partly over her bony face, neck and shoulders and with long bony arms and fingers, she was the most witch like human being that I ever saw. Her tent was as much of a curiosity as herself; to make it she had gathered a number of switches about as large as a man's thumb. These she stuck in the ground in the form of a circle about four or five feet in diameter and bent all the tops together in the center and secured them with a leather thong, making the frame work about four feet high. Over this she threw her buffalo robes, leaving an opening about

two feet square for an entrance. On the ground she also placed a buffalo robe for a floor covering, which

### Made It a Veritable Den

Through the opening she would have to creep on her hands and knees to gain entrance, and by pulling to a little flap over the doorway she would seclude herself at night. She was an inveterate gambler, would sit for hours and gamble with other Indians, and if property is a mark of success, she was quite so, for she had three or four ponies in her possession. She was also quite a collector of old iron hoops and bits of iron that could be used in making arrow heads. She never passed any such things by, but would gather them to her tent for future use.

The lodges of the other Indians were very different from hers, and one accustomed to seeing them could tell at a moment to what tribe they belonged. The Comanche man was a lighter colored Indian than any I had seen, and looked to be more intelligent than the ordinary Indian. He was dressed in the ordinary buckskin leggins, moccasins and other paraphernalia that goes to make up the wild Indian's costume. These were the last wild Indians that ever came to Washington.

The Lipans and Tonkawas sometimes came in. They were always friendly with Texas, and did good service in helping to drive the hostile Indians from our border. The Tonkawas were especially valuable to Texas as spies and trailers, and rendered valuable service to Colonel Jack Hayes and General Burleson in their various engagements with the Comanches. They were, though, cannibals in their habits, and would insist on partaking of a meal off their enemies after every successful engagement. Flacco and Castro were the two principal chiefs of the Lipans, and were looked on as generally friendly with the Texans when it was to their interest to be so, but when they could take advantage without being found out it was thought that they would steal as quickly as any of the wild tribes. But there is no doubt but that they rendered considerable assistance to Tevas in her time of need. The Tonkawas were under Placedo as chief. He was

### Considered Reliable and Faithful

under any and all circumstances, a friend to Burleson and Hayes, McCulloch and all of our famous Indian fighters. Whatever he said in regard to border affairs was considered reliable, and in a fight he obeyed orders as well as possibly could be done under the circumstances. Hence, he had the good will and confidence of all commanders. I do not now remember whatever became of the Tonkawas, but the Lipans, after annexation, went over into Mexico, and from last reports there were but a few of them in existence.

A word as to Colonel John C. Hays. His history has been too often written for me to attempt to add anything new, but I will merely note the impression he made on me the first time I had the honor of meeting him. It was at a hotel in Washington; he had important business with General Houston, hence his visit to that place, for he rarely ever left the frontier, and was seldom seen that far in the interior. I think it was the first and only time that he ever came to Washington. General Houston had great regard for him as an Indian fighter and as a brave and honorable commander. He was only a captain at that time, and was considered one of the best Indian trailers on the border. The trailing of Indians was considered of great importance. In the dry and rocky portions of West Texas a squad of fifteen or twenty Indians could go through the country without leaving much sign, consequently a trailer was considered a very effective man. This faculty Captain Hays had to a very marked degree, it almost amounted to instinct with him; he could ride at a good pace and see the signs where other men could see nothing, hence his great tact in overhauling and punishing Indians. It was said that often he would dismount and observe the small pebbles, and by noticing the slightest displacement made by the horses, could, in a moment, tell in what direction they had gone.

To go back to my first impression of the man; after he had registered, as I was standing near I looked over the book to see who the new stranger was. Imagine my astonishment at seeing the name of J. C. Hays. I thought that my eyes had deceived me. Could that

SMALL, BOYISH LOOKING YOUNGSTER,

not a particle of beard on his face, homely palefaced young man, be the veritable Jack Hays, the celebrated Indian fighter, the man whose name was sung with praise by all Texans? It could not be, I thought, but I soon found out that it was the veritable Captain Jack. As soon as he registered he left the hotel to transact his business; he seemed to follow the old adage, "business first," and as soon as he finished his business he was off. I think he only stayed one night and half a day. Many men whose first visit to the seat of government with such a reputation as Hays had would have stayed a month, if for no other purpose than to be lionized, but it seemed not to be his disposition, but he rather preferred modesty to praise, something rarely to be found in a man these days.

General Burleson was another noted Indian fighter whose name and fame has already been written by many. He was vice president of Texas during General Houston's administration and presided over the senate when at Washington. General Burleson was a good man, neighbor and patriot and was always ready to respond to the call of his country and render that valuable aid which always seemed at his command. He could always write as Caesar did, "veni, vidi, vici,"

for he seemed to be one of fortune's favorites. He was never whipped, though he had frequently to contend with superior numbers. It does seem that some men are born to command, though nature cast them as to looks in ordinary molds. Neither Burleson nor Hays was fine looking, and in fact none of our celebrated fighters would be considered more than ordinary looking.

"Old Rip" Ford, I believe, was the best looking one of the lot, but when it came to bravery, patriotism, skill and all the excellencies of character they had their share to overflowing. I would not detract one iota from any of the brave men of Texas, but as I am trying to write of what I saw and heard in

## The Dark Days of the Republic

I must be allowed the privilege of fairly recording the scenes and events in which I partly participated, and if I should unintentionally wound the feeling of any I am perfectly willing to make amends.

I recollect well Moses Evans (alias "The Wild Man of the Woods"). This man was at one time famous all over Texas and a great many of the states. He was tall and raw-boned, had light hair, almost red, and wore a long, fiery red beard, which he divided and plaited, and usually tied the ends with narrow red or blue ribbon. He was very eccentric and in some respects was a marvelous man. Though he could neither read nor write his occupation principally was the location of lands. He could ordinarily take a number of certificates and get them located, number and divide the surveys, keep each man's papers to themselves and having everything attended to as if he knew all the intricacies of surveying. All this he kept in his mind and rarely ever made a mistake. His usual charge for such work was one-half the land, and by following this occupation he became well off in land. In his younger days he spent the most of his time in the woods with surveying parties, and this was the way in which he acquired the name of the "Wild Man of the Woods." In his older days he kept bar in Washington, and in the way of bookkeeping he was an oddity. On the wall behind the door of his drinking house he had a character which stood for the name of every man who drank at his bar. After any of his customers took their drink he would mark it down against him with a piece of chalk in the character which stood for his name. I have seen columns in different newspapers filled with descriptions of this man, written both in prose and verse. He was very vain and would always be well pleased with such notices. He was one of a party which went to Durango, Mexico, for the purpose of stirring up a revolution. The party was defeated. Evans was shot on the front of the shin bone and disabled so that he could not travel. His friends left him and thought that would be the last of him, but he hid himself in the brush and subsisted as best he could until his leg healed suffi-

ciently to enable him to travel, which he did at night. Being a good woodsman, he would travel by the stars as well as an ordinary man can with a compass, and finally made his way home and never afterward engaged in stirring up revolt.

I will return now to

### General Houston and Mrs. Houston

The latter was tall and of fine figure, handsome and intelligent, had fine opportunities in her youth and had taken advantage of them. She was well educated, was a good writer of verse. She would have graced the household of any man, be he president or prince. She was, I think, a brunette, would weight about 115 or 120 pounds. She was modest and unassuming and would have taken rank with the highest ladies of the land of the present day. She, by her great good sense and excellent management, had gained complete control over the general, and it is to her that we owe as great a debt of gratitude as to the general himself, for it was owing to her wonderful influence over him that Texas received the benefaction of his great mind. After he married her he quit all of his old habits and dissipation, and became a new man. I know of but one debauch that the general indulged in while serving as president his second term. This was when Mrs. Houston left him to visit her sister, Mrs. Bledsoe, and mother, Mrs. Lee, then living on the Trinity river. He found some good old Madeira wine in town and could not resist the temptation without her protecting arm and he succumbed to the old habit. But it did not last long, for he soon followed her, and once with her the temptation fled. While under the influence of wine he was very self-willed; for instance, on a certain day as he was lying on a fine bedstead, he conceived an idea that one of the posts obstructed his breathing, so he made his servant bring in an ax and cut the post off even with the bed. This was the first time that I ever saw him under the influence of any kind of liquor, and I dare say that if Mrs. Houston had been at home this would not have occurred. After having stayed several months at my father's, and as Mrs. Houston desired the care and assistance of her mother, they took a nice little cottage in the suburbs of the village, near my father's house, into which they moved, and in this cottage, if my memory serves me right, young Sam was born. After Sam's birth, the general had the fact communicated to General Jackson. There was no man living whom General Houston would rather participate with him in his joys than General Jackson, for he looked on him with as much reverence and esteem as if he were his own father, and during all the lives of the two illustrious men a constant correspondence was kept up between them. And I have no doubt but that General Houston gained much by the able counsel of General Jackson. Be that as it may, I have no doubt but that the old hero had some hand in the

for from what could be at times be caught in conversation, it was the desire of General Houston to name the boy for the old hero.

When the general and Mrs. Houston went to housekeeping they had everything as plain as could well be, for the general said that he and the government were too poor to indulge in any unnecessary luxuries, and when ordering his bill of goods from New Orleans for the purpose of fitting up his house I happened to be present and heard his instructions given to Mr. Bryan, who I think was acting as our consul there, not to send any "curtain calico, which had stamped on it either the figures of stud horses, wild boars or peacocks." His dress, when walking the streets of Washington, consisted of a hunting shirt of linsey woolsey checks, a common pair of pants, I think of osnaburg—of this I will not be positive, but if not, something almost as cheap—a broad brimmed hat of a smoky color, with fur nap half an inch long. The hat was a very fine one and he wore it on several occasions when his best pictures were taken. His footwear was a pair of russet shoes without strings. This was his almost daily garb during his early administration. Of course the general had better. It was for thus seeing him dressed in his every day garb that none of us knew him on the day that he rode up in such martial style to have his first talk with the Indians at the treaty grounds. The sultan of Turkey sent him a full suit of clothes as a present, consisting of a long flaming red robe of beautiful silk which came to near his ankles, pants of the regular Turkish fashion, large and baggy; around the waist they would measure several yards. They were intended to be gathered around the waist with a silk sash and not to be buttoned up and suspended from the shoulders his own were. There was not a button on them. At the lower extremities shoes of yellow Turkish leather were sewed on to the pants, and were part and parcel of them. They were to be put on and taken off as were the pants. General Houston could never be induced to try the pants on, but the robe was worn by him all summer in his office. It was made of the finest silk. The sultan also sent him a red fez to make the suit complete, but this he would never wear.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER XIV

# EARLY TEXAS HEROES

## *One of the Old Pioneers Tells of Their Trials and Noble Sacrifices—Address by Dr. J. W. Lockhart to the Daughters of the Republic*

From The Galveston *Daily News,* Dec. 10, 1893

THE following is the interesting address delivered by Dr. John W. Lockhart of this city at the entertainment on Tuesday evening last given by the Daughters of the Republic at the residence of Mr. H. A. Landes, for the purpose of furthering the movement to erect a monument to the Texas heroes who are buried here:

Daughters of the Republic: It is with a good deal of hesitation that I attempt to write for your entertainment on this occasion. Willingly would I say that I am not the man for the occasion, if it were left to me, but if I can add to your pleasure by relating to you some scenes which your mothers and grandmothers have had to pass through in order to leave to you your now rich inheritance, I feel as though I am but performing a portion of my duty. If ever names and families should be perpetuated it is the names of your ancestors who bore the brunt of the early settlement of this glorious state. You have no doubt heard much concerning the deprivations and sacrifices they were called upon to undergo, but this hearsay is nothing in comparison with the reality. One must witness it as they did to justly appreciate it. If you could only look back for fifty years and see the miserable log shanties your mothers were wont to live in you would be appalled. I would not dare say that the oldest of you could look half that distance into the past, for fear of serious consequences, for I well know that there is not a lady among you who could near approach that ancient time, but if you could, no doubt you would see her in that little log cabin with the chimney tumbling down and the roof caving in, so graphically pictured in the song of the "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane," not quite so bad in many instances, but in others, I am sorry to say, a good picture. Here, from morning to night, she toiled with spinning wheel and loom to clothe and protect her little ones from the inclemency of the weather. After the web was taken from the loom then her tired fingers were brought into requisition to make it into garments for herself and family. After she had consumed all the day in this round of drudgery the tallow candle was lit and put on the table, and, supper over, her chair was drawn up near the sickly light, and knitting com-

menced; this continued until bedtime. All the little ones must be kept in socks and stockings, and a good supply for the father and herself. They had very little time to read, and only a few books, the Bible and hymn book; these generally constituted the library, except, perhaps, the Book of Martyrs or Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. This last book lay near their hearts, for many of them witnessed many of its events, such as encountering the wild beasts which lay in their paths and wading through the slough of despond. This allegorical book, though written many years ago to represent the trials and sufferings through which the poor pilgrim was called to pass in gaining his future bliss contains many good representations of the many trials and sufferings through which your mothers and grandmothers passed in those dark, dreary times, before gaining that inestimable boon, the freedom of Texas. Bunyan had no thought when he wrote his allegory that he was writing the history of the trials of many who were forming new nations, which history has since proved too true. The martyrs also suffered bodily for the sacred cause of religion and their faith in the ultimate triumph. So with the martyrs of the republic; they suffered both bodily and mentally for our great cause. This cause embraced the great doctrine of religious freedom and also the greater one of the government, whereby your husbands and children could enact laws without the fear of the tyrant at the head of the Mexican nation, who could, from cause however frivolous, place them in dungeons at his will, there to remain during his pleasure, as he did with our great father and benefactor, Stephen F. Austin. The Book of Martyrs held up to their view the characters of the men and women who went to the stake and there, in the midst of the fiery fagots, proclaimed to the world that their faith in the revelations of God to man was stronger than the inflictions of pain by fire to their corporeal bodies; so, too, did the unfaltering courage of your mothers show to the world that though witnessing worse than death, the capture of their children by the murderous and brutal Comanche, and the flames wreathing around and consuming their poor shanties and their all; that they, too, were willing to bear all for you, their offspring. Who can tell the anguish of the mother's heart when she in the delight of one moment sees her little children playing beneath the shade of the lovely forest tree, and at the next moment swooped down on as if by a ferocious bird of prey and borne off by the merciless Comanche to the mountains, there to be tortured with all the cruelties inborn in a demon's brain. Whose torture is the greatest, the gentle martyr who is led and chained to the stake of his or her own free will, or the poor mother who sees her beautiful little girl, or perhaps the maiden who has just bloomed into womanhood, or perhaps her boy, her all-supporting prop and stay in her old age, or her husband shot down and scalped in her very presence; and many times she too taken prisoner and bound with pieces of dried skin with such force as to

bury itself into her flesh? Who is the greater martyr—the willing martyr whose existence is soon ended, or the one whose existence is prolonged perhaps for months, and in some instances for years, as in the case of the Parker family and many others? These and other scenes were frequently enacted on your frontier, which should be remembered by us all. Many were the instances where the mother saw but could not help her little ones in their cries for help during their merciless tortures. It makes one's blood run cold to read of the sufferings of Mrs. Plumber and her new-born babe, which was wrenched from her arms because of its crying and its brains beaten out against a tree in her very sight. And the poor mother with a butcher knife dug its little grave alone, surrounded by the merciless brutes. Tears must have run down her cheeks like rain and moistened the earth, if indeed she could cry at all, as she placed the little one in its shallow grave, knowing that at night some prowling wild beast would, in all probability, resurrect its little body and make a feast on it. A lady once lived on my place who was a relative of Mrs. Plumber. She had a pamphlet published by Mrs. Plumber after her return to Texas, and in it were recorded some of the most heart-rending scenes that were ever read. Death at the stake would have, many times, been preferable. The Morgan massacre near Marlin was another blood-curdling affair. One Saturday night, the first day of January, 1839, a little party had assembled at the house of George Morgan for the purpose of enjoying themselves as best they could for the evening. Soon after dark, to their great surprise, the house was surrounded by the bloodthirsty savages. So stealthily had they approached that they had not even aroused the faithful watch dogs which all frontiersmen keep for their protection. In the midst of their joyful conversation, to their horror, the door was burst open and they were confronted with the wily Indian. They had not time to get their arms to offer any protection to themselves or their children. As soon as entrance was gained, fearful yells greeted them and their slaughter commenced. Old man Morgan Jackson, Jones Jackson, Morgan's wife, and Miss Adelin Marlin, who was just budding into womanhood, lay dead and dying on the floor with tomahawk wounds in their heads and blood flowing freely from scalp wounds made by the inevitable scalping knife. Mrs. Morgan was wounded and left for dead. She, with three little children who happened to be playing out in the yard, were the only survivors of this inhuman massacre. Call to mind, if you can, the feelings of Cynthia Ann Parker, a captive of eight years of age, carried off to live for half a lifetime with the savages, not knowing the fate of her family, in exile until her mother tongue had forsaken her, becoming a very savage herself, and when recaptured by General Ross, was unable to give any account of herself, but when her venerable uncle, Isaac, called the name of Cynthia Ann, she slapped herself on the breast and said, "Me Cynthia Ann, me Cynthia Ann!"

The name recalled as by a magnetic spark the old life and brought back the recollections of her mother, who, in her early childhood, had called her by this endearing name, which had lain long dormant in her then savage breast. Her uncle, the venerable good man, Uncle Isaac Parker, was a member of the Texas congress when it sat at Washington, and was universally beloved for his kindness toward his fellows. So deep were the wounds caused by the murder of his brothers and family it saddened his after life so that he was scarcely ever seen to smile. Poor old man, he, too, had suffered a long and tedious martyrdom. Next witness the capture of Miss Matilda Lockhart, Rhoda Putnam, Elizabeth Putnam, Judah Putnam and James Putnam, whose capture occurred in the winter of 1838. These, according to Wilbarge's history of depredations committed in Texas, were out on the Guadalupe river gathering pecans. In their innocent employment they were suddenly swooped down upon and all captured. The young ladies, just entering womanhood, were bound with rawhide thongs so severely as to cut into their delicate flesh, and in this pitiable condition the captives were borne away to meet a fate worse than death. For years they were kept in captivity and suffered untold misery. When Miss Lockhart was at last ransomed some of her neighbors examined her body and limbs and reported that there was not a place an inch square but had been burned and scarred with red hot irons; even from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head she had not been spared. So great had been the shock to her constitution that she died before the expiration of eight years. What a glorious thing for her emancipated spirit to have been freed from such an abused body. Death must have been a welcome messenger to her pure spirit, for, when set free, all remembrance of the previous captivity of both soul and body was forgotten. Let us hope so. Of her comrades James Putnam was recaptured many years afterward. He had almost become a Comanche in habits and language. Rhoda became the wife of a Comanche chief and had lost so much of her civilization that she refused to return home. Elizabeth was finally recaptured, but Judah was a slave with them for fourteen years. What sufferings and hardships these poor defenseless young girls must have gone through no tongue can tell, no imagination can depict, for it is out of the power of man to perceive the tortures of that inner soul, the spirit, and who can depict the torture of the poor mothers on seeing them bound by merciless wretches and hurried away out of sight, of sympathy, of aid. Their heart strings must have been drawn to their utmost tension as they caught the last view of their receding forms. There are many others of the old Texas martyrs whose names ought to be recorded, who were called on to pass through the fiery furnace, whose names will be lost, but their deeds of sacrificial honor will ever stand out in bold relief before us, their children. What was their loss was our gain, and we should ever cherish their memories

as sacredly as did the churches of old, who collected the names of their martyrs and portrayed their characters in such glowing phrases that posterity has almost regarded them as sacred. It remains for some future historian to collect all the names of our martyrs, the poor as well as the rich, for there were as noble hearts beating under a homespun dress as under the cover of silks and laces. Then let us say without reserve, "God bless our noble old mothers and grandmothers of the republic." May their memories ever remain with you, their children, as do the martyred saints with their church.

Your organizations, as I understand them, are for the purpose of erecting monuments to the noble heroes who fought the great battles of the republic. Nothing seems more magnanimous than this enterprise, and would it not be well to try and get posts organized all over the state; where there is unity there is strength, and demand of the next legislature that something be done in your glorious cause?

In the great race for fortune, fame and honor going on at the present day, all thought is directed to the present wants of the people; they can not, it seems, be brought to cast one thought backward for the purpose of reviewing history and profiting by the past, but all are seemingly intent on making new history, letting the past take care of itself, forgetful of the hardships, trials and sorrows which it called forth to make a new republic. Is this not the case with the present generation which now inhabits this beautiful state? There are scarcely any monuments erected to perpetuate the names of the great men who spent their lives in giving to it an existence. Its great men now sleep in their lonely graves without a stone, or if any, a rough ashler whereby the present generations may perhaps find the almost sacred spot, but to succeeding generations it will be lost forever; then why not cause some of the vast wealth of the public domain which they fought for to be appropriated to build monuments in the public grounds around our magnificent capitol to their memory. Let Texas and Texans show their gratitude, and to the rising generation prove that good deeds are worth recording, by erecting suitable monuments to the great men who performed them. This may be an incentive to others who may come after them to write their names high in the annals of the history of their country. Who, without such an incentive, would risk their lives and sacred honor to perform deeds of heroism for their country, when that country does not show any acknowledgement, but stands by and sees their graves disappear, a mouldering heap of dust, unhonored and unmarked?

People of Texas, and especially these noble bands which have just sprung into existence, Daughters of the Republic, arise and say to your legislators: "Do something for the great dead of Texas." Let people of the world, when visiting the beautiful capitol grounds, see that there were such men as Sam Houston, Thomas J. Rusk,

Sherman, Burleson, Stephen F. Austin and others, whose memory we wish to perpetuate, and that by their heroic struggles, their watchful care and great energy and wisdom, Texas passed from the chrysalis state of a weak republic into one of the greatest states of the greatest government the world ever saw.

What has been done with the immense amount of land said to have been recovered from the railroads? Why not use a portion to erect monuments to the noble dead? "Ah!" some will say, "that must go to keep up our public schools to educate the children of the state." These monuments would go further toward educating the youth of the country than many school houses. They would teach by object lesson. The whole history of Texas would appear before them in a few hours. "Why, there is a monument to Sam Houston," says one. Yes, he was the hero of Texas, a statesman, an orator and soldier, a triumvir—three cardinal virtues united in one man. The like is rarely seen in man. General Washington was a statesman and a soldier, but not an orator. General Grant was a soldier and statesman, but not an orator. Lincoln was an orator and statesman, but not a soldier. Napoleon Bonaparte was a soldier and statesman, but no orator; and we will have to go back to ancient history to find his equal, and that is Julius Caesar.

These combinations rarely ever are developed in one man; and with all these he also added that of patriot. Nothing could swerve him from what he thought to be right. "Here is another monument to Stephen F. Austin. Why, who was he?" says the stranger to the youth who is walking by his side. General Houston called him the father of Texas. He was a great and good man who came many years ago to Texas with a colony of Americans to settle this country, under a grant he obtained from the president, General Santa Anna of Mexico. He suffered many months' imprisonment in Mexican dungeons for his people's sake and was a greater philanthropist than William Penn, for while Penn had only to contend with the Indian in his then ignorant state, Austin had him to contend with when a graduate in the full sense, in all the arts of chicanery and villainy; also the arch traitor, Antonio de la Santa Anna, the betrayer of his country and the slaughterer of Texans. Austin was never married, hence Texas might be considered his first love, and the colonists his children. For them he underwent untold mental and bodily afflictions, bodily, in his several trips to the City of Mexico on horse back. This immense journey took months to accomplish, with much bodily fatigue, in the lonely stretches of country through which he had to pass with the possibility of the sacrifice of his life among the semi-civilized inhabitants and the probability of incarceration in the lonely dungeons of Mexico. He made these sacrifices for us. Then let the state erect a suitable monument to his memory, in order that his name may grow with the fame of this

glorious country which he, in the simplicity and grandeur of his nature, founded for us. Our gratitude ought to flow to him as does that of the inhabitants of the United States to the great immortal Washington; for, as Washington was father of the American union, even more so was Stephen F. Austin the father of Texas.

"And I see another statue here to the memory of Thomas J. Rusk. Pray who was he?" said the traveler to the youth, who was probably showing the distinguished tourist over our lovely capitol grounds. Why, he was one of the illustrious trio who helped to make this state the home of a prosperous and happy people, instead of a habitation for the prowling beast of the wilderness and the idle savage who roamed at will in his wild nature, capturing and slaughtering all that his deadly arrow could pierce. He was General Houston's right hand, as it were. He was a statesman and orator, and so persuasive in his arguments that few could resist him. It was he and General Houston, and our members of congress, who persuaded the United States government that Texas owned New Mexico, for which the government paid Texas $10,000,000, when in reality Texas never owned a foot of it, either by conquest or treaty. Never had a Texan put foot on the soil of New Mexico save when the Santa Fe expedition passed through in going to Santa Fe, and were all captured before reaching that point. By his presence on the battlefield of San Jacinto many were encouraged to press forward with almost supernatural zeal in the great carnage. By his words and presence many went forward with bolder hearts to do or die. In his career as a senator in the republic of Texas he was bold, and carried his point at all times and made laws which have been a credit to him and his colleagues, many of which have been adopted in other states, such as the homestead law. Previous to the enactment of this law by Texas, there was no home held sacred for the mother and her little ones, they were at the mercy of the creditor and the sheriff. Previous to this many were the heartrending scenes enacted at the old homesteads when the sheriff would mount the block and dispose of all the household goods, scant though they might be, and then the homestead would go to the highest bidder, regardless of the cries of the poor unfortunate mother and little ones, and then, perhaps the father of the family marched off to prison in default of a small balance. This scene I once witnessed myself when a small boy in the state of Alabama. A poor old man, one of our nearest neighbors, became involved in a small amount. The sheriff came, sold the last thing the family possessed and then carried the poor old consumptive man twenty miles off to the county seat and put him in jail, there to remain, unless some of his neighbors, through sympathy, paid the debt and set him free. Although I was small, this circumstance made a deep impression on me, and I have always thanked God that He raised up such men as T. J. Rusk and other

great, sympathetic hearts to annul such unjust laws, for the old laws were conceived in barbarism and brought forth in iniquity. Thank God there have been progressive steps made in law as well as all other things. Thomas J. Rusk, W. H. Jack and other leaders, no doubt, witnessing these iniquitous laws in other states, when they came to frame the laws of the republic, had, in their sympathetic hearts, an eye to the rights of women and children, and framed the present homestead law, which has been copied by nearly every state in the union. For this, if for no other reason, the name of T. J. Rusk should be handed down to posterity so that the women and children should know, as to one man, to whom they are indebted for the sanctity of their homesteads. In all of General Rusk's official life he was an efficient, conscientious officer. A man with large ideas, and a broad, comprehensive statesman; there was nothing little or niggardly about him. Governed by his broad conceptions of right he went forward, not fearing to do the right and was always found working in that direction. The people all loved General Rusk, and there was nothing within their gift, as public servant, that he could not gain by the asking. Then should not the state make some suitable testimonial as to the appreciation of these great men who gave their lives to perpetuate this great inheritance to future generations? They gained nothing by their life's toil. All of them died poor, when, by a little dishonesty, every one of them could have left immense riches. They preferred, it seems, to leave a bright record for honesty of purpose and patriotism than for gold.

Our great state university is located at Austin and is supposed to be one of the richest endowed schools in the United States, and in the course of years it is natural that thousands of young men of the state will flock there to receive their degrees, and while there, diving into the mysteries of ancient lore, would it not be well to learn by object lesson something of the history of their own state, for in these three statues would be embodied a great portion of the history of Texas. So, in conclusion, would it not be well, if the legislature were of the opinion that it would not be too much of a burden on the taxpayers to raise the necessary amount of money to appropriate some of the public domain, before it is all gone, to this noble purpose? It is by right theirs, they fought for it, they gained it and they have a right to it. They have precedence over all claimants, for it was theirs by right of conquest and possession, and who will rise up at this day and say "nay" when the vote is cast? None but the ungrateful.

By right there should be a fourth monument added to the grounds, and on it should be inscribed the names of all those 783 men who fought the battle of San Jacinto. Not one of them should be lost to posterity, for all were heroes and performed deeds of daring which have never been equaled in the annals of history. Here

DANIEL HARVIE LOCKHART
(From a daguerreotype)

they laid the foundation stones of granite on which was erected one of the greatest states, and in the proud banner which floats over our capitol is enfolded its emblem among the proud galaxy of stars which is to give light to all the nations of the globe. Let their memory be perpetuated so that when proud mothers are leading their sons around the still and silent monument they can point with pride to the name of their ancestors, who through much toil and suffering, have made them rich, not perhaps in gold or silver, but in the nobler gratitude of man's love of the noble patriot whose name has been perpetuated in stone that will never decay. Who is it in these days who does not take pride in tracing his ancestry back to the old colonial days, to the days that tried men's souls, and if no blot or stain is found, will adhere to the name as if worth so much gold. If a northern man, he wants to go back to Plymouth Rock. If a Virginian, to the good old English stock which originated the first families, and the Carolinians to the old Huguenot stock. So it will be in future days, the daughters and granddaughters of the republic will assemble around that ancient pile of granite and point with pride to the Jacks, Whartons, and the host of others who won a nation in the course of a few hours of battle, the like of which was never witnessed in ancient or modern times. For the name and fame of Texas and the old veterans, let their names be recovered that their good deeds may live after them.

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## DAUGHTERS OF THE REPUBLIC

Hands once uplifted to protect and save,
Long since have mouldered in the grave,
Yet still these noble patriots watch o'er
The land they loved in days of yore.

No stones point out the lonely graves
Of these strong, daring Texas braves,
But in your hearts their memories live,
And them your purest homage give.

The fearful tramp of savage foe
No longer fills the heart with woe.
Valorous deeds have won the goal,
And freedom blesses now each soul.

Go view the spot where their bodies rest,
Whose souls now dwell among the blest.
Flowers wild make sweet the air,
Go read a royal chapter there.

CHAPTER XV

# BURNET AND SHERMAN

## *Monuments to Two Gallant Texas Heroes to Be Unveiled Today—Distinguished Visitor Will Participate—Programme of the Exercises for the Occasion*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, March 2, 1894

THE following eloquent tribute to the Daughters of the Republic is from the pen of Dr. J. W. Lockhart, a distinguished Texas veteran:

Your achievement of to-day ought to make Texas proud and Galveston city especially so, as being the first to organize and the first to erect a monument to those brave men, David G. Burnet and General Sidney Sherman, who so fearlessly risked their lives in the cause of Texas freedom. They and others on April 21, 1836, that fatal day to the Mexican host, arose with the sun. It was a day bright with hope, but, as all other days are to us, a blank as to what will transpire before the going down of the sun. No doubt fear and hope mingled in each breast, as it was known that something decisive was to happen in the near future; that a battle was to be fought none doubted, and no fear would have entered the breast of any, but the carnage of the Alamo and the bloody massacre of Fannin and his band was fresh in their memory to steel their muscles. By the results of these they knew their fate if perchance the battle should go against them. It was fought and won by the Texans. Perhaps if the veil could have been lifted it would have been seen, as it was by the young man when good old Elijah prayed that the eyes of youth might be opened, who, when he saw the host of heaven encamped around them, exclaimed: "I perceive there are more for us than against us." Verily their hearts must have been strengthened by some unseen power, for it looked worse than madness for such a small army to fight against such great odds. They fought and won. Victory perched on their banner before the going down of the sun. Never was such a battle fought with such odds against the victors. Their cause was just, the God of battles was with them. The cry of "Remember the Alamo!" was heard mingled with the sweet strains of their battle song, "Come to the Bower," and so aroused all their latent energy and infused in them such strength that nothing could resist their onward march. Santa Anna's breastworks were as mere chaff to be scattered by the wind. The word "Charge!" given by their great commander, echoed and repeated by the brave Sherman and

others, was caught up and repeated along the line as the brave little band bore down on the enemy with such courage as never man saw before, and, when they had gained the breastworks of the Mexicans "Charge!" came again running down the line like an electric spark from the great commanders, and in an instant they had leaped the breastworks, and in hand-to-hand combat the fighting grew furious and raged for a short time with the force of Niagara's cataract. Finally the Mexican lines began to waver, and then came the rout and the finish and the establishment of independence of the great state of Texas.

And you, now, daughters of these brave men, have formed organizations all over the state for the purpose of erecting monuments to their memory. Though the corporeal parts of men are made to decay and fade from the sight of those who loved them most, their names and deeds need not decay, but can be preserved by suitable monuments to commemorate them. On you is the noble self-assumed duty of showing to the world that the names of the heroes of Texas and their deeds of daring shall never die. You have a great work before you; then push forward to its consummation and your children and children's children will rise up and bless you for preserving the names of their ancestors in granite blocks which will never perish. Do not become discouraged, for woman's power can and will ever be felt over man. In the very dawn of creation, when the great and loving God created the garden of Eden, he placed therein a man, whom he called Adam, and for a helpmate Eve, and it was not long before her influence was felt by Adam, and it is said that the fruits of it have lasted until this day.

I recollect hearing the gifted Rev. J. E. Cass preaching a sermon on this subject at a camp meeting held in Washington county many years ago, in which he said that he felt no grievance against old Mother Eve, for, if she had not partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge there would have been no intelligence in the world. That perhaps Adam would have wandered in the garden world without end in the same condition in which he was created—a mere automaton. Woman's power has been felt in all lands and in all governments.

Nearly all great achievements have been forecasted by women. The discovery of this continent was largely due to the sagacity of woman. Columbus for many years traveled around from court to court, in his native and foreign countries, a mere mendicant beseeching and imploring the crown heads of Europe for a sum of money sufficient to purchase a few small vessels for the purpose of discovering a new route to the east, but only to meet with rebuff, ridicule and scorn. It was reserved for the sagacious mind of Queen Isabella to foresee the greatness of the undertaking, and for this she pawned her jewels for the enterprise and lived to

see the verification of her prediction. It was poor Joan of Arc, who has been recently sainted by Pope Leo XIII, to rescue France from the grip of England when her dauphin was shut up within the walls of his city of refuge, trembling with fear of the armies of England. In reading Pepys' diary, written early in the seventeenth century, we find the English government in a most corrupt state; almost all manner of crime was carried on by the king himself, and by the officers of his court. I fear there was little improvement up to the time of the commencement of the reign of the present good Victoria. On her accession to power she put an end to the vicious habits and debauchery which had hitherto held high revelry around the court of England. Since her reign began England has flourished as she never did before. The great Napoleon's star, after his shameful treatment of his devoted wife and advisor, Josephine, began to wane and sink toward the horizon, and on the bloody field of Waterloo went down to rise no more.

The doings of many more of the historical women of the old world might be enumerated, but I have cited enough to show you what women have done in the past and can do in the future, for her power has increased year by year, and now she stands in the front rank of the arts, literature and sciences. In nearly all of these the maiden stands shoulder to shoulder with her brother, and acknowledges him not as her superior.

Leaving the old world we will cite some of the historical characters of the new. We will pass over the heroic mothers of the revolutionary war and cite you to one of more recent date. One who caused more sorrow, and at the same time more rejoicing, than any other historical character in modern times. I allude to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. She and her little book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," hastened the period for firing the shot "whose echo," as some one has said, "reached around the world," and came near rending this government in twain. Her book caused creeks and rivers to run with blood; it drenched the land with tears and sorrow; it divided hitherto peaceful abodes, and left the widow and orphans alone as tenants. It arrayed brother against brother and father against son, as was the case with Captain Lee on the side of the confederates and his son, Lieutenant Lee, who was killed in the battle of Galveston on board of the Harriet Lane.

Through all the cruelties, hardships and deprivations of the most terrific struggle the world has ever known, the citizens of the United States were called for five long years to pass at a cost of the lives of several millions of soldiers and billions of money. The result was the liberation of between six and eight millions of rejoicing slaves and the preservation of the American union. My God, at what a sacrifice!

Now all this took place scarcely thirty years since, yet the recuperative power of humanity is so great that one rarely ever hears the great civil war spoken of except by the old participants in their annual conclaves. To the rising generation it is almost as a sealed book. The north and the south have long since shaken hands over the bloody chasm, which was filled with the best blood of both contending parties, and now the proud flag of our fathers floats as of yore over the south as well as the north. Since the establishing of peace the magnanimity of the United States toward its fallen soldiers stands out in bold relief. Her officers have sent men out into the highways and byways to hunt up the bones of their dead soldiers, and wherever found, have carried them to some neatly kept cemetery and there deposited them in graves with neat head and foot stones to mark their resting place. Magnificent monuments have been erected to their field officers in public places in their cities. Everything is done to ameliorate the conditions and feelings of their families. This is as it should be. The south can not do all these things for its honored dead on account of poverty. Yet we will think of them and love them in their lonely sleeping places.

Now the question arises, what has the great state of Texas done for her illustrious dead—those who so valiantly risked their lives by facing a foe twice their numbers, to secure her vast and fertile domain? To her shame, nothing, outside a mere pittance—hardly enough to erect one decent monument. Daughters of the Republic, arise in your might! Lay siege to the capitol at the next sitting of the legislature and ask the members there to wipe out this burning shame! I have tried to show you how woman has influenced the course of events in the past. Why should you not do so now? I have been told that the legislature has the power to make donations of the public domain to perpetuate the memory of her heroes. Then have some of it before it is all exhausted. Tell the legislators that the graves of your ancestors lie unmarked, unhonored and unprotected, and in some instances feeding grounds for cattle, horses and swine. Hold up to them the pictures of the lonely widows and orphans who were made so by the tomahawk, the piercing arrow, and scalping knife of the savage; the widows who in the twilight of evening sat in their dimly-lighted, cheerless abodes and gathered around their knees for their evening devotions their little children, hungry, perhaps, and in tattered garments, and after going over the Lord's Prayer with the eldest, would take the younger one into her lap and teach it to say: "Now I lay me down to sleep;" and when it had lisped the last line, would look up into its mother's face and say: "Mamma, when will papa come home?" Think how the question from the child's unsuspecting little lips would tear afresh the bleeding heart-wound, and, bringing back the memory of the fearful yell and the hissing arrow that took papa away forever,

would cause the hot, scalding tears to rain down her pale, careworn cheeks, and between her choking sobs bring the answer, "Never, never!" when from the fullness of her heart she could say no more. Such pictures as this could often be seen in Texas in the early days. Such was the case of Mrs. Smith of Austin, whose husband was killed near his home, and his little boy taken by the Comanches and kept for two years before his heartbroken mother ever heard from him again.

I have been trying to show you all along what woman has borne and done; now I want to speak of what woman can do. To-day will show to the people of Texas what you can do. The unveiling of your monument dedicated to heroes of Texas independence, General Sherman, the patriot soldier, and David G. Burnet, the patriot statesman, will inaugurate a new era in Texas history. It will be a day long to be remembered, the unveiling of the first statue that the public has ever been invited to witness in this state, for which Galveston and the whole state has cause to be proud.

I understand that the funds with which this shaft was erected were raised principally from small donations, and, Daughters of the Republic, little did you think when you began working so slowly and tediously that you were striking the chords that led to the heart of that great philanthropist, Henry Rosenberg. He, no doubt, seeing your efforts in behalf of those you hold so dear opened his big generous heart and made his princely donation of $50,000 to his adopted city, whereby might be erected a monument to commemorate the lives and names of that heroic band which opened up a new country in which he, a poor foreign youth, could come and live, and by economy, industry and prudence amass the great fortune which he left behind. Now, be it remembered, that at the proper time, like a faithful son, he did not forget his adopted mother, the city of Galveston, but bestowed liberally of his substance on her wants and those of her children by an additional donation of a public free school and other noble benefactions. Now if this stranger, only an adopted citizen, could give so liberally, of his wealth to the city of his adoption, why should not the great, wealthy state of Texas give of her substance, which was purchased by the blood of her heroes, and give liberally too to the glorious enterprise of commemorating their names and history. Texans, see to it that your public servants give not only of the State's means, but encouragement in other ways to this noble end the Daughters of the Republic, who have taken on themselves the loving labor of perpetuating the memories of those patriots who are gone and those who are now so rapidly passing away to join their friends and old companions who have passed over the river and are now resting in the shade of the trees beyond. God grant you may open your hearts to feel as these daughters feel, the importance of this under-

taking, and that the blessing of heaven may rest on them individually and collectively and on their glorious enterprise is the sincere wish of an old Texan.

## LINE OF MARCH

The parade will form at 2:30 p. m. to-day at the Tremont hotel and thence move north on Tremont street to Strand; east on Strand to Nineteenth street, south on Nineteenth street to Market street, west on Market street, to Tremont street, south on Tremont street to Avenue N, where the Galveston and Western (Susie) train will be in waiting and will make the necessary trip to take any one desiring to go to Lake View cemetery, where the unveiling will take place. The Denver Re-Survey and Market street lines of street cars will have an extra number of cars in waiting.

## ORDER OF PARADE

Mounted Police.
Music.
Marshal and Aids.
Carriages Containing Daughters of the Republic, and Their Invited Guests From the Interior.
Clergyman Who Are to Deliver the Prayers, The Mayor and Speakers, Hon. Norman G. Kittrell and Gov. F. R. Lubbock.
Board of Aldermen.
Texas Veterans.
Camp Magruder of Confederate Veterans.
Marine Veterans of Confederate States' Navy.
W. S. Hancock Camp, G. A. R.
Military Companies in Command of Major J. B. Aguilo and Staff.
School Children.
Screwmen's Benevolent Association.
Carpenters and Joiners.
Painters and Decorators.
Texas Labor Conference.
Chief Wegner and Fire Department.

The children of the St. Mary's orphan asylum and Sacred Heart Convent will join the parade at Lake View cemetery.

Captain Joe Owens will command the parade as grand marshal with the following assistants: Guy M. Bryan, Jr., John Stowe, W. R. Johnson, L. M. Hitchcock, Sid Williams, Ben Blum, H. A.

Lemonius, John Settle, R. H. Gardner, J. K. Wallis, Charles F. Adriance, Thomas M. Jack, B. F. Hutches, jr., J. S. Skinner.

The assistant marshals will meet at Captain Owen's office at 2 p. m. for instructions. It is expected that no one will get on the speakers' platform at Lake View except the invited guests. Prayers will be delivered by Bishop N. A. Gallagher and Rev. W. N. Scott.

Cars to carry spectators will be at Tremont street and Avenue N. at 2:30 p. m. No one will be allowed to enter the cars until the procession arrives. The first two cars will be reserved for the Daughters of the Republic and their guests.

All banks and business houses will be closed during the day.

The united Confederate veterans of Camp Magruder are requested by General Waul to meet at their headquarters at 2 o'clock this afternoon, for the purpose of participating in the parade and exercises of the day.

The commanding officer of the Sealy rifles earnestly requests all members of that company to meet at their armory at Artillery hall at 1:30 this afternoon in blue parade uniforms to take part in the parade. Team members are especially requested to turn out, and all failing to do so are requested to send in their uniforms at once.

The University cadets will meet at their armory at 1 o'clock this afternoon to take part in the parade.

CHAPTER XVI

# HEROES OF TEXAS

## *The Old Veterans Will Gather in Galveston on April 19, 20 and 21—Daughters of Republic Are Preparing for Their Pleasure—Judge M. E. Kleberg Will Be the Orator—Other Speakers*

From The Galveston *Daily News*, February 29, 1896

ON APRIL 19, 20 and 21 the veterans who helped wrest Texas from Mexican control will meet in Galveston. The last time the old soldiers gathered on this island was in 1875, twenty-one years ago, and they yet talk of the hospitality they received at the hands of the people of the city. The survivors are growing more feeble each year and it will not be long before the earth they gave to the union will close over their pulseless forms. In their declining years they become all the more precious to the people of Texas, and the citizens of Galveston will receive them with open arms.

The invitation to hold their next annual gathering in this city was extended to them by the Sidney Sherman chapter of the Daughters of the Republic, of which Miss Betty Ballinger is president, Mrs. M. F. Mott, vice president; Mrs. C. L. Wallis, treasurer, and Mrs. C. M. Kemp, secretary. These ladies are going earnestly to work to make this meeting the crowning event in the lives of the gray-haired warriors and their wives. In 1875 everything was free to them—hotels, railroads, saloons. Anything they wanted they took, and it was charged to profit and loss.

The coming week the ladies will send out a committee to raise funds and to arrange for their entertainment. The railroads will give free transportation to all veterans who were in the Texas army prior to 1837. Last year they were taken by boat from Houston to the San Jacinto battle ground, and undoubtedly the Galveston, La Porte and Houston railroad will be completed by April and will extend the same courtesy.

Judge M. E. Kleberg will be the orator of the occasion. Ex-Governor Frank Lubbock will respond to Judge Kleberg's address. There will be other speakers, but a full programme has not as yet been determined upon. The Daughters of the Republic will give them a banquet—not a hotel affair, but a banquet of good things, cooked in their own kitchens and served with their own hands.

Said Miss Ballinger yesterday: "We should consider it not our duty but our privilege to do everything in our power to make pleasant the coming visit of the veterans. Every one of the white-haired old heroes is dear to the hearts of all loyal Texans. I know the citizens of Galveston will unloosen their purse strings when it comes to contributing to the little entertainment we are preparing for them. They are getting old and feeble, and there will be few more meetings of their association. They are timid and reserved and do not ask for anything, so we are going to ask for them, and I know we shall succeed."

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### Plea for the Veterans

In a short time you will be called on to witness another convocation of the old heroes of the republic of Texas. They have been invited to your city to participate in your hospitality for a brief season by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, that noble band of women who have formed a society to perpetuate the brave deeds of their ancestors, performed in times which in reality tried men's souls, and not only the men's, but the heroines of those times. Spartan mothers gave their sons to their country when called on to do so, Texan mothers gave not only their sons, but also their husbands, whereby this lovely land, then a howling wilderness, might not only become a home, but an abiding place for all of the oppressed of foreign lands. Many came and have prospered in your city, once the rendezvous for the Karonkaway Indian and his consorts, the wild beasts of the plain, and afterward Lafitte and his pirates. It was by the efforts of these few brave and daring spirits that this island was rescued and became inhabitable, and has since been made beautiful by the hands of those who came after them. Now, after the crafty Indian has been driven from its shores and the wild beast from his lair, you are enjoying the pleasures of your palatial residences. Where once the howl of the wild coyote was heard in the stillness of the night the majestic tones of the church organ are heard bidding all to enjoy the welcome news that a Christian people has driven the savage from these shores and has erected instead of his altar of sacrifice of human flesh one to the lowly Nazarene, whose teachings are charity and humiliation. Now, citizens of Galveston, prepare with generous donations, cultivate the teachings of the Nazarene and open your hearts and purses to the old men and their wives who will with tottering, feeble steps, bended forms and eyes bedimmed by the passage of many years visit you. Bid them such a hearty and most cordial welcome as you vouchsafe only to your most honored guests. Your hospitality is known in the far north and west. Your oyster roasts are the talk of the land, and have been enjoyed and partaken of most bountifully by many who did not participate in the struggles which brought about the conditions which now enable you to feast the stran-

ger who enters your gate. It would not be more than just to share your generosity with those who brought about all these good times. Not far from your city was fought the great battle which proclaimed the freedom of Texas. The booming of cannon could be heard from your shores; each piece spoke in its solemn tone the death of a tyrant and the life of a republic. There on that eve of April 21, on San Jacinto's glorious field, rose the lone star which was to proclaim to those of your citizens who had assembled on the island, and the many poor mothers with their little ones, who with equal anxiety were wending their way in flight from their perilous positions, that protection was at hand. By the generalship of Sam Houston, aided by Lamar, Sherman, Rusk, Burleson and others, noble souls who knew no fear, it was decreed that the tyrant and his cohorts who had desecrated the walls of the Alamo with blood of Travis, Bowie, Crockett and others, and who had watered the beautiful prairies of Goliad with the blood of Fannin and his captives, should no further desecrate this fair and lovely land with their foul footsteps. Ah! how well was their resolve carried out! Before the sun had sunk in the western horizon, and before his rays were hidden from the gaze of that heroic band, the tyrant with his hostile army was put to a most ignoble flight, and with the words, "Remember the Alamo and the bloody butchery of Goliad" ringing in their ears, many had suffered the pain of an avenging spirit, the nemesis which they had erected on entering Texas. But this did not end the troubles of the brave Texans. Back on the borders the red-handed savages were busily engaged in the butchery and taking into captivity of their women and children, and the scalping knife and tomahawk were frequently used on the heads of the devoted citizens. Many weary, watchful hours, both by day and night, had to be undergone by the border men. Many, too, were the bold spirits carried into eternity by the whizzing arrow or keen crack of the rifle in the hands of the crafty Indian, carefully secreted in his treacherous ambuscade. For many long years the old-timer had to be vigilant and watchful, not knowing when or what time the end might be both for himself and family.

Then, citizens of Galveston, one and all, lend a helping hand to the ladies who have taken upon themselves the task of making green this spot in the declining years of these old patriots. Many of them are poor in this world's goods, but are rich in an inheritance in the future. Let them by coming to your city see the vast yield of fruit from the seed which in their early days they planted. Let them see the vast improvements which have sprung up from such small beginnings. Let them see the large churches which send their spires high up into the heavens, the beautiful mansions, the broad and beautiful streets which were once the path of the deer and Indian. Let them see your grand commercial harbor, which now bears the commerce of this glorious state, which was freed by the blood of their com-

rades from the thralldom of the tyrant and the Indian. Where once the small ships of the pirate Lafitte were with great difficulty gotten over the bar, now great steamers plow the waves with perfect security. All this has happened within the lifetime of some of them, and on seeing these wonderful changes many will utter this prayer: "Now, oh, God, that I have seen the wonders of my early achievements, let Thy servant depart in peace. We have wrought in quarries, laid bare the rough stones that others have with master hands polished and erected into beautiful temples in which dwell the multitudes who came after us." Many of these old forms soon we will never see again. All have reached the span on the bridge of life ordinarily reached by man; some have reached the span of grace—their eightieth year. One old friend, Charles Fordtran, is well on to 96. All are still clinging to the beams with feeble hands and ere long will be precipitated into the waters below, to disappear from mortal gaze and be wafted by the gentle stream to the other shore, where they will be met by the happy plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of eternal rest." So mote it be.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

## Chapter XVII

# A PLEA FOR A MONUMENT

From The Houston *Daily Post,* April 21, 1895

TO THE old Veterans of Texas, who are to assemble at Houston on this San Jacinto anniversary, we give you greeting. Not an outward show of hospitality, but one that comes directly from the heart. One who participated to some extent in the memorable scenes which transpired in the long ago, joins in this welcome today. The visions of the past, which are now before you and will never grow dim, are not fully appreciated, for pictures of past events only survive in the memory of those who participated in them. By the present generation they are received with some discredit, on account of the sad cruelties perpetrated by our enemies on the brave and hardy frontiersman. Many say it must be an idle dream of a distorted imagination, but you who have passed through these scenes and hardships know them to be facts and hard facts, cemented with the life's blood of many of your noble friends and acquaintances, and perhaps consecrated by the blood of a beloved son or daughter.

In the stillness of the night, with none to guard you but the bark of the faithful watch dog, have the wily savages tried, and in many instances succeeded, in surrounding the little log cabin, and after putting to death the faithful animal, approached with stealthy steps and dealt death to some of its occupants, and in some instances carried off those dearest to you to the far-off mountain and there made them suffer the pains of hell in their captive state. No husband, the faithful companion of her youth, or perhaps father, who had looked so devotedly on the lovely daughter, budding into womanhood, to aid or succor. Their cries remained mute to the ears of the dead in the hut, and were only carried by the gentle breeze a few hundred yards, there to sob out on the lonely hillside, or die away in the deep valley. These scenes yet remain with you, as you live out the burden of your now nearly spent lives, ever fresh and green in the recesses of a brain which is dull now, perhaps, from age, and impervious somewhat to newer surroundings. We are fast passing away, and in a few more years we will be gathered unto our fathers and when on the shores of more gentle climes we, perhaps, will be given the power to look back on the green hills and the lovely prairies, now somewhat desecrated by the ruthless husbandman and changed from their original pristine beauty in its wild nature, with perhaps sorrow at the desecration, but with joy to counterbalance caused by the new fields in which grow the rich products

which are to make our descendants more happy in the enjoyments of the luxuries which were denied to you. The old Texan can never forget the beauty and picturesqueness of this glorious land which you bared your breast and spilled your blood to free from the iron grasp of the Mexican and treacherous nomad Indians, who then roved in free bands over its vast plains, decorated with the pretty flowers, running brooks, and cooling breezes, which wafted so soft, over its lovely scenery. The Indian and buffalo are gone. You have gained it for a more congenial race. Where was wont to be seen the roving Indian is now seen the faithful husbandman, with plow and hoe, preparing his grounds for the fleecy staple which is to clothe and decorate the Nations of the world. Where once grew the green grass and wild flowers are to be seen waving fields of yellow grain, ready for the farmer with scythe and sickle to be gathered into rich bins to feed the hungry Nations of mankind. Where once roved the wild buffalo now the patient ox and his kind gather in fat, lazy herds, chewing their cuds in contentment, until wanted for the sustenance of man. The wild untamable broncho is succeeded by the gentle, kind horse, so useful to man's wants. The useful goat and sheep have taken the place of the bear and wolf, and where once nature was wild and rough she has been subdued by man and brought to yield to his wants.

All these things which you old Veterans have brought about with so much pain, toil and discomfort, you will soon leave as a legacy to others who know not of the great sacrifices you have made to obtain these things for them, and the future generations who may come after them. Do they appreciate the blessings?

Ask our representatives and senators, who have assembled at our capital for so many years, for a suitable donation for the cause of our dead. The answer comes the State is too poor! Too poor to bury decently the old heroes, who drank deep of the cup of sorrow in order that they might in the future gain honor and fame. Ask the capitalists who have come from shores beyond the stormy seas, where adversity, poverty and manual labor was before them for their lives; who fled from these oppressions in their own country and came to this hospitable land, and were received with open arms and a heart full of love and sympathy. Do you appreciate these blessings so severely won on the bloody field of San Jacinto, where a few brave hearts overthrew the proud dominion of Santa Anna and his hosts? If so, in what way? Few have ever done so, but there have been noble exceptions in Galveston. The lamented George Ball gave of his substance gained on the soil of Texas, a magnificent building for the education of the children of Galveston. Likewise Mr. Sealey remembered the poor and sick and destitute by the founding of a magnificent hospital for their care, and Henry Rosenberg, the alien, who came to the shores of Texas a poor boy and amassed an enormous fortune.

He did not forget you, for when the hour came his magnanimous heart opened to the tender call of right, and he gave $50,000 to erect a grand monument to your memories in the city of Galveston. On this your names are to be carved in living letters, every one of you, and in the great future your descendants will with pride point to the names of their illustrious ancestors. There is the name of the hero from whom sprang, although his body lies in some lonely spot, over which there has been placed no stone to mark it, yet this great philanthropic man has placed his name in stone, which will not decay. These three great, noble spirits have erected monuments, not only to the public, but to themselves, more lasting than the present generation of men, and will go on with time to bless their names, so long as brick and mortar and granite lasts; nor is this to be the last of you.

Your daughters, imbued with the loftiness of your self-sacrifices, are now organizing bands of the Daughters of the Republic all over the State, and seeing the ungratefulness of the government, which you gave so much of your energy and time to erect, have gone forth with a hearty effort, and lately erected a monument to two of the brave patriots who have passed over and they will not cease their efforts until all of their dead shall have suitable mementoes erected to their fathers and brothers and husbands, who so nobly achieved the independence of this glorious State. They have selected for their badge, under which they propose to fight in the good cause, a circle which means we will never give up the fight, our circle has no end. And in the center a Texas star and flag, under which their ancestors fought and gained the victory, whereby they now revel in the freedom of a glorious cause, gained by their noble sires. It has also this motto, "One and indivisible." This portends the downfall of any politician who in the future should, like the hungry coyote in the pursuit of its prey, for the sake of office, dare overstep the bounds of safety and come within the hands of the good shepherds. They, like good shepherdesses stand like sentinels over the bounds of this glorious inheritance, left by their noble fathers, and will suffer no disruption. And finally when time in its ceaseless flight ages their forms and when their locks are whitened with ages of many winters, and their sight blurred, their forms bent, and they are no longer able to stand sentinels to this almost boundless State, will hand over these precious gems to their granddaughters and great-granddaughters, with the injunction that when your patrimony becomes endangered by the wily politician, be you ever ready to fight under this glorious badge, which is emblematic of the oneness and indivisibleness of this glorious State.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER XVIII

# RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

From The Galveston *Daily News,* May 2, 1897

THE NEWS presents herewith some reminiscences of the old days of religious worship as seen in the early days of the republic of Texas.

In the early times the monotony of life, in so far as the aged were concerned, was broken occasionally by preaching, although preachers were scarce. Rev. Robert Alexander, Kinney, Dilplain, Smith, Dr. Ruter, Wesson, Thrall and Buffington were the only ones now remembered by the writer. These good men occasionally visited the various settlements and preached for those who wished to hear them, and though the great mass of men were not inclined toward religious subjects, nearly all the neighborhood turned out on these special occasions. The services were conducted on the free plan, the preachers preaching the gospel without money or price, or, if contributions were extended, it was on the old scriptural injunction "that it is better not to let the left hand know what the right hand giveth." There was no jarring or inharmonious discord growing out of the meaning of the words "baptized," "baptism," "rantidzo" and "immersion" as there was in later days, nor was the subject of "Phillip and the Eunuch" going down into the water ever discussed. Only the simple word was preached to the congregation without any embarrassing subjects alluded to. Notwithstanding this great respect shown by one denomination toward another, neighborhoods were settled by a preponderance of the faith of one or the other sect, the Baptist and Methodist being the leading denominations then in Texas.

The good old mothers of the olden times would look forward to the day when the appointment for the preacher to come was made with all the fondness of childhood. The best they had was to be served for the preacher, consequently early on Sabbath morning, before preparing for church, the mother would have the little ones out chasing the yellow-legged roosters which they intended to offer as a sacrifice for the dinner—and such fine times the little ones would have running down and slaughtering the fowls. Armed with sticks and stones, after flushing their game, the little fellows hot in pursuit, would be heard crying out "There he goes, Dick!" "Catch him, Sam!" and the same time let go a volley of stones and sticks, which

would fly in every direction, some striking the house, flying wide of the mark, others coming closer; until the final onslaught was made, and the fleeing bird caught. With exultant joy the fortunate one would seize the rooster by the legs, and, holding him on high, with manly strides march up to the mother, or old black mammy, and deliver his game, it still flopping and fluttering, crying "Squak, squak!" until the merciless captor ended all fuss and confusion by its decapitation.

After all the preliminaries had been arranged for a good dinner, the good old mother would don her Sunday garments in a great deal less time than her daughters do in these days. In the towns and villages perhaps her dress was an old black silk which had seen service away back in the states, and was wonderfully preserved by being kept neatly folded and put away in the old hair trunk, ornamented with bright strips of red or green morocco, fastened with bright, shiny brass-headed tacks in rows, in suitable places for ornamentation around its capacious holdings. This old trunk was kept safely guarded from intruders by lock and key, and only opened on Sundays and on great occasions, when extra dressing was required. The last thing just before starting was the resurrecting of the old black silk bonnet, with its modest crown turned high up in front, as if in a most beseeching manner asking the good Lord not to send a shower of rain whereby it might get wet and spoiled. It was carefully taken from an ancient band box, and was with great care placed upon her head. Thus arrayed in her best garments, with her reticule and turkey-tail fan, she pronounced herself ready for church. All of this extra fixing was for the town and village people who lived near enough to walk. No one would think of trusting herself with her finest dress on horseback. As to the reticule spoken of, it was a veritable "Noah's ark" as to its contents, containing as it did in its capacious folds all the keys, and the eatables for the youngsters during their long stay at church. The turkey-tail fan was made from the long tail feathers of a turkey, and from the manner of its preparation could not be folded.

The writer once witnessed an amusing scene at church. Aunt Harritt Deggs had not taken that care of her bonnet to which she was accustomed during the week before church. The good old lady was getting old and could not see well. In her haste to get ready she took her bonnet from the peg from which it was suspended and hastily put it on without that careful examination which was her custom. Dirt-daubers had built a nest in its crown during the interval. In this condition she wore it to church, unaware of its unwelcome topmost inhabitants. During the entire length of the sermon, which lasted from two to three hours, the daubers, not having the fear of the Lord before their eyes in breaking the Sabbath, kept

steadily at work, flying in and out of their nest, greatly to the amusement of the young people.

A shot at random might strike. So it did in this case. A good old Baptist sister had been preparing for a rainy day in the way of saving up her accumulation of money, which she kept in a small trunk secreted under her bed. Before going to church on that particular morning it occurred to her to overhaul the trunk and count her money to see that all was right. Old Brother Buffington, an old pioneer preacher, was to preach on that day. It so happened that in selecting his text he chose these words: "It is better to lay up treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." The suggestions of the text brought to the mind of the good old mother that it might have been better had she not put her thoughts so much on her worldly possessions as she had done on that morning. As the preacher progressed with his subject on the evils of laying up treasures in this world her conscience more and more chided her. Finally in his conclusion he made the bold assertion that he had no doubt that some of his congregation had been engaged that very morning in counting their money before coming to church. At this announcement conscience, which stands ever ready to accuse, rent the old lady's bosom so harshly that a deep groan came from her lips. I mention this incident to show what conscience was fifty years ago, and ask if there has been any improvement. In that long ago people were more primitive in their habits, customs and religion than now.

The manners and customs of the country people on church days with regard to dress and the coming together of the young were far different from those in the towns and villages. The mothers and young girls made their own clothing and that of their families and on meeting days were more simple and substantially draped, and their criticism of each other in regard to their personal appearance in dress and so forth has not changed much, I fear, at the present day. A few wore calico dresses, though costly and hard to get, and this was the principal dress goods for the young ladies. They had no fashion plates to select styles from. Their dresses were cut and made to the taste of each, consequently the style of each young lady was somewhat different from that of her neighbor, unless they happened to borrow patterns from each other. This variation of styles gave them a prolific theme for conversation before church began. "How do you think Jane's new dress fits today?"

"Oh, it is just simply awful, it is so baggy and loose. The sleeves are so short—come half way up to her elbows. I think if I had such black hands and arms I would try and hide them," says Mary Ann.

"Didn't Sam Smith look cute, though, in his buckskin suit? I wish I could trim his moccasins, I just think I could make them look so nice."

"Bill Jones took my time," says Samantha Jones. "He just looked splendid in his suit of linsey woolsey his ma made him and dyed it with hickory bark. I just declare he was the finest looking young man I ever saw. He cut his moccasins too big, though; I know his foot ain't that big."

"Oh, don't you know?" says Rhody, "he sewed them onto rawhide soles and they stretched."

This is a fair sample of the talk of the young ladies. Has it changed much today?

As for the young men:

"Hello, Sam; did you see Miss Jane's rig today? She's a perfect heart-crusher. I wouldn't mind being scalped by the Comanches if they only left life enough in me so as to be nursed by her. See her noble brown arms. She is a stunner to work. Helped to spin and weave and dye the old man's suit and Bill's, and all, and then makes her own clothes, too. She is the girl for me."

"Yes," says Sam; "I would advise all lazy fellows like you to get just such a wife, or you will starve."

"Starve, did you say? Look here, Sam; I am the boy that can furnish her with all the bear's meat and honey that she can eat, and what more could she want?"

While this sort of conversation was going on with the young people, the good old mothers were humbly seating themselves in the amen corner and on the front benches. Those who had young babies generally occupied the benches near the pulpit, as there was usually a little space left for the purpose of the assembling of the congregation on sacramental days. This space, in the meantime, was used by the good old mothers for the spreading down of their riding skirts for their babies to wallow on. Be it remembered that early every Sabbath morning when meeting was announced the gentle old mare was regularly bridled and saddled and hitched at the gate for mother to ride to church. Her qualifications must be gentle and true, for mother could not be risked on any other kind of animal. Father says mother must be well protected, for if anything should happen women are too scarce in Texas to get another; so after dinner is seen to and full instructions given to those left behind, mother, with baby in her lap and little Mandy Jane behind her, puts off to the meeting house. Father, if it is near by, walks along before or behind the old mare, with perhaps Bill and Tom and John following along close behind him, and they perhaps by a dog or two, for every family must own a dog, and they are pretty apt to follow the boys

to church. They go plodding along slowly and reverently, so much so that even the dogs partake of the occasion and hang their heads, perfectly oblivious to the menace of any rabbit which may perchance uncover to their view. The old lady finally awakening from her reverie, looks behind to see how father and the boys are getting along. She sees the dogs. "Father," she cries, "do you see the dogs following the boys? You must drive them back, for they will get to fighting and disturb the whole congregation." Father, who has just been broken from his mental vision of the awful consequences of sin, and the utter depravity of man, sees the dogs, and, knowing the temper of Lion and Tige and Bull, if they should be imposed on at church, makes the most strenuous efforts to drive them back, but, meeting with utter failure, turns to the boys and says: "Boys, what in the h—l did you allow those dogs to follow you for?" But, considering the intentions of the good man in trying to keep good order at meeting on that day, I am constrained to the belief that the oath was never recorded against him. Finally, on arriving at the meeting house, the good old mother guides the old mare up to the "upon blocks," as they were called, and no church was considered finished without them, as they were made especially for the old women to get up and down on their horses. There were no buggies or carriages in those days, and horseback was the only mode of travel. Father approaches, takes baby gently from mother's arms, and next proceeds to take the little curly-headed darling down from behind mother, who by this time has released herself from the cumbersome riding skirt, gently descends to the ground, where she proceeds to smooth out the rumples in her own and that of the children's dresses.

In the meantime father has hitched the old mare to her well known swinging limb, where she will lazily sleep, changing her weight from one hind foot onto the other, until after the preaching. Father and mother take up the solemn and stately step followed by the little ones to the side door. This door was always made for the convenience of the old mothers in Israel. Here father leaves her and the two youngsters to enter the sacred edifice, made of good, strong logs. He, with the boys, proceeds to the end door. This door is made for all whom it may concern, but especially for the division of the flock, when they enter. The sheep go to the preacher's right and the goats to his left, and the little aisle in the center was considered as impassable as the gulf which divided the rich man from Lazarus. Mother, after she had entered, proceeded to spread her riding skirt down in the little space before mentioned, and then deposited her little darling flat on his back, to kick up his heels and coo coo at will. Taking her seat she regulates her long, snowy white apron so that there may be no creases or folds in it, and then devotes her thought to the early conversion of the heathen and her prayers for the protection of the missionary in his or her arduous and dangerous calling

in foreign lands. Perhaps these thoughts are occasionally interrupted by wondering how the good dinner is progressing at home. The preacher must be provided with a good dinner after meeting, for it would never do for Sister Smith to beat her in providing for Brother Diliplain. It would be scandalous for the neighbors to say that Sister Smith had made a better chicken pie or had nicer cakes and pies than she did, but it must be known though that all these good things have been prepared on Saturday before, for the old people never thought it exactly proper to desecrate the holy Sabbath with much labor. Still, on extra occasions, when par excellence as a housekeeper was called into question, she would yield a little to the ungodly ways of the world and strain her conscience a little. These little episodes, coming in the way of evil suggestions, would, as soon as possible, be banished and her mind restored and brought back into the track of the elect. Her thoughts would not often wander from the straight and narrow path in looking at what sister so and so had today, and what sort of a bonnet she wore, for they were almost exact imitations of her own, consisting of pure, clean garments—perhaps of home-made fabric or a calico gown bought from the sale of eggs, poultry and butter of her own raising and make, at the nearest town. For her head covering usually a nice white sunbonnet with splits in it to hold it in shape. When the young ladies wore these they usually put a frill of ruffling around the whole bonnet and tail. These bonnets, white and neat, set on a well-shaped head, with a fresh, pretty face and neck, looked charming, indeed, and were well calculated to turn the heads and capture the hearts of the beaux. I dare say that they looked as charming and bewitching to the young men of that day as does the $20 hat to the beaux of the present day, and brought to them more adulation and respect.

At last the hour of 11 o'clock arrived, when the preacher arose in the pulpit. Then every whisper was hushed, not a sound could be heard, even the hard breathing of old asthmatic Brother Simmons was temporarily hushed so as to catch all the words of the preacher. In some instances he would begin with reading announcements of "losses and finds" of the neighborhood, such as "Brother Tucker lost on last Saturday night a mule, brown or bay, with one eye out and a scar on his back, or a scar on the hip." All the blemishes were given. A horse lost was published in the same way. Perhaps Brother Jackson had lost a saddle, with one stirrup leather tied with a rawhide string. It was a Hope tree or a Rallston's rig. The make was added so as to be certain, if found, to be delivered to the rightful owner. If anything was found it would be published from the pulpit in the same manner. There was some excuse for this, for there were no newspapers published in the country and the preacher had to be something of a bulletin board for the neighborhood. After all

these preliminaries had been gone through with he then read a passage from the Bible and then a hymn, which the whole congregation would be invited to sing. The preacher always lined the song by

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed
And did my sovereign die?"

After the congregation had sung these two lines he would then proceed to the next two:

"Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

They would all then take up the song where they had left it and proceed in this way to the end. After the song then came the prayer, which would last perhaps from twenty to thirty minutes, in which the good man would beeseech the Almighty for everything good, and a general blotting out of the bad, usually touching on the drouths and rains and everything pertaining to the harvest, at the mention of which good unctious amens would come from the good deacons and the farmers in general. After he had touched on a little of everything else he would finally come to the amen, much to the gratification of the younger portion of the congregation, for they were opposed mentally to the long intervals in which they exchanged shy glances at their cousins, who happened to be sitting with their sweethearts. Sometimes these exercises at prayer would cause some of the good old mothers to get themselves into the most ludicrous scrapes. Their boy children (boys have not changed any since those days) would climb onto their mother's backs, and when the amen came they would be unable to rise, as was the case with a good old pious mother I once knew. She had an only son, and when the old lady was at prayer he concluded he would ride her, so he climbed up on her back, and when the time came to rise the little scamp would not dismount. As the old lady would reach around in order to catch hold of the youngster to dismount him he would lean over to the opposite side, eluding her grasp, thus see-sawing from side to side, keeping her in the humble posture of kneeling and clutching at him until relieved by one of her neighbors. That boy never attempted to ride his mother again. At the times of prayer the preacher would begin his petitions with low and solemn words, state the facts in as clear and calm a mood as possible, and then, as the subject became more and more urgent, he would become warmer and more vehement in his petitions, until the gates of heaven would be, as it were, opened to see what was going on in this lower place. After the supplication ended, the text was read and divided and subdivisioned into numerous headings, which consumed from two to three hours. It is wonderful how much preaching our old-time mothers and fathers could bear. Of course, in these lengthy discourses the little ones would become

tired and restless. When too much so, the kind mother would take them out through the side door and spread their riding skirts on the ground behind the church near the little window cut in the wall on the back of the pulpit about as high as the preacher's head when standing. Here the mothers would congregate as the children gave cause until quite a good number would assemble, making themselves comfortable, seated on their riding skirts. The elderly ones would draw their pipes from the long calico bag and have a good smoke, while the younger set would draw from their dress pocket the box and brush and have a social dip. It must not be understood that the good old mothers, when they withdrew from the interior of the church, were out of hearing of the explanation of the gospel, which they so largely enjoyed, for the preachers in those days had wonderful lungs and used them freely, and in the climax of a good thought would pound the Bible with their fists and stamp the floor in utter defiance of Satan and his hosts. It was generally understood that that was a cleaning up day, and that Satan and his hosts had no work to perform in or around that house. These were good old times. We had shouting, too, in those good old days. The old sisters were not ashamed to praise God in audible voices and the preachers knew it, and were loth to say nay to it.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

## Chapter XIX

# OLD FASHIONED CAMP MEETINGS

From The Galveston *Daily News*, May 16, 1897

OLD fashioned camp meetings in the early days of the republic of Texas were attended by the multitudes coming from every quarter of the country and were a source of much pleasure and gratification to the early pioneers. They were usually held in the summer or early autumn. Preparations were made for weeks before hand and no event in the year was more excelled, not even the Fourth of July occasion. It would be given out regularly from every pulpit for some time before that a camp meeting would be held at such and such a place, commencing on Wednesday or Thursday before the third Saturday in July or August of that year, and all were cordially invited to attend. So you see that on such general invitations great preparations were to be made. This was not thought burdensome at that time, as it was in the days of slavery, and every camper had plenty of help and such as could be relied on, so there was no thought of failure. Of course it was a little hard on the ladies, but every one had good and efficient house maids, who relieved them of a great portion of the burden. Some time before the appointed time for the meeting to commence preparations would be begun, the chickens, turkeys and other poultry would be enumerated by the mothers; the lambs, mutton, beef and kid and shoats by the fathers, and they were always counted liberally, for preparations were to be made for their friends abroad and the stranger at the gate was to be taken in. This would include from ten to fifteen hundred hungry souls to be fed during the meeting. A few days before the appointed time some of the more enthusiastic of the brethren would repair to the grounds with their negroes, armed with necessary implements to prepare them by making suitable clearings, erecting a brush arbor and preparing the stand, making benches, etc.

These benches were made by cutting trees, rolling them under the arbor at suitable distances apart. They split other logs and hewed the rough places off and placed them crosswise on the large logs laid lengthwise. This was all and on these benches the audience had to sit without any support for their backs for hours at a time. When all things were completed at the time appointed the move commenced. The tarts, pies, cakes, loaves of bread and other good things which the old sisters had been preparing, had been carefully packed in boxes and were loaded into the wagons. Pots, kettles, ovens and all culinary apparatus were also put on, as there were no cooking stoves at the time.

In the after days of camp meeting people had become better off and were able to purchase a barrel of flour for the occasion. Bedding, chairs, tables and all the lighter articles were placed on top of the wagon so as to prevent breakage, and when the wagon moved off there was little left in the house. The premises were usually left in keeping of two trusty old negroes for safety and, to their credit, were rigidly guarded. On arrival tents, which consisted of bagging, were stretched around upright posts set firmly in the ground. A cover of whatever material one had was placed above to protect the dweller from the rays of the sun and dew, and with straw scattered over the ground the work was completed and a pleasant home made for the occasion. On Thursday preaching commenced and it was usually a tame affair until Sunday. The ladies had to meet at one another's tents and talk over the news for the first few days. After that it became a matter of business. On Saturday and Saturday night the warfare on Satan commenced in earnest. However, the big guns were loaded for Sunday, for on that day they always carried the war into his satanic majesty's own domain. They, as it were, invaded his very precincts and laid bare his veritable habitation, and brought to light his manner and mode of conducting his affairs. In the opening the preacher first drew a strong and striking likeness of the habitation of the blessed, the extreme happiness there where every want was cared for and there was utter freedom from care and trouble. By much persuasive eloquence he would get the people's feeling enlisted with him in the desire for good and to be with the angels in heaven. Thus he would lead them in an unconscious manner into new fields of thought, like a good shepherd would lead his flock to a beautiful lake of crystal water surrounded with umbrageous trees, where they could rest and cool their parched tongues. Then, to the great surprise of his congregation, when he had gotten them to the brink of the beautiful water he, with one flight of oratory, would uncover the home of the "adversary," and bid them behold the souls of the lost. There he would hold them spellbound, as a master would hold his audience, in pointing out the horrors of a great painting. There, in imagination, you could see the doomed souls writhing in mortal agony, deep down in the pit of sulphurous burning, and perhaps a soul would rise and in the deepest agony cry for one drop of water, when his cry would be answered with molten lead poured down his already parched throat. Then the poor soul would sink out of sight for perhaps a couple of million years, when perhaps he would reappear to suffer the same fate. Others would be brought up to view as the first poor soul would disappear, to be treated in the same manner for all eternity. Eternity was compared to a bird from some far-off planet which should visit this earth once in a million years and carry off one grain of sand at each visit. When he had carried off this whole world eternity had just commenced. What an awful picture. And further, the smoke from this pit shall

ascend forever and ever, and be a sweet savor unto those who are redeemed. In the portrayal of the judgment the poor, trembling, feeble body is resurrected and brought forth to judgment, and received the last and final sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed; go dwell with the devil and his angels in the lake which burneth forever and ever." At this the poor, self-accused spirit departs, goes to his doom with the words of his mother still burning in his soul, "ye knew your duty and did it not, the judgment of God is just; go." At the climax of this horrible picture a low wailing could be heard from some good old sister in the congregation. As the sound penetrated the ears of the audience others would take it up, and it seemed as the sighing of maddened winds off the desert of despair. Others would be affected in a more vehement manner. The shout of "Glory!" "Glory!" would follow, and still others of "Glory! Hallelujah! Blessed be the name of God!" and then the clapping of hands. At this juncture the younger sisters would approach the old ones, loosen their bonnet strings and proceed to fan them, and administer words of consolation, the best at their command. Nor was the amen corner of the old brethren silent, for they too would shout with much unction, "Amen!" "Amen!" and perhaps break into a holy laugh, which would resound with a rasping noise throughout the whole congregation. The preachers, seeing their vantage ground gained, would commence one of those good old chorus songs which ran thus:

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone
And I want to go there too;
His tracks I see and I'll pursue,
And I want to go there, too."

This, with the aid of good voices from the congregation, would create a panic that nothing could resist. When the call for mourners was made, an indiscriminate scramble would be made for the altar, and in the twinkling of an eye every place would be filled with beseeching mourners, who by their prayers and importunities would almost open the very gates of heaven. Have I overdrawn this picture? I ask all candid old men to speak. I have not done it justice, for it is far out of my power to draw a picture of the good old camp meeting time of yore. On these occasions "Old Scratch," as he was familiarly called, by the young people, would be utterly routed, horse, foot and dragoon, from the grounds, but too often only to take up his refuge around and about the grounds, in the brush, where he could be seen hovering over a jug of good old whisky. His Satanic majesty, with much subtlety, could always be found in some shape on the outskirts, and although defeated in one place, would reinforce his cohorts and wage war in another. Perhaps the very old deacons who had helped to rout him on that day would find him on the next in his retreat dealing out that seductive beverage

to some of his opponents in the previous battle. Such is the weakness of poor mortals. The multitude assembled at 9 o'clock in the morning and at 11 by the blast of a ram's horn. It is exceedingly strange with what pertinacity the old time folks held on to their traditions. They would always use a ram's horn on these occasions if possible to procure, in imitation of the horns that Joshua used in blowing down the walls of Jericho. But if this article could not be procured they would use the ordinary cow's horn. After the 11 o'clock service was over, all were invited to partake of a sumptuous dinner at any and all the tents. After all had feasted who had been specially invited, the good old fathers would send around invitations to all who had not feasted to come forward and partake. The stranger at the gate must not be turned away. At 3 o'clock service would be resumed again, and last until near night, when all were invited to supper. During supper hour negroes were sent around the grounds lighting huge bonfires made on scaffolds covered with earth. These scaffolds were made at convenient distances around the grounds so as to give good light all over the premises. At early candle lighting services again began, which would reach far into the night. These night services were special occasions for the young and timid to congregate at the altar and voices from the tottering young to those of more mature years could be heard intermingling in one discordant sound in implorations for mercy, and seemed so earnest in their beseechings as to melt a heart of stone.

It was at these times that the evil one would betake himself furthest off, seemingly for fear of his own conversion.

These were the good old times we once had in Texas, and applies with equal propriety to all other frontier states, for we are all of the same stock, only a little removed from each other, perhaps on account of less favorable conditions—cast in rougher molds, perhaps. On Monday morning, after the second Sabbath of its continuation, the meeting would close, and the camp ground bear the scene of business. All camps are torn down, the furniture loaded into wagons preparatory to a move homeward, though several hours are consumed in the "good-byes" and "God bless yous" as the good old mothers visit from tent to tent to shake the hand of old friends and those newly made. For many it is the last until the next camp meeting, and with others until the sad hour when to their honest belief they will be awakened by the blast of the trump which will call all to the great resurrection, when, according to the preacher, each shall receive the final parting which to them will be forever. May God enlighten our minds more fully on this momentous subject, so mote it be. Amen. Soon the campers are all at home once more and feel better for their week's outing.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

CHAPTER XX

# GEN. HOUSTON'S ADMINISTRATION AND INCIDENTS OF EARLY TEXAS FRONTIER LIFE

From The Galveston *Daily News*, January 15, 1899

SOME time since I was very much interested in reading the papers of Mrs. Julia Sinks, published at that time in The News. Being an old Texan myself, I was well acquainted with the leading characters mentioned in her essays, and can substantiate the truthfulness of her descriptions of them. As she left off at the removal of the seat of government from Austin to Houston and from thence to Washington, on the Brazos, I though that it might be interesting to some of your numerous readers to continue the events of those troublesome times.

General Houston had no downy pillow whereon to lay his noble head. Everything was in confusion. Internal as well as external excitement ruled the hour; Indians and Mexicans were on the outskirts; enemies of almost as grave character were at home. The removal caused great excitement and condemnation on the frontier from the Colorado river to as far as the frontier extended both south and west, including some of the lower counties on the Brazos. After moving to Houston, being unable to procure houses of suitable character at the place free of rent, and contending that the government was too poor to pay rent, General Houston notified the citizens of Washington that if they would furnish the necessary buildings he would move the seat of government to that place. On receipt of this information a town meeting was held, the most suitable houses were obtained, carpenters were put to work, and in a short time ample accommodations were made, which, although rough, afforded shelter for the officials. General Houston was assigned a one-story, one-room office which had once been occupied by W. Z. McFarlan as a law office. This office had an open fire place in the east, a window in the south, a door in the west and a window in the north. Under the opening on the north there was a couch, on which General Houston was wont to recline when dictating his correspondence to Mr. W. D. Miller, his private secretary. Mr. Miller sat at a large common deal table in the center of the floor, occupying the only chair in the room until General Houston had some half dozen made by an old countryman living in the neighborhood. There was a little episode attending the making of these

chairs which went to show some of the peculiar characteristics of General Houston. After sending for the chair maker it was agreed that the frames of the chairs were to be made of strong white ash, and that they were to be bottomed with a white cowhide without a blot or blemish. When the chairs were delivered, on one of the bottoms the hair had slipped off about the size of a dollar. On discovering this defect the general flew into a passion and gave the old man a sound tongue lashing. I suppose he had been considerably irritated previously or he would not have noticed the defect. He was usually kind and affable, but when irritated by some outside pressure was very passionate. I have seen some accounts in print of General Houston's library. If he had any books in his office I failed to see them, and I was in his office many times during his administration. He rarely ever read either newspapers or books. His favorite paper was the Register, published at Washington by Mr. Johnson, known all over the republic as "Ramrod" Johnson. Mr. Johnson was quite an able man, but was assisted secretly by General Houston himself and his private secretary, Mr. Miller.

The state department, over which Dr. Anson Jones presided, had been an old wood shop which by the carpenters had been reconstructed into a very respectable one-story building and large and roomy enough to transact all the business of the then young republic. All the business belonging to that department would not at that time amount to as much as that of one large dry goods firm at the present day, yet what there was was of a very precious character. The treaties which had recently been formed with the United States, England, Germany and France were contained in that old building. It was in that building that the writer saw the signatures of Queen Victoria, Emperor William and Louis Phillip of France. The two latter were inclosed in small gold boxes about the size and thickness of a small blacking box. The former was in a larger silver box. The queen's name was written on white wax, as were also the others, but her name was written in a large, bold hand, whereas the other two were in rather small, effeminate hands. The postoffice bureau was just across the street from the state department, and was a small one-story with two rooms. It was a branch of the state department, and hence called postoffice bureau. John Hall was chief clerk of this department, and the writer of this was his assistant for some time. The work in this department was exceedingly light, as there were not exceeding 150 postoffices in the republic, and with that a very small amount of mail matter.

The most of the postoffices at that time were in east Texas and on the coast. Altogether they did not bring in much revenue. The other offices were on Main street in the northern part of the town,

a considerable distance from General Houston's office. The secretary of war and navy, Dr. George Hill, had his office on Main street, just opposite the old Declaration of Independence building. Dr. Hill was in very bad health and was granted leave of absence to go to Hot Springs, in Arkansas, to recruit his health. M. C. Hamilton acted for him during his absence. Mr. Hamilton was a bold man, as was shown during and after the late confederate states war. Whatever his course may have been he was honest and conscientious in all his actions. Mr. Hamilton was goaded to do many things he would not in all probability have done if left alone. William Henry Dangerfield was a handsome man and always appeared on the streets very neat and tidy in dress, was gentlemanly in his deportment and bearing toward all who had business with him. He resigned after serving some time as secretary of the treasury to go as minister to Belgium, and Dr. James B. Miller was appointed in his place. Dr. Miller was the very opposite of Mr. Dangerfield so far as dress was concerned. He had been so long in Texas he considered it of secondary importance; but he, as almost every old Texan, was kind and obliging in all his dealings with his fellowmen. It would be useless to say, if all knew the facts, that there existed no great use for this office, as there was nothing in it that was of special value save promises to pay and some few vouchers. Judge George W. Terrell was attorney general during the first of General Houston's administrations, but his health failed to such a degree that he had to resign. Judge Terrell was a man whom General Houston very much admired, and was one of his warmest friends. When his health failed so that he could not attend to the business of his office, General Houston sent him and Major Weston out on the frontier to meet and treat with the Indians, with the hope that if the trip proved advantageous perhaps he would stay for some time; but it proved otherwise and he came home and in a short time died. Colonel Ebenezer Allen was then appointed in his place. Colonel Allen was a very intelligent man, deeply versed in the law, but very modest and unassuming; he was a perfect gentleman, an enterprising citizen, and was the originator, if I mistake not, of the plan of getting a charter to build the Galveston, Houston and Henderson railroad, under which charter the Houston and Texas Central started their line. I think the present International and Great Northern was also built under that charter. Asa Brigham was treasurer. Here was another useless office at that time, but I suppose all came in to make up the semblance of a government. Francis R. Lubbock and James B. Shaw were comptrollers at different times. Francis R. Lubbock was succeeded by Mr. Shaw. So we see that Uncle Frank, as he is familiarly called, was an office holder in that early day; he is still alive at this writing and seemingly takes as much interest in the affairs of state as when a young man.

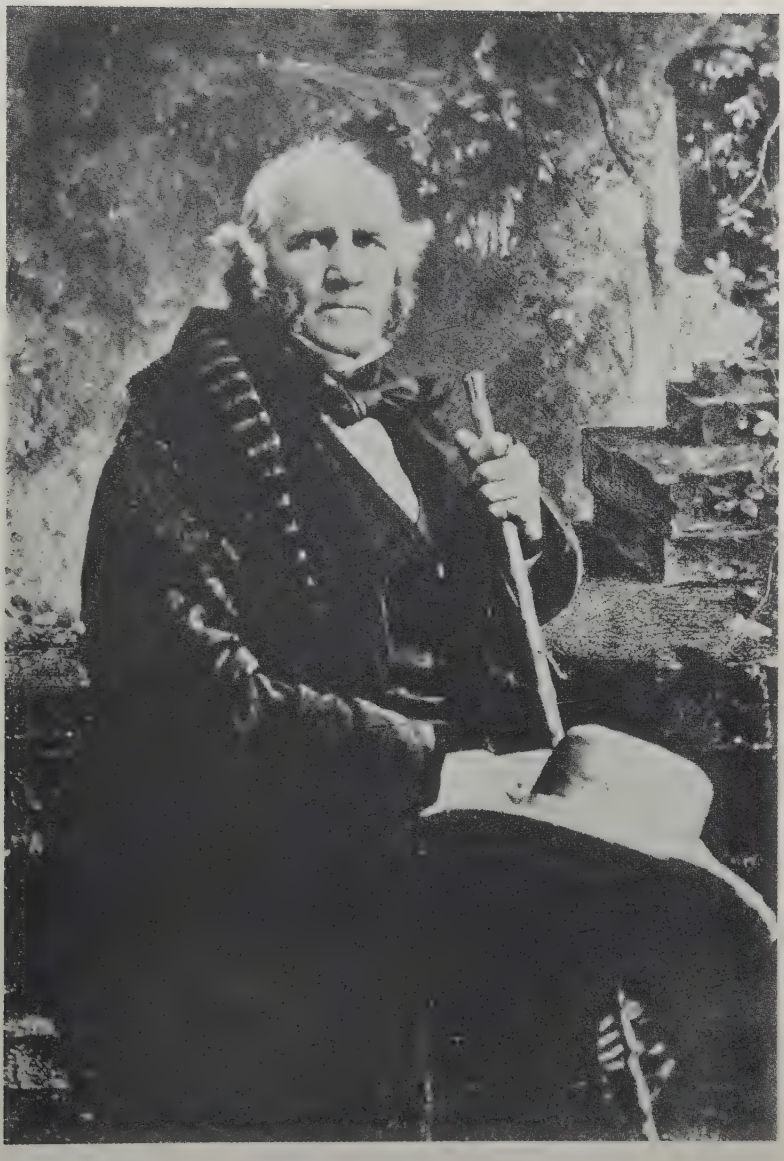
He has outlived all his old associates and old friends, and seemingly treads life's pathway alone. But when the great messenger summons him to walk in other spheres all will write in the praise of his many virtues, above all his honesty and patriotism. James B. Shaw, "Honest Jim," it was he who after annexation, carried along the public road from Houston to Austin $50,000 in wagons with only ten or fifteen men as guards. I hardly think it could be done at the present day. On account of his honesty and strict business qualifications he retained his office for many years. Charles Mason was General Houston's auditor. The land office was never moved to Washington permanently. Colonel Thomas William Ward, commissioner of the general land office, was a bold, free-spoken Irishman. He had lost his right arm and right leg and in this crippled condition he made a very efficient commissioner. After spending some time at the seat of government at Washington he returned to Austin and opened the land office in that city and did such business as was essential for the public good. James Riley, Isaac Van Zandt and J. Pinckney Henderson were ministers to the United States, as their names succeed each other. They were all men of note in their day, especially J. Pinckney Henderson, who was the first governor of Texas after annexation. General Henderson was born in North Carolina and afterward moved to Mississippi, practiced law in that state until 1838. He then, learning of the revolution going on in Texas and being of chivalrous disposition, raised a company and landed at Velasco on June 13, 1836, soon after the memorable hattle of San Jacinto was fought. On General Houston being elected for the first time he was appointed attorney general and afterward served as secretary of state, and in 1837 was sent to England and France as minister. Then Texas was represented at both the courts of England and France by one minister. In the declining days of the republic he was sent as minister to the United States, thus filling a life of usefulness to his adopted state and country, and as a last tribute of respect he was elected by his people to the United States senate, but before taking his seat was summoned by that fell destroyer, Death, which is no respector of persons.

Dr. Ashbel Smith, a very noted character in Texas was a northern born man but deeply sympathized with Texas. When learning of her struggles he left his home in Connecticut for the scene of war and arrived in his adopted country in 1837. On account of great medical skill he was appointed soon after his arrival surgeon general of the little army, which position he filled with honor until General Houston's election as president of the republic, when he received the appointment of minister to France and England, as the doctor termed it, minister to the courts of St. James and St. Cloud. The doctor was a man of much learning and ability and was a credit to Texas

at both courts. He was exceedingly vain and delighted in telling of the many exploits of his happening in those countries while holding office. He was always respected and held in high esteem by all who knew him. He professed to be a great admirer of paintings and in his journeyings in the east brought back a few which he hung in his office in Galveston. It was told on him that on a certain occasion he invited a few ladies to his office to view his pictures, which he considered very fine. On entering his office he proudly pointed to them hanging on the wall, the subjects being women in a perfectly nude condition. Art had not been cultivated to such an extent in Texas at that time as to warrant the ladies in bringing to bear a full gaze at the pictures without causing a blush to their cheeks, and instead of looking on the pictures with that severity of countenance with which he thought they should, they found something else in the office which was more attractive to them, and as soon as possible departed. The ladies afterward said that the doctor should not have exhibited such pictures to them, he being an old bachelor. They, knowing the doctor's peculiarities, soon forgave him and were as much pleased with his delightful conversation as ever. The doctor served Texas afterward with much gallantry as colonel of the Second Texas infantry in the war of secession and was the first to bring to Texas news of the surrender of the confederate forces under General Lee at Appomattox. He came over in a steamer from New Orleans bearing the dreadful tidings.

Charles H. Raymond was secretary of legation to the United States.

This comprises a full list of General Houston's cabinet and appointees during his second administration. He was exceedingly fortunate in calling around him such a body of men. All seemed to work as one man in the interest and promotion of the common welfare of the republic. Not a jar of discord was heard among them. All were particular friends of the general and were willing at all times to contribute whatever they could in the way of advice in their deliberations. Now when all had been installed in their offices it appeared that there was nothing in the way of stationery, books or any necessary article with which to commence the records of the government. On General Houston recognizing this fact he called on John W. Hall, an old and brave citizen, living near the town of Washington, and Uncle Buck Pettus, another old Texan, in whom General Houston put confidence, to go to Austin with wagons and bring down as much of the public archives as would be sufficient to commence operations at the new capital. Now it must be remembered that a trip to Austin in those days was made with a good deal of unsafety. There were very few settlements from the borders of Washington county to Austin. Indian raids were in full blast and



General Sam Houston
(From a photograph by Frederich of New York, made in 1856)

it required great courage and good horses for one or two men to attempt it. They expected to hire wagons in Austin to transport such of the archives as they had instruction to bring and have the assistance of the teamsters on their return trip. Mr. Hall, being fond of the turf, always had a good supply of good horses at his command and was soon ready for the trip. Not so with Uncle Buck. He being a remarkably large man, it required a good horse to carry his weight and make much of a run before the Indians. It occurred to him, so he said, to borrow his wife's saddle horse, a fine large animal, for his use. Mrs. Pettus thought a great deal of "Old Ball," as she called him, and very reluctantly loaned him. On the second day after their start from Washington they arrived in Austin, after a fatiguing ride in the afternoon. It being a case of emergency they proceeded to engage wagons. After some search they found two, which they hired. All seemed to be quiet at Austin and no objections being made the wagons were driven to the department out of which they were to get their load. Mr. Hall, being a business man, remained with the wagons to facilitate them in loading. But Uncle Buck, being fond of his toddy and "the boys" as they were called in those days, went to the hotel and put up for the night. He had "Old Ball" put into the stable and prepared for a good time with "the boys." Uncle Buck also liked the game of "seven up" and "faro" occasionally. All seemed well and agreeable. Mr. Hall had the wagons loaded for an early start in the morning. About day dawn he had his teamsters hitch up their mules, so as to be ready when the sun should rise. Imagine his surprise when in the act of starting to be confronted not far off with a loaded cannon and that, too, in charge of a lady resident, with match ready in hand to touch it off in the event of an attempt on Mr. Hall's part to turn a wheel. This was the first intimation of trouble. On Mr. Hall's inquiring what was meant, the answer came from the lady, who had a strong backing: "If you attempt to move those wagons I will blow you and mules, wagons and your whole outfit into kindling wood," to which Mr. Hall objected, saying that he would consider his partner before he would yield. An armistice was declared until Mr. Hall could consult with Mr. Pettus. On reaching the hotel, Mr. Hall related what had taken place, to which Uncle Buck replied: "See here, Hall, I know that lady, and she will shoot. She is as brave as Julius Caesar. There is nothing left for us to do but go back home and make our report." Uncle Buck at once ordered his horse, and in a fit of indignation was ready to shake the dust of Austin from his feet. His horse was saddled and brought out for Uncle Buck to mount. A negro boy was holding him by the bridle near the hotel door. On observing the horse he said to the boy: "Why did you bring somebody else's horse? I ordered my own horse." To which the negro, with a grin on his face, replied: "Boss, dis is your horse;

dere ain't no odder horse in de stable." Uncle Buck was dumb struck for a few moments. "Why, you imp of darkness," he says, "if you do not produce my horse in short order I will crucify you in five minutes." "I declar fore God, boss, dis is you horse; I speck dem boys is been playing one of deir tricks on dis horse, case, when I put him up las' night, he had his mane and tail on an' his ears was dar too, but fore God, when I coch him dis morning der was no sign ob dem on de hoss, but a bunch of har was laying in de trof." Uncle Buck by this time had walked up near "Old Ball," and patting him affectionately, said: "Poor Ball, I reckon this is yourself, you have the color and the blaze in your face, but —— —— if I had seen you anywhere else I never would have recognized you." Uncle Buck made the air blue all around about those premises for ten or fifteen minutes, when he and Mr. Hall rode off for Washington, leaving the wagons standing with their loads in the same position they were when loaded. On their arrival at Washington they made their report to General Houston, which greatly incensed him, for he had no intimation that there would be trouble with the citizens of Austin in regard to the removal of the archives to Washington. After a few days he sent for Captain Tom T. Smith, and after a consultation with him it was agreed that Captain Smith would get a company of ten or fifteen men and go into Austin secretly and at night load a few wagons, and during the hours of darkness slip off by way of Georgetown, as the citizens by this time had communicated with the settlements of Bastrop and Lagrange, the only settlements of any importance at that time between the borders of Washington county and Austin, to guard the road and prevent any passing of wagons in that direction unless they had with them a permit from Austin to do so. Captain Smith and party were successful in loading their wagons, and had no trouble until they had reached Brushy, a small stream where Georgetown now stands. He and party considered themselves safe when at that distance and struck camp for rest and to feed their teams. However, the citizens of Austin on the next morning, on learning what had taken place the previous night, raised a company of fifty or sixty men, with a piece of artillery, and commenced a pursuit of the party who had made the raid on the government building, and came up with them at their camp. They demanded a surrender of the wagons and teams. Whereupon Captain Smith, seeing no other alternate, being outnumbered so greatly and also seeing the artillery, did not hesitate to accede to the demand. The wagons were then driven back to Austin and the contents were again placed in their respective places, there to sleep until the termination of the existence of the then republic. Captain Smith proceeded to Washington with dispatch and reported his defeat to General Houston. This was called his archive war. Now General Houston, not to be outdone, sent a requisition to New

Orleans for stationery and books, and in a short time received them, and the officials being all allotted to their several offices the government commenced anew. It looked as if a new government had recently sprung into existence, and I dare say that it was rather joyful for the clerks, as they had no musty pages to overhaul nor old accounts and records to review.

I will now go back a little and give a fuller account of Uncle Buck Pettus and "Old Ball," for the old horse had a record worth preserving. He had on a former occasion saved his mistress from a more cruel fate than death itself. Consequently Uncle Buck was much chagrined over the mutilation of "Old Ball" and was at a loss for some time whether he would take him home again for his wife to see. But he could not find it in his heart to dispose of him, or that any other hands save his wife's should ever caress him, so very reluctantly he carried the faithful old friend to his home again. The meeting between Mrs. Pettus and her faithful horse was sorrowful indeed, for she thought of him as almost one of the family.

Now for "Old Ball's" history. In the early days, Mr. Pettus lived in a small settlement in Austin county called Industry. A few Americans and Germans planted this colony. Some few miles distant was another settlement, and between the two the ladies were in the habit of spending the day with each other socially. It was on one of these occasions that the occurrence happened. On a beautiful morning in the spring of the year, after the leaves had budded forth and received their full growth, Mrs. Pettus and one of the neighbor women agreed to go on a visit to their friends to spend the day. Soon after breakfast each had her favorite horse saddled preparatory for the trip, and after attending to their household duties mounted, not thinking of the danger ahead, for it had been some time since Indians had been seen in the neighborhood. Mrs. Pettus rode Ball on this occasion. Now if there was anything on earth Ball was afraid of it was the smell and sight of Indians. When either occurred he became frantic and no urging could make him take a step in the direction from whence the sight, sound or smell came. His peculiarity was known to the family, which added doubly to his virtue, and was one of the causes which made Uncle Buck ride him to Austin. When Mrs. Pettus and her friend had proceeded a mile or two on their journey, and when nearing a grove of timber, "Old Ball" threw up his head and became motionless, fright seemed to possess him, and on giving a quick snort he wheeled. In an instant Mrs. Pettus called to her friend and said, "Let's return quickly." Knowing the peculiarity of her horse she knew the danger that was ahead. Hardly had the lady reined her horse around before ten or twelve Comanches broke cover from the woods, and a race for life commenced. The ladies threw themselves astride their saddles, and

holding on to the horns of them, gave free rein to their horses. The race was desperate, on the part of the ladies, it was for freedom from a far worse fate than death. On the part of the Indians it was for a gratification of their beastly desires, and their ever thirst for blood. The ladies' horses seemed to be imbued with the fate of their precious burden, and seemingly entered into the race with full intent to win. The Indians were riding good ponies and for some time the race seemed to be critical. But whenever the Indians, by their superb riding, gained on the ladies their hellish yells seemed to renew the energy of the horses of the ladies and another link was let loose to their flight. And away they sped in eager pursuit and flight. Finally home was near at hand and the merciless wretches fearing that a further pursuit would perhaps bring them in collision with the settlers, withdrew and left the settlement, well knowing the wrath that would be kindled in the neighborhood, and if found the severe punishment that would be meted out to them.

This little colony was composed of the Bells, Shelburns, Yorks, Pettuses, and a few Germans, and no braver or more honorable set of men were to be found in the republic. It had been their almost daily employment for years to watch for the lurking savages and fight them whenever an opportunity presented itself. The descendants of these brave old fathers are still many of them in that country, and are of its best citizens. I recollect in 1842 of visiting Industry. There were then only two settlements from the town of Washington to that place. A small settlement at Jacksonville settled by several families of Jacksons, and a settlement in what is now Chappell Hill. From the latter place to the settlement at Industry there was not a single inhabitant. We had no road, and had only a single trail to lead us on our journey. The country was beautiful, as the long, rich rolling prairies were covered with green grass and wild prairie flowers. We were then on a visit to Uncle Buck Pettus, where we were received and right royally entertained, as was the custom of all old Texans.

Soon after this visit Uncle Buck came to Washington, as it was his custom to visit the seat of government every few months. He was fond of company, his toddy and his friends, and was withal a whole-souled, genial good man. His heart and purse were always open to friends. On this trip he was taken sick, and being a very corpulent man fear was entertained from the commencement of his attack for his recovery. An ill advised dose of lobelia given him brought on severe vomiting; in his retching he ruptured a blood vessel which caused his death. We buried him in the Masonic cemetery at Washington, at night. The moon was shining brightly and the stars were out in beauty. There was no sound save the solemn

tread of those who bore him to his lonely grave, and the occasional chirp of a cricket as he lured his mate to gentle repose. No music, only the twinkling stars as they sang together heavenly harmony. No light to lower him into his lonely vault but the glinting of the moonbeams as they glided softly through the rustling leaves of the large oak which we left standing as a solitary sentinel at his lonely grave. Peace to the ashes of "Uncle Buck," the patriot.

JOHN W. LOCKHART.

## Chapter XXI

# WHEN THE REPUBLIC CAME TO AN END

AS the years roll, events transpire and bring about new issues in governmental affairs as well as state affairs. Now the year 1845 ends my remembrance of the Republic of Texas; that fair and glorious land where so many private citizens became heroes, and offered up their life-blood upon the altar as a sacrifice for their country.

Were it in my power, I would gladly chronicle the names of all; every one should have a share of that glory that is inherent in the hearts of all patriots who have gone forth to battle for their country. As we can not record the names of all, it is best that a few should live in our memory, than that all should perish. For that purpose, we will select a few of the leaders of these eventful times.

The first of all is that great man who stood at the helm of the State with his noble hand on the wheel and piloted the glorious ship safely into port. Although her dismantled hull was on the verge of wrecking in many of the stormy scenes through which she passed, yet his strong arm and clear brain landed her safely in the harbor, rigging and spars gone and steam-power nearly exhausted.

The pilot, knowing the immense value of the cargo, strained every muscle, nerve and all of his great power over his fellow workers; and at last unloaded the mighty treasure into the lap of the United States. This grand old pilot was General Sam Houston, whom every Texan should be proud of, and hold his memory sacred—yes, sacred: why not? Is it not said that there is "a divinity which guides and shapes the destiny of every great man?"

Not the least of the many elements which threatened to destroy the untried craft upon its maiden voyage, was that of the white man's natural enemy—the Indian. Each tribe bore its own particular tribal grudge, and was a perpetual menace to the settling up of the vast and unused territory by the pioneers. General Houston was particularly well fitted to cope with this acute problem.

While acting as secret agent under General Jackson's administration in the States, he became famous, not only with the Cherokees—which was his adopted tribe, but with all the wild Indians then inhabiting the borders of Texas. He was looked upon as being almost immaculate; hence, when the new Republic was so sorely pressed on all sides, and it became known that the Great White Father had been elevated to the Presidency, hostilities slacked up to such a degree, that the farmer could venture forth to his field without

fear of the fatal arrow, or the bloody tomahawk; or that in his absence his wife and children might be massacred.

When he took his seat a second time as President of the Republic, things looked gloomy enough, and so he attacked the Indian problem at once. Through his agents, he summoned all the principal chiefs to visit him at Washington. Here he met them, equipped with the training not only of a lawyer and a statesman, but with that rigid and thorough education he had gained while self exiled as an Indian. It was during this period of his life that the seeds of discontent had sprung up in the minds of Texans regarding their allegiance to the foreign government of Mexico.

His Nemesis began to move his restless spirit, and he came over into Texas at just the opportune time to participate in the great events, which were to forever break asunder the galling cords binding the Mexican state to the Mexican Republic, with its oppression and misrule. How well he performed this part of his mission is to be seen to this day. He—in combination with other illustrious patriots, framed a declaration of independence, at the town of Washington, on the 2nd day of March, 1836, which gave to the State a free and independent government; and afterward made it one of the most powerful states in the Union.

In the performance of this task, his great ability which had been acquired in his more genial days, was of vast benefit to him in performing this delicate work. At the time General Houston was appointed commander-in-chief of the little army of the Republic it was scattered in different parts of the country, and insurbordination was prevalent. Many—it seemed, wanted to be commander-in-chief. Even the executive department was split into two factions.

In this the hand of Providence seemed to take a part, for it gave to General Houston time, acting under orders of Governor Smith, to go to East Texas and to form a treaty with the Cherokee Indians, who—if they had not been pacified, could have done great damage to the women, children and old men, who were forced to remain at home. It seemed that his great sagacity looked to all these minor matters before the final great battle, which was to result in freedom and advancement for the country.

After the treaty with the Cherokees had been made, he returned and was again appointed to the command of the few scattered soldiers—alas, too few. Because Fannin and his little army had been defeated and massacred at Goliad; and Travis and his brave band had been brutally murdered at the Alamo, and other small bands had been captured, the little army of patriots was sorely depleted at the outset.

The remainder—a scant seven hundred and eighty, rallied to the support of the Lone Star; pledging themselves to follow it to victory

or death. With this banner in the hands of their great chieftain, they gained courage to look ahead; not backward at the fatal field of Goliad or the Alamo, but to set their eyes upon their leader and in their hearts resolve—as did those of old who said: "I will go where thou goest, though it lead to the field of death!"

Knowing the great numerical strength of Santa Anna, also knowing that to attack him meant defeat,—but trusting that the Mexican—flushed with victory, would divide his forces to drive every American from the country, Houston resorted to strategy.

He made a feint, as if intending to cross the Brazos high up, thus leaving at the mercy of Santa Anna a large section of unprotected coast country. The counties along the coast were more thickly populated, and offered richer loot to the enemy. Taking advantage of this, Santa Anna spread his forces out to cover as much territory as he could; which was just as Houston expected. Leaving the greater body with General Fillisola, with which to mop up the rest of the State, he himself selected a smaller and still effective force and fared forth through the choice territory, bent upon reaping spoils without end.

To the surprise of many, who thought Houston was making a retreat that would carry him out of the State entirely, he swung his tired column to the south and east and into swampy country, where the going was heart-breaking. Through down-pouring rains he dragged his baggage by ox-teams and by man-power—literally shouldering wagons across the sloughs. Just why Houston went to all this man-killing trouble to reach the low, boggy prairie land was not known at the time—and perhaps never will be known; unless it was to entice the enemy into a kind of country they were not used to, and from which neither force could readily retreat—and would therefore have to fight it out to a finish.

Whatever the idea, it worked. Santa Anna crossed the Brazos lower down, and pressed north in pursuit. He came in contact with the Texans along Buffalo Bayou; and—after a slight skirmish which did not seem to mean anything, built a line of breast-works of pack equipment and baggage, and settled down for a rest—apparently intending to clean up his foes in the next day or two.

How different must have been the feelings of the two commanders. General Houston, with his few hundred untrained troops, with their backs to the deep, narrow, boggy San Jacinto River, and the choicest of the Mexican army in his front, under the immediate command of the Presidente of the Republic—the admitted "Napoleon of the West." It is likely that Houston, knowing that it was a matter of two to one, felt the seriousness of the situation, and his own terrible responsibility.

Of his own accord he had placed the lives of his men in jeopardy; and should the tide of battle go against him, he and his little army

would be swept from the face of the earth; and he would be held in execration by all men.

It is fair to ask would he knowingly have led such illustrious men as L. J. Rusk, M. B. Lamar, Burleson, Sherman and W. H. Jack into a certain ambuscade; and have detailed Deaf Smith—that noble scout, to cut the bridge which afforded their only means of escape in case of defeat? Could it be possible that such a man of his own free will and accord had been guilty of such a rash act. Would he with all his great learning and sagacity, have done so? Surely not!

Previously I wrote his "Nemesis" inspired him in his exile to come to Texas. At first I doubted the propriety of using the word, considering its meaning of revenge; but, in view of the inhumanity which had been shown the Texans in their massacres at Goliad and the Alamo, it was but just and proper that some great avenging spirit should descend upon their author, that justice should be meted commensurate with his barbarity. And—in God's name, vengeance was surely in the hands of the Texans.

While the Mexican commander and his army relaxed, in preparation for the hostilities planned for the morrow, no doubt, Houston made his surprise attack, his small army lashed to a fine frenzy by their battle-cry: "Remember the Alamo!" They crashed through and over the barricade and swept the hitherto victorious semi-barbarians back. So desperate was the charge that nothing could withstand it. Taking no time to reload and again fire, the Texans clubbed their flint-locked rifles and shotguns, or drew bowie-knives and dashed madly on.

Soon the merciless savages were in full flight, and only the fleetest escaped extermination. Theirs was the fate they had dealt their victims at Goliad and San Antonio. Death and carnage reigned until darkness made operations impossible. By morning the passions of the victors had somewhat abated, and mercy prompted the taking as prisoners of the few straggling survivors. While these were indeed few, they numbered almost as many as the entire Texas army. History has few grimmer facts to record than presented by this short and decisive victory: The enemy dead numbered as many as Houston had soldiers, and his prisoners numbered as many more.

And to cap the climax, among the prisoners who dribbled in during the following day, came a small, abject figure—disguised as a common soldier, who was proclaimed by his fellow-prisoners as Presidente. Despite the urge of the Texans to slice the rat-like individual into mince-meat, he was rushed to where General Houston laid on a rough couch of pain. The man whom Santa Anna would have shot without hesitation—had he himself been the conqueror, now had in his power a cringing supplicant.

The lawyer, the statesman, the diplomat in Houston like a flash saw the value of the live Presidente of the Republic of Mexico, as compared with simply another dead Mexican. Though wracked with pain, he calmed the close-drawn circle of eager Texans, with their already blood stained hunting-knives. He remembered that Generals Urea and Fillisola were still to be reckoned with, and they were close at hand with large and fresh bodies of troops. Texas was not yet free.

Unmindful of his wounded leg, he set his legal mind to work. While Santa Anna was his prisoner—to be crushed or not, as he willed, Santa Anna was still the Presidente, whose orders were still good with military chiefs of power, and whose signature upon a treaty would be honored by the nation behind him. Even a cornered rat will fight, and a hopeless animal will cease to do anything. Here was work for the diplomat.

Skillfully he maneuvered his prisoner into the signing of a treaty of peace, whereby the first move was the issuing of orders to Fillisola to abandon Texas territory in a speedy and peaceable manner. Following this came other negotiations, whereby the independence of Texas was acknowledged. This in itself was of little consequence, but the getting rid of the remainder of the Mexican army was what might be called the master stroke of policy, and was doubtless the salvation of Texas.

It certainly saved the lives of many men, and perhaps a goodly number of women and children; for up to that time all the water courses were full to overflowing, which made the crossing of them extremely hazardous, and prevented escape by retreat.

The foregoing reasons explain why such seeming clemency was shown Santa Anna—treatment such as had never been shown to such a brutal officer before. Yet doubtless much of it was due to the magnanimous heart possessed by the old hero. All of the Mexican's personal baggage was restored to him; and he was otherwise treated like a prisoner of war. His after history is too well known to be considered here.

## THE VALUE OF A GOOD THICK SKIN

While we have every reason to believe that General Sam Houston had an abiding faith in his own judgment, in the righteousness of his cause, in his guiding star—or whatever it was that held him straight on the course he had picked out, it must be evident to the student of history, that his thick skin enabled him to ignore the shafts of criticism, and to go on with his work.

From the time when he was made commander-in-chief of an untrained and unruly conglomeration of farmers, ox-drivers, herdsmen and just plain settlers, and told to attack the whole Mexican

army wherever it might be found—and in no case to let it cross the Colorado River, his critics began their work. His good sense told him that if he exhausted his little force in whipping the first Mexican troops he encountered, others—bigger and better equipped, would still have to be met; and with Santa Anna in the field to bring still greater armies to overwhelm the Texans.

He felt that, above all, his men needed training, which would take time; and he needed to know them better, that he might organize them to fight effectively. There was no better way to get acquainted and to acquire training than that offered by a good stiff march; and discretion told him that it should be away from the enemy, instead of toward him. Naturally this was deemed a retreat, and he was branded a coward by the government and the army alike; and vile epithets were heaped upon him.

He was especially vilified for hiding—as it was called, in Mill Creek Bottom. Even Santa Anna sent him word that he would come and smoke him out. But the old man was, from his former training, impervious to the arrows of ridicule. The soldier in him told him to keep his opponent guessing, and the Indian training he had acquired told him to keep his mouth closed to friend and foe alike; so he had them all guessing. He had the courage of his convictions.

With Santa Anna still uncaptured, doubtless the last American would have been driven from Texas soil. But Santa Anna walked into a cleverly laid trap, and, with some reinforcements, was napping, when Houston—without blare of trumpets, flung his still untrained but better disciplined troops upon him. Truly, the hour of vengeance had arrived, and he the instrument in the hand of Destiny.

## Chapter XXII

# THE DOCTORS' CONVENTION OF 1893

THE doctors have come and gone. How many of them thought to what extremities the older ones were driven for means wherewith to attend medical lectures, and gain their right to be called M. D.?

When looking over this intelligent body of men, I could not help but revert back to old times when the conditions of the profession were so unlike the present. What advances the science of medicine has made within the last forty or fifty years!

Alchemy—that wonderful occult mystery, the father of chemistry, which was practiced with so much zeal by the early scientists; and by which they hoped to arrive at the knowledge of transforming the baser metals into the purer and more valuable; and perhaps to arrive also at the knowledge of rejuvenating mankind, has almost met with the success hoped for in this, the nineteenth century.

In its death it left a rich inheritance to its older son—Chemistry, which has almost revolutionized the commerce and arts of the world. Its hidden mysteries, which have slept so long in the womb of time, have been snatched from concealment, and made obedient to man's inventive genius.

By the skillful hand of man—as applied to medicinal uses, it has raised the average life of man wonderfully; and by judicious use, may still further prolong his existence—which is his greatest desire. In the olden times such bodies rarely, if ever, met together. Not more than one or two doctors were ever located in one village; and few located in the country.

In cases of sickness in the country, good old ladies were requisitioned; and with their tansy-roots and yarrow and catnip, and camphor roots, and rue and balm, and a host of other bitter yarbs—as they were called, to a great degree the sufferings of poor humanity were mitigated.

It was a long way to a medical college then, and no conveyances except horse-back and long stage rides, which consumed many days. It was almost an impossibility for a man in moderate circumstances to obtain the degree. But when he did, and settled in the town or little village, or the cross-roads, he was a power in the land. The words which fell from his lips were like so many oracles. He was always profuse in medical terms. These not being understood by the people, made him a greater genius. The old ladies flocked about him to catch the wise words he uttered.

He was considered the biggest man in the neighborhood, not excepting the circuit-rider. He had no one to fear, except the cross-road politician; and he could always be bribed with a few bitters, which the doctor knew exactly how to make. Once in his good graces, the doctor could bleed and blister to his heart's content.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of his learning, his remedies were few and simple, and might almost be enumerated in the little piece of patent medicine verse I once saw, which ran like this:

> "Three doctors tackled Johnny Smith.
> They blistered and they bled him,
> And they dosed him with squills and ipecac;
> And on calomel they fed him."

This nearly covered the case. Owing to the scarcity of doctors, and the trouble of getting them, they were not usually sent for until the good old ladies had exhausted their medical knowledge of all the garden yarbs. They had yarbs, the roots of which acted—so they imagined, in the way they scraped the bark; hence they were very particular in noting which way the root grew. It must be scraped in the direction they wished it to operate.

If all these things failed, then the doctor must be sent for; and the summons meant that the doctor must hasten with all his might. Usually he provided himself with from two to four good horses for such emergencies; and would come at a regular John Gilpin gait. The old ladies would watch for his coming, which would be indicated by the cloud of dust down the road. When the signal was seen the bustle became apparent.

Preparations for the bleeding must be made. All was in haste. A staff of some sort for the patient to hold in his hand, bandages for cording the arm, a wash-basin—or perhaps a gourd. These are all procured and arranged for the convenience of the doctor upon his arrival. He almost invariably went by what the apostle said about sin, "without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of disease." And so, proceeded to cord the arm with all the solemnity that the old priests used in the preparations of their sacrifices.

After the bleeding, calomel and jalap, ipecac and squills, and an occasional dose of tartar emetic, were the remedies. If the patient had a good constitution, he would begin to improve in a day or two, to the great joy of all. His powders he intrusted to the faithful nurse, with minute instructions; leaving a gap down, so that in the event that an accidental death should occur, he could pass out in that way.

On his arrival at home, he is usually met by the cross-roads politician, who is at all times on the lookout for a good drink of tansy bitters. "Say, Doc, how is John Smith? Better—hey? Well, I tole them wimmin yesterday, that if they would send for you that you

would either kill or cure John in no time!" To this salutation the Doc—as he is familiarly called, considers it his duty to treat.

There are only a few whom he allows to call him "Doc," as it would show too much familiarity. Every man, professional or non-professional, must have some friend to rely upon to help him cover up his bad work; so that if poor John had died, he could always rely on the politician.

It was wonderful to see the influence the oracle of the neighborhood had with the people. In all cases of law he was consulted; and to add importance to his opinion, he kept a copy of the decisions of the lower court on hand. The part that appertained to the practice of the justice court was well worn from the numerous references made in settling the great questions arising in the neighborhood. What he said in the premises was regarded as almost supernatural.

His opinion was sought with equal regard to medicine, religion, astronomy, astrology, and all things appertaining to science. But his greatest genius ran in the way of politics. No man need run for office in the precinct, unless he first obtained the doctor's consent, or his assistance. To do otherwise, would be to court certain defeat. However, that other wise man of the precinct, who succeeded in getting himself elected justice of the peace, was a man to be reckoned with—the only man the doctor need fear.

Medicine had advanced some before the Republic of Texas had gained her independence: there was not so much bleeding. The doctors had substituted cupping for so much blood-letting. This was bleeding to some extent, but was more local, and could not be so much abused. It was a most unmerciful practice though. It called forth that instrument of torture, the "scarifactor," which tore from ten to twelve holes in a man's skin at one blow.

The writer has used them; and—though in deep sympathy with his patient, could not resist the temptation to smile at the remarks many made before and after its use. The negroes used to dread the "scarifactor" more than the whites. Usually after they were "shot wid that ar thing," as they termed it, they would utter in the most emphatic manner: "J-e-s-u-s, Mars'r Doctah! Befo God, you is done gwine ter make sasage meat outen dis po nigger, shuah!"

And then the cup—a flame of fire, to be applied. (It did look scarey.) And if by chance, the exclusion of air was not quick, the saturated paper would continue to burn on the naked part of the body. At this there would be some awful squirming. "Hell, Doctor, your durned fire has burnt a section of my back as big as a saddle-blanket." The negro was more of a naturalist. He usually remarked: "My good Lord! dat ar fiah would make a tarpin crawl clen outen his shell, shuah!"

Negroes objected to taking calomel and castor oil more than any medicine. The former they believed was made from the bones of

dead people ground to powder, and the latter they believed to be the grease made from the bodies of the dead. These facts were the actual truth to them; and in some instances, force had to be resorted to to make them swallow it.

Nor did country people have at all times these medicines to give, and had to resort to more primitive methods. In Texas—for instance, in the country where there were no doctors, the lady of the house had to do all the doctoring; and would resort to barks, weeds, and all things thought to have medicinal properties. For instance, she substituted the inner bark of the ash for action on the liver and bowels. This she prepared by cutting off the rough exterior bark, using the inner or white portion. This she boiled—throwing out the fibre, and when the juice had simmered to the consistency of tar, it was mixed with flour and rolled into pills.

Willow bark was prepared in the same manner, to be used as a tonic. For an emetic a brew was made from green gourds, when in season. If any in these sophisticated days doubt the efficacy of the latter remedy, try it once, and be convinced.

We had an old man about Washington who, when it came to the murdering of the Queen's English, was a whole slaughter-house by himself. On an occasion when this subject was being discussed, he said he had "taken th' truck, an' found hit to be the most sachinest thing he had ever tuck! Hit persued every crack in his stomach; and when hit got through, hit jes natchully swung aroun' on his liver, an' cut all the clagmints offen hit!" With this description, I will leave the reader to judge as to its efficacy.

Boneset—when in season, was considered more efficacious than willow bark. Made into a strong tea, and drank warm, it was nearly or quite as good as quinine in the breaking of chills and fever. But it was nearly as bitter and disagreeable as the green gourds. When still a small boy, I was sent by my mother to take a ball of boneset to a Negro who had the ague. When he saw me come, he commenced to groan and mutter: "Dat truck, Missis, sens me is wuss'n dan de chill-an-feber. Lord, when I drinks hit I kin feel hit run down inter mah toes; an' hit is so bitter hit mighty nigh takes de bref outen dis chile! An' I ain't got no mo kinks lef in mah back-bone!"

People may smile when reading of the straits of the old citizens, but the half will never be known or recalled. Texas history reads like romance. As I stated before, I went to see the doctors when in session. They appeared to be a sensible body of men. All had on good store-clothes, which were in good condition. They looked as if they had been well cared for, and that they had made reasonable collections, which is very essential to the well being of a doctor. They did not look as if they needed any legislative protection, consequently they did not ask for any.

I was glad of that; for it always looked to me that when a body of men acknowledged to the world that they needed protective laws, they were acknowledging themselves failures. Some say laws should be passed to protect people against frauds; but that would be equivalent to saying that the people were not capable of taking care of themselves. It strikes me that every man who is capable of casting a vote ought to certainly know whom he likes to have treat him in a case of sickness, and it seems to be undemocratic and unwise to pass such laws.

If it is not needed in medicine it is certainly so in all other professions. And again I say that I am glad that the medical profession of Texas thought themselves equal to the times, and were able to protect themselves against all quacks and isms; which goody-goody doctors in other states seemed to have called upon their legislators to protect them against.

Many scientific papers were read before this body which were a credit to the authors and the profession. Diseases were discussed, and their causes and their cures. The germ theory also had its advocates. Microbes, baccilli and the like were ably handled; and if the doctors do not quit finding so many things existing in the air we breathe and the food we eat and the water we drink, they will starve this nation out.

As an illustration: I was passing down Market Street some time since, I saw a huckster on the sidewalk peddling microscopes. As I happened to think that if they were good, I wanted to purchase one, I asked if they were all right and was handed one. I looked through it, and saw to my astonishment two large eels, seemingly a quarter of an inch long, sporting playfully in a drop of water.

Picking up another, upon which had been sprinkled a bit of prune-dust, to my horror I saw three large beetles, in appearance like turtles, nosing about in the dust as cheerful and playful as kittens. As Bill Arp says—it set me to "ruminating." Have I all my life, and that's a good long one, been feeding on such diet: beetles, terrapin and all such dry animals; and drinking live snakes, eels, frogs, tadpoles, like these. And now the doctors tell me that I have not only been doing that, but have been breathing all sorts of protoplasms, microbes, baccilli, and the Lord knows what else.

The doctors have not yet finished all of them. They are still finding cholera germs, consumptive germs, typhus germs, and a host of other germs; and if they do not stop, we will have to ask the legislature to stop them, for after a while a man will get afraid to sleep with his family, or kiss his wife or children. We had better have the old blue laws re-established, than run the risk of catching so many diseases.

I was in a store on the Strand a short time after the discoveries made through that microscope on Market Street, and found the clerk

Hickory Cane, cut at Andrew Jackson's home, The Hermitage, and presented by Gen. Sam Houston to Dr. John Washington Lockhart

weighing some nice looking prunes to be sent to a merchant in the interior. I picked up one of them and put it into my mouth. In an instant those three beetles rose up in my mind, and I fired that prune out of my mouth in short order. I shall have to stick to the water though, as I cannot substitute whiskey: and if I could, it is fuller of drunkards than the water is of animalcule.

To prove this, you will have only to hold a clear bottle of whiskey between you and a clear sun. You will then see the contents teeming with all kinds of insects which are called drunkards—and justly so, for they are cutting up all kinds of antics. They have the power to impart this friskiness to men who swallow them. And the only seeming difference is, that they have no lamp-post to lean on for support, when too far gone, like their more fortunate imitators. There is another difference—come to think of it: while the little chaps swim in whiskey, their big human imitators swim outside it.

It may be all for the best, for if it were not for these little pests, men might live too long; and if the doctors ever did find anything to exterminate them perhaps men would never die. In speaking of the powers of the microscope, it brings to mind that sometime since I read an article where some scientist had found his way to India, and was exhibiting the powers of the microscope in revealing the animalcule contained in a drop of water. A Rajah, happening to pass, took a look and was so shocked at what he saw, that he broke the glass, and ordered the man to leave his dominion; for says he, if you teach my people that they destroy so much life in the water they consume, it will starve my people. All the Brahmins are taught that life is sacred, and sacredly abstain from its destruction.

The old time doctor had many superstitions to combat; for the common people in some instances were very ignorant. They fully believed that the hanging of a snake would bring rain. It mattered not when the rain came—it was all attributed to the snake. Other superstitions were equally absurd. If a rabbit ran across the road in front of one, something to counteract the evil must be done, such as making a crossmark in the road and spitting on it,—or pulling a few strands of hair from the head and throwing them on the ground might break the charm, and avert the evil. If something was not done, trouble was supposed to overtake the victim. These superstitions being believed in by well people, how much more would imaginary troubles depress the weak and sickly. Consequently, the old doctor, in self defense, had to assume the appearance of greater wisdom than actually possessed by him.

He had to talk learnedly in a language which was as mysterious to the common people as the witchcrafts which they so earnestly believed. Hence, his assumed wisdom helped him to dispel wholly in some, and conteract in others the feeling of depression which in many cases was the chief cause of disease.

Many times have bread pills or colored water been given great Latin names, and with injunctions that they be watched very closely in their operations, have been made to cure. In many cases the old doctor was accused of being very rough, and would handle his patients—as the saying is, without gloves. This he was compelled to do to counteract so many imaginary evils; especially with the negroes, who believed in hoodooism and trickery. When called on in these cases, he usually made the air blur around that bed for a short time.

However, since the war, that phase of superstition has been made useful in the collection of doctors' bills. I know of several doctors who have collected their bills by threatening to hoodoo the negro. I heard an anecdote of this kind. A negro came to town and sold a bale of cotton. The doctor—hearing of it, hunted up the negro, and suggested a settlement.

"Well, Doctah," says the darkey, "I mus' excuse you all dis time!"

"No," says the doctor, "I do not wish to be excused. You have the money now, and if you do not pay me I will trick you, and in less than twelve months something awful will happen to you!" The doctor thought he would make the time reasonably long, that something might happen before it expired.

Old Uncle Abe threw himself back on one leg, thrust his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, walled his eyes up to the ceiling, and stood silently for some minutes in awed solemnity, and said:

"Well, Doctah! In reviewing de circumstances, Ah mout as well pay dat little bill; though mah merchant has been seducin' me in mah business fo a long time, an' is very laxative in his talks, an' Ah am afeared dat he will unaccountably send de sheriff an' pothicate one ob mah mules." So without more ado, he paid the bill.

The practice of medicine in the old days was very laborious. The doctors had no buggies, and had to take care of all their practice on horse-back. Consequently they were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, which made them give out in a few years. It is a hard and laborious life at best; and as I looked back over the congregation of the profession on their recent annual conclave, I saw few grey heads among them. They seemed to be middle-aged, and in some instances, young men. They had serious, thoughtful faces, and were grave in demeanor while discussing their subjects.

This thoughtful mood may have been contracted from the constantly sympathetic nature of their profession, wherein appeals are daily made to them, perhaps by the wife—or someone near the sufferer.

The medical profession is one of the most sacred callings on earth, and should be in the hands of good men. To them is imparted the secrets of the family in which they practice, to more than any one else; and should be held sacred unto death. Life and death is

sometimes held in balance, and his judgment casts the uneven weight in whichever scale it falls. Therein rests the issue, and that judgment should be clear and comprehensive; for from it there can be no appeal taken.

Hence, the doctor ought—above all men, to be careful. The wreck of a family many times depends upon his judgment. What responsibility! And it should not be assumed for the few dollars and cents, which is thereunto attached, but for the more manly act—that of saving humanity.

When the good doctor visits one seemingly in the last agonies of death, and by the judicious use of his remedies, snatches life back, as it were, to yet inhabit the mortal body, and for a time to administer to those who so depend upon it; the thanks and the joy seen in the faces of those who were before in agony of grief, fills his soul with bliss that money could not purchase.

Hence, the good doctor does not work entirely for money. There are inducements which money, although well enough in its place, could not purchase. I know a good doctor, and a good man, who now lives in Galveston, and who has been practicing his calling for over fifty years. He has now reached his four-score years, and I have known him intimately during the time of his practice; and I know that he always made money a secondary consideration. He has at all times been ready and willing to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow men.

Many a heart has been made glad, even at his coming, for all were assured that all would be done for the sufferer that mortal man could do. Many times has he risen from a sick-bed himself at the call of distress. And in the end, if he was paid he would receive it; if not, all right. He considered he had only done his duty. This good and noble soul is Dr. T. J. Heard, whose name should be perpetuated, and the story of his noble deeds of mercy be passed on to others for their emulation.

Dr. Heard is one of the old pioneers of Texas. He settled in the town of Washington in 1837, where he practiced medicine for thirty years. He was always a hard student, and kept up with the times, in consequence of which he built up a good practice and made a fortune. On account of the decay of the town, in which he had spent almost his entire estate in building brick houses, he was reduced again almost to poverty.

Notwithstanding his great loss, he did not falter but determined to make another start, so moved to Galveston. There, his great reputation preceding him, he was soon on the road to affluence. Upon arriving at his new field of activity, he judiciously invested his small capital, buckled down to work, prospered, and has now retired to enjoy the ease which was not given him in his younger years.

Chapter XXIII

# THE TOWN OF INDEPENDENCE

INDEPENDENCE was a small town in 1840, and situated about twelve miles west from Washington. It was settled about the year 1822 by the Clays, Chappets, Coperlys, Hensleys, Rose York, Vernon and J. P. Cole. At a still later date the little colony was increased by the settling of the Hardamans, Robersons, Sewards, Maddens, Halls, Whitesides, Dr. Hoxley, Duncan Marsh and others.

The town itself contained only a few stores. The only one I now recollect was owned by Madden. Root & Taylor were merchants there at a later date; the Mr. Taylor being the same E. W. Taylor who afterwards moved to Houston. I think his brother Horace also lived in Independence. Most of the above citizens owned farms about Independence and were well to do, and good livers.

It was a peaceful, quiet neighborhood; more so than was usually seen in those days. On the road from Washington to Independence were only two settlements—the one owned by E. D. Jackson, the other by Jonathan Newman. They were small farmers, but owned each a league of land, on which they had settled. Of course, neighbors could not be very close to each other, when men owned such vast quantities of land, especially if they saw fit to settle near the center of their claims.

It is a curious fact that the old settlers did not desire near neighbors, no matter how imminent their danger. They preferred to be alone, and take all the chances against the savages, and the other depredators. It used to be said that if the settlements became thick, the old-timer would become, as it were, short of breath; that it required a space of several miles for him to expand his lungs and get a full breath. And it looked a little that way; for, as the country began to settle up, the old Texans began to emigrate to the frontier, and few were ever buried in a thickly settled neighborhood.

However, this was not the case with the little settlements adjacent to Independence. Many of the early settlers lived, died and were buried around their little homes, or at the cemetery of the town. Many descendants of the old families live on or near the old home of their parents, and are now the bone and sinew of the country.

It is said the first cotton planted and raised in Washington County was near the place known as the Clay Farm, and is now owned and cultivated by the descendants of the Clay family. The original founders were two brothers, Tacitus and Nestor.

Independence was always a staid old place. The citizens were quiet and religiously inclined. Yet in the old times the youth of the place were fond of balls and parties. It was the custom to unite their forces with that of Washington, and have at times a grand ball. It was on an occasion of this kind when the following occurrence took place.

A party of young people had gathered in from the country, also a delegation of young people from Washington were present, which made quite a respectable number. At times the older men and women would join in the dance, and would kick as vigorously as any of the young people. There was no such thing as the waltz: the girls were entirely too skittish to be hugged by their beaus in that way. The only way the young men had to get even with them would be to coax them to ride behind them on horse-back. Then the hateful young men would make their horses climb steep places, thereby making the girls hold fast to them, not to slide off. In this manner the hugging was reversed, and it was done so innocently that nothing could be thought of it.

To get back to the ball: the young men entered into the dance with vigor. If the young people of the day could see the way in which we knocked off Molly Cotton-Tail, Munny Musk, Leather Breeches and like good old tunes; keeping time to the old squeaky fiddle in the hands of an old darkey, sitting in the corner—patting his foot to the time of his music, they would say—we have no fun these days.

We had no stately tread, whereby to measure our steps; but as the music grew faster and faster, we increased our steps to keep in time; and by and by, when we had reached the climax, each young man would be half bent, and doing his very best, that the music should not get ahead of him.

The girls had no fans made of ostrich feathers or the down of Eider duck, which are mere makeshifts when wielded by the girls of the present day. But our girls had turkey tail fans, or large paper fans, so when they would beat the air they would create a current equal to a young cyclone. If by chance too much heat had been accumulated by the extra steps in the dance, your partner, with her commodious fan, could soon bring your temperature down to normal.

We usually commenced at early candle-light, and adjourned at ten or eleven o'clock, which is the time they commence nowadays. On this occasion the ball was held in a two-story building. The structure stood on a hillside, and the upper floor was reached by an outside flight of steps which, starting on the hillside, landed one on a platform not over eight feet from the ground.

On this night a "Norther" blew up, and the weather became so cool that on the morning following a fire was very desirable. On

account of the crowded condition of the homes some young men resorted to the ball-room, and next morning built a fire in an old stove, and were comfortably sitting about it and engaged in telling stories. While they were thus seated, a young man entered and, finding the circle about the stove full, and no one offering to move, walked around carelessly a few minutes and took his departure.

He went over to a store, bought a small quantity of gunpowder—dropping some of it loose in his pocket. He mixed the balance with sand, which he tied up in brown paper as if put up at the store. Putting the package in his pocket, he re-entered the ball-room, put on an intoxicated look, staggered up to the stove, which was pretty warm, and urged the boys to heat it up as it was mighty cold outside. No attention being paid to him, he threw a few grains of loose powder on the stove, remarking that the d—— old stove did not seem hot enough to burn powder.

There was a flash, and the boys began looking at him out of the corner of their eyes. When he had their full attention he chucked the package through the half-open stove door. The powder mixed with the sand began to flash and sputter, and before you could think, the young man had the stove and the entire room to himself. The crowd did not stand on the order of their going. In whatever attitude they found themselves in after falling backward over the benches, they kept it up until they had reached the door.

To many of them the road to safety down the steps was entirely too far, so they dived off, beating it pell-mell in every direction, expecting to see the building blown to pieces. In relating this occurrence I wish to show that men placed under almost any condition in life will show a vivacity which is indeed remarkable.

In 1845, I think it was that year, General Grigg crossed the Brazos at Washington with a part of Taylor's army, on its way to commence the war between the United States and Mexico, brought about by the annexation of Texas. I think it was in June, as I sold them some corn out of the field to feed their horses.

General Grigg camped two days and nights at a big spring one mile west of Washington. It was a pretty place for a camp, there being an abundance of water and grass, wherewith to recruit his horses, which had been on a continuous march from Tennessee and Kentucky; the greater part of his men having been recruited from these two states.

The celebrated Tom Marshall, one of Kentucky's noblest sons, commanded a regiment in that division of the army. He, endowed with gifts far above ordinary men, was well calculated to enjoy the beautiful scenes through which they had to pass during that and succeeding days.

Washington County, though one of the oldest counties of middle Texas, had not been disrobed of her beauty by the plow and the hoe,

and in the early days was one of the prettiest counties in the state. During the months of April, May and June it was one vast bed of flowers. Nature seemed to have one great handful of mixed flower seeds, and to have scattered them broadcast over the hills and valleys of the rich county.

The ground work of the vast flower-bed was a beautiful blue, interspersed with all colors, shades and varieties of wild flowers. In some places were to be seen great beds thrown up as if the gardener had exerted his skill in their formation. And to add still more perfection to the scene, pretty groves of post-oak stood here and there, as if designed purposely, so that Nature in his great work, when in need of repose, could withdraw to their protecting shade and view the beauteous landscape, which had come so recently from his hand.

To ascend one of the hills and view the surrounding country one could not but exclaim: "The hand of the Great Master is to be seen in these beautiful surroundings." These scenes and views were a constant revelation to the gifted Tom Marshall, all the way from Washington to Independence. Not only had his eyes been feasting but the very air he breathed was laden with the fragrance of flowers.

He seemed almost intoxicated with the constant revelations of nature through which he was passing. It was in this state of mind (so he told one of his friends), when riding at the head of his regiment, he reached the summit of the long hill lying to the east of Independence. Suddenly to the west and to the north, over the tops of the trees, a view of the Yeagua Bottom broke upon his vision. An unbroken sweep of its valley lay before him; miles and miles in extent of beautiful green forest trees.

This, added to its immediate surroundings of live-oak trees and lovely prairie flowers, caused him to halt his regiment, and for some time to gaze in perfect amazement, seemingly lost in admiration. But on looking back to catch a last lingering glimpse of the scene he might never behold again, he found his body servant totally unconcerned as to his surroundings, and proceeded to administer a profane tongue-lashing to the darkey which made his eyes stick out.

Near this beautiful little town were the homes of some of our great men of Texas: Abner S. Lipscomb, R. L. Williamson, Anthony Butler, James Willey and Asa Willey, nephews of Dr. Hoxey. The former died young, but was among the brightest lights of the state. The other, Judge Asa Willey, went to the United States Congress, and was afterwards on the Supreme Bench of the state, filling these positions with honor to himself and his state. A mind well stored with legal lore, a faculty of dispensing even justice that won the love and admiration of all.

Not far off lived that distinguished commoner, who could not be defeated for any office, Ed D. Larver. It was Mr. Larver's elo-

quence and brilliant speeches that defeated the Know Nothing party in Washington County. Judge R. E. B. Baylor was also a resident of this neighborhood, and was so much beloved that he was always chosen for district judge, and held that office continuously for many years, and until incapacitated by age.

Law was not as easily practiced then as it is now. The judge and bar had to travel from one county seat to another on horse-back. This with the poor fare at hotels, made the practice of law very laborious. Judge Baylor was a Baptist minister as well as a lawyer, and was so kind and forgiving to the members of the Bar that they frequently played tricks on the old man.

He finally gave up preaching to a certain extent, but sometimes the legal jokers would fix up ministerial appointments for him to fill. At one time, while he was winding up his work at Cameron, they placarded the town of Waco, announcing that he would fill the Baptist pulpit, preaching his favorite sermon: "Jesus Wept." Weary with his week's work and his hard day's ride, the Judge arrived in Waco Saturday night and retired early.

On the following morning, friends and brethren gathered early to greet him, and to express their joy that he was to preach to them that day. "What?" exclaims the Judge, "preach today? Why, I am too tired to entertain you all today!" "Then why", asked the brethren, "Why have you made the appointment, and why the placards all over the town, and sent to the country too? Many will come from the country to hear you at 11 o'clock!"

"Will some of you brethren kindly show me one of these placards?" said the Judge. Upon being shown one, he smiled and remarked: "This bears all the earmarks of some lawyer's prank!" However, the pulpit of the Baptist church was filled that day, as was the church itself, and they heard the Judge's favorite sermon: "Jesus Wept."

Many other eminent men lived in and around Independence, and many too who walked in the humbler paths of life whose names ought to be preserved, but owing to the length of time which has passed, have slipped my memory. This old town was the stronghold of the Baptist denomination of Texas, and early in the year 1849 the cornerstone of Baylor University was laid.

This university was named in honor of the Rev. Judge R. E. Baylor, who was held in the greatest esteem by his own church people all over the state, and also by his legal friends; so much so, that his portrait hangs at this day over the chair occupied by the district judge in the courthouse at Brenham.

No man stood higher in the admiration of his fellows than did Judge Baylor, and as a tribute of respect his name was given to the

great university. This institution grew in size and power, and was patronized by Baptists from all over the state. Many men now occupying high rank in state affairs owe all of the advantages which they now possess to their early education, which the facilities of the Baylor University made possible.

Also, many young ladies educated in the female department have grown to beautiful womanhood under the training of the two Burlesons and Dr. Luther, who spent the greater part of their noble lives in helping them to burst the silly chrysalis in which they were enveloped, and come forth as the beautiful matrons of today. By their superior training they are enabled to raise families which are ornaments not only to their immediate surroundings, but to the great state in which they live.

Dr. Rufus C. Burleson is one of the veterans in the cause of the Baptist denomination, and commenced his warfare in early life. He has been faithful in his battles with his opponent, and now, nearing his last mile-post, no breath of scandal has ever scathed his pure and noble life. The University within the last few years has been removed to Waco, but still holds the name of the Baylor University. The Catholics have purchased the old buildings and have a school of their own there.

## Chapter XXIV

# WHEN MATAMOROS WAS NOT TAKEN

OF THE many noted characters who frequented Washington, I recall only a few, and among them the name remembered best was that of General Alex Sumerville. The General was an ordinary looking man, low of stature and inclined to be a bit fleshy; a man of good, genial disposition, approachable by all; always in good humor, kind and generous. The young men liked him and with them he was always sociable.

He it was who commanded the expedition to the Rio Grande for the purpose of taking Matamoros, and perhaps Mier, but was recalled before crossing the river. However, portions of his command did cross, and attacked Mier. The latter were overpowered by the Mexicans, taken prisoners and marched away to the City of Mexico.

They were finally imprisoned in Jalapa, and made to work the roads and perform menial duties. On the way to the City of Mexico they turned on their guards, overpowered them, and set themselves at liberty. This, however, they enjoyed but a short time. They were in the interior of Mexico without anything to eat; in a barren, dry region where, when the pangs of hunger and thirst came upon them, they became desperate and broke up into small squads seeking water and food.

They became an easy prey to the Mexican guards, whom they had so easily overcome and freed themselves from a few days previously. Only a few made good their escape; among them one whom I remember by the name of Cox, a Methodist preacher, I think. He it was who gave me the sad details of the expedition.

I knew some of the prisoners well. One, Patrick Lusk, was as good and brave as any young man who ever shouldered a rifle. He had made the assertion that the Mexicans would never take him prisoner. But how strange fortune acts in some cases. In the retreat, after the charge made upon the town, Pat's stirrup-leather broke, and when he dismounted to fix it he was surrounded by the Mexicans, and before he was aware of it, was made a prisoner, the very first of the party to be captured. This circumstance shows the uncertainty of human calculations.

Mr. Lusk's mother was a sister of General Coffer, one of General Jackson's favorite officers, and through the intercession of General Jackson, Pat was soon released and returned home. I used to hear Captain Claudius Buster, one of the prisoners, relate anecdotes regarding the prison life. Although the prisoners were harshly treated and subject to all kinds of cruelties, they still had their fun.

It is well that mankind can adapt themselves to circumstances. The officers were not compelled to labor as were the soldiers, so they could look on and see the antics cut by the boys, as they were called. The latter were required to carry sand at times to fill in between the stones of the roadways they were building. This was carried in sacks upon their backs, and often these sacks would be slit near the bottom by someone in the party, whereupon the bearer would come pitching and rearing, like a bucking broncho. At the end of the trip the sack would be nearly empty, which was considered a big joke on the Mexican Government.

Mescal, the common drink of the Mexicans, was secured in exchange for soap, in lieu of money, in the following manner: The smuggler would fetch it concealed under his shirt, stored in the cleaned-out intestines of a sheep. The traveling bartender would squeeze the intestine at the lower end of the amount required, which the customer would suck out, assisted by the dispenser running his thumb and finger up the tube. Then the smuggler would pass on to the next customer.

I should have mentioned before, that after the recapture of the prisoners, Santa Anna ordered that every tenth man should be shot to death, which was carried into effect by the placing of the number of beans corresponding to the number of men in a pot—every tenth bean being black. This pot was suspended above their heads, so that each one drawing had to reach up and take one bean. If it proved to be a black bean his fate was sealed. Who can imagine the feeling of these poor fellows as they reached for the small article that decided the issue of life or death simply by its color! But, considering the sorrows, trials and hardships ahead of them, might it not have been that those who drew the tenth number were the fortunate ones, after all?

The Dunham family lived at Groces' Retreat, in Grimes County, and while there attended school. I saw a letter that Robert Dunham wrote his poor old heart-broken mother, just before he was shot. He had drawn a black bean. He exhorted her to bear up under the bereavement as much as possible, and gave her such consolation as he could under the circumstances, all of which was appreciated by the kind old mother.

I was attending school at Groces' Retreat where the Dunham family lived. When I went home I related the circumstance, and General Houston overheard me. He asked me to request Mrs. Dunham to send the letter to him that he might see it. She drew the missive from her bosom, and with many admonitions to be careful and not lose it, and to return it to her, she gave it into my keeping. The General kept it for several days, but much to the mother's relief, I took it back to her. She replaced it over her heart; where perhaps it remained, kept warm by the same life-blood which was wont to

keep warm the writer of it in his infancy. How sweet and tender is mother-love!

Of the seventeen of those who were shot, perhaps this was the only message sent from that unhappy scene. If there were any others, I never knew of them. Mrs. Dunham had three other sons, Thomas, Joseph and John, all of whom grew to manhood, and made good citizens.

What standard is there to measure
The depths of a mother's love;
When filled with all the treasures
From Heavenly gifts above!

Her affections deepen as they grow
Towards her great motherly heart;
And with love widen as they flow,
Forming bright jewels which ne'er depart.

## SPEAKING OF PANTHERS

Speaking of panthers: I will here relate an amusing anecdote told me by one of my earlier friends. He invited one or two of his neighbors to come to his house on a certain night to go on a raccoon hunt.

They came at the appointed time; and after sounding the horn for his dogs, and calling up his favorite negro to accompany them, they set out for a creek bottom not far away. After reaching the bottom, the dogs struck a trail and were soon in full cry. Presently they treed what they thought was a coon. The man ordered his negro to climb the tree, and force the coon to jump out and afford them the enjoyment of the fight which would follow.

The negro quickly shucked his coat and shoes, shinned up the tree, and soon was lost to sight among the branches, which were covered with long Spanish moss. Soon there came an unearthly yell, and some large animal sprang from the tree and fell among the dogs. For a moment the hunters thought the negro had fallen, but the savage battle which followed, soon relieved them of this delusion.

As they could not shoot for fear of hitting the dogs, they made a hasty retreat into the brush, leaving the dogs to battle, and Henry, the negro, up the tree yelling with all his might. For a few minutes the battle raged with fury; the screams of a panther, mingled with the wails of the wounded dogs, making it appear as if Bedlam had broken loose. All this was going on under the tree, up which Henry sat perched.

Presently the panther tore loose from the pack, and made off—the dogs in close pursuit, and took to another tree. As soon as the hunters could regain their courage, they gathered under the first tree, and his master called upon Henry to come down. The negro, still yelling, slid down the tree as if it were a greased pole; and upon hitting the ground inquired fervently:

"What kinda varmint was dat? Fo' God—he plum scairt de life outen dis yere po' nigger! Bless God—when I was climbin' an' lookin' fo' de coon, foah I knowed hit, I was plum mixed wid that there varmint. He wus stretched out on de lim' an' done kivered hisself wid moss. Terectly I seen two eyes wot shined like two big moons in de sky. His years was laid back, an' he was des spittin' at me.

"I hollered des as loud as I could—did you all heah me? De varmint lit out, an' I was powerful glad to see him leave, an' mighty scairt de dogs would make him climb de tree again. Fo' God—ef dat varmint had klim dat tree agin, I would have been de naixt one to jump. Dat tree waunt big enuf to hold two ob us. Mars Arthur, dish yere nigger caint clime no mo' tree tonight!"

The hunters moved on to the second tree; but as none of them had the courage to climb it and chase out the cat, they waited for daylight, and shot what proved to be an immense panther.

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## A CLOSE SQUEAK

In the summer of 1840 the writer went on a visit to his friend, Mr. L. Wood, who lived near where Anderson, Grimes County, now is, but then was unsettled save by a few pioneers.

The weather was hot and the roads dusty, and I concluded to "noonit" for a while, in order to cool off. Wiping the dust off my face, I rode under the dense shade of a huge Mustang grapevine running over and enveloping the branches of an overhanging tree.

I discovered the vine to be full of ripe, lucious-looking grapes; and not knowing the danger of eating the fruit, I commenced to eat; and, as it were, to look upon the wine when it was red. Shortly, after partaking pretty bountifully, my lips began to sting, which caused me to feel somewhat uneasy.

After the sensation had passed, I rode on in the sun; and in two hours, was in the midst of a scorching fever. I did not notice this at first, and as I had been having chills and fever, I laid down in the shade of a tree, hoping that it would pass off soon, as it frequently had done.

But it stuck to me and I had to ride the balance of the journey with the fever on me. In this condition I arrived at my friend's

house. His mother, one of the kindest old ladies I ever knew, put me to bed and commenced doctoring me with teas. Circumstances had forced her to become a good judge of diseases, and a right good doctress.

My fever lasting for several days, she saw that I was in for a good, long bilious spell, and concluded to give me a dose of calomel (which was the right thing to do) and a search was made through their little store of medicines, but none was to be found. So she told my friend, her son, to ride until he found the article needed; which consumed a trip of forty miles—twenty to the place where he found it, and twenty back.

I was very low, and would have passed over, but for that good old Texas mother. And I say with a heart filled with gratitude, as the Irishman would: "May the Heavens purtect yees!" This is to show under what straits the people in the country labored. In the towns it was not so bad, as in almost every town a doctor could be found. But they labored under many disadvantages. They had to send to New Orleans for their medicines, and pay cash for them; which, considering the scarcity of money, was hard to do sometimes.

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## CHAPPELL HILL FEMALE COLLEGE CLOSES

Chappell Hill Female College closed its annual session today amidst thunderous applause of the vast aggregation of people who had gathered to attend that illustrious event.

There were many visitors who attended to see their daughters advance to the degree which they had so strenuously labored to attain; and many were the joyful hearts on that occasion.

The parents eagerly caught every word of praise from the teachers, as to the competency of their daughters to obtain their degrees. The daughters' hearts swelled with emotion at the eagerness of the parent, in drinking in each and every word spoken by them and also at the day of departure for their homes, to again be free from the irksome rules by which they had been burdened during the last session of schoolhood days.

The most pleasing feature of the occasion was the witnessing of so many grandchildren of old Texans on the stage as candidates for honors. Among them was the granddaughter of R. Alexander, D. D., one of the old pioneer preachers, who in the early days of the Republic was sent as missionary to enlighten and save sinners who had emigrated from the States to this strange and then far-off land.

The mission in those days was considered to be as difficult, and almost as dangerous to those who did not know the ways of the Texans, as it was to fill a mission to China or to India. It is curious

that the people of the United States did not know and think better of the Texan, for we were of their nationality and relationship. Yet, their ignorance was so great that the name of a Texan was well calculated to excite in them awe and terror.

Another one of the graduates was Miss Cochrane, a daughter of the Hon. Nehemiah Cochrane of Austin County, whose father was Thomas Cochrane who emigrated to Texas in 1834, settled in Austin at an early date, and lived and died in that county. Mr. Cochrane was at one time the most influential man in that county. He was a considerable and a very successful planter. All who knew him loved him for his many good qualities.

Another of the graduates was Miss Ema Toland, the granddaughter of Mr. Joseph Toland, who emigrated from Mississippi in the fifties. Mr. Toland opened a large farm on the Brazos, and was just getting it into a good state of cultivation when the Civil War broke out; and, like many other Southern planters, lost all and was reduced to very moderate means. Miss Ema is the daughter of Dr. Albert Toland, of Tunis, Burleson County, who is a son of Mr. Joseph Toland.

Another graduate was Miss Winfield, a Jewess from Houston. She seemed to be a remarkably bright young lady, and performed her part well. All the young ladies acquitted themselves with much credit, and in doing so added much to the gratification of their parents.

It is good to see the tree which was planted in the early days by the noble fathers, bearing such good fruit. It must be exceedingly gratifying to the good old grandparents, if they could be permitted to witness such spectacles. It would seem in a measure to compensate them for many of the trials and troubles through which they passed.

Would it not be in keeping with the Great and Divine Love of our Heavenly Father, to grant such a blessing. Who knows?

OLD PIONEER.

## BILL AND THE BULL

At Chappell Hill there lived a Mr. K. He was one of the old Texans, though not a San Jacinto veteran. He was a man of strong prejudices: when he loved he loved, as the saying goes; and when he disliked, the object—whether man or beast, was sure to know it. He was, by the way, a strong Methodist, and attended church regularly every Sabbath, both morning and night. He would pray with as much unction for the conversion of the heathen, and was as liberal in his donations for that purpose as any of the brethren.

Uncle Billy, as he was called, had several sons, one a smart fellow, but disposed to be a trifle wild; at any rate, was not disposed to

walk in the ways of his father. When Uncle Billy would be at the church, looking after the interests of the heathen, his sons would be down in his back pasture riding the young colts, or if no colts or wild horses were at hand, they rode the yearlings. By this means they became expert horsemen.

Bill, the eldest, upon one occasion concluded to visit Port Sullivan, a town then new, situated on the Brazos in what was then Robinson County. Bill had a cousin in the town doing a mercantile business, and it was to this cousin he was paying a visit. There was a bar-room near his cousin's store, each establishment having galleries projecting in front, provided with benches for the convenience of customers to sit on, while they whittled and spun yarns.

It happened that a considerable crowd had gathered in front of the bar-room, and the subject on that day turned on riding and breaking wild mustang horses. Bill, having indulged in too much whiskey, stretching himself, and at the same time elevating his hands as if feeling for something over his head, but finding nothing, let them fall heavily on each thigh with a clap, swore that he could ride anything that wore hair.

One of the boys had discovered back of the house a herd of cattle under the shade of a tree; among them a big Texas bull. So he offers to bet Bill five dollars he could not ride a bull. Bill, not knowing there was such a thing as a bull anywhere around, thought there would be no impropriety in taking the bet, and told the other boy to trot out his animal. Giving the party a wink, the young man called upon a half dozen, who mounted their ponies, unslung their lariats, and in a few moments had Bill's animal standing with heaving sides in front of the saloon.

Bill was the blankest looking man that ever visited Port Sullivan, and if the bull had dropped from heaven, he could not have been more surprised. He wanted to know where in the h——l he came from, and said he was only joking anyway, and that he could not ride the bull. Then began a wrangle as to who should pay the five dollars. Bill's cousin Bob, who had been listening—but pretended not to hear, came forward and said that Bill was his cousin, and could ride the bull if he wanted to.

But Bill said he did not want to; so Bob, taking a new tack, said for him not to argue about it, that he would see that his cousin got fair play, and that no one should prevent Bill riding the bull, if he had to himself lick the whole crowd. Bill stood aghast as if he were to be offered up as an unwilling sacrifice. But Bob would not let him explain matters; and in the meantime preparations for the ride were being rapidly consummated. These consisted of a rope being placed loosely around the bull's body just back of the shoulders.

Amid the protestations of Bill, and the assertion of Bob that no one should prevent his cousin riding, Bill was lifted bodily and placed astride of the animal. His knees were slipped under the rope to prevent him being pitched backward in the bucking process, and the animal's tail was thrown over Bill's shoulder, to prevent him going forward.

Bill, seeing the inevitable, seized hold of the animal's tail with vigor, and all ropes were cast off. As soon as the animal found himself free of all entanglements, he set into bucking and bellowing, a regular fore-and-aft movement. One end up, and then the other end high in air; which made Bill appear as if riding at see-saw. This continued for some minutes; when, by the constant prodding and use of sticks, the bull commenced to move off, and was soon going at a John Gilpin gait, headed for the woods.

Fortunately for Bill, there was no underbrush or very low limbs, whereby the bull in his flight could drag his rider off. The boys tried to keep up with the procession; but, after the bull got fairly started, they were left too far behind to continue the pursuit. Bill and the bull had disappeared in the timber; and the last seen of them were going at top speed. The boys thought it high time to mount and go in search of the missing pair; but now they heard them coming back, and headed straight for the river, the bluffs of which were some forty feet high and straight up and down.

Bill, taking in the situation, commenced to yell for the boys to head him off, and not let him get near the bluff. The boys ran to his assistance, and headed the bull down the river. Some distance below, the cattle had worn a trail down to the water, and into this trail the bull lunged, reached the brink and jumped as far out as he could make it. Bill turned a back summersault, and swam for the shore.

Of course Bill was the lion of the day, and with his five dollars, and a host of admirers, spent a fine evening.

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## IN TRIBUTE

While General Sam Houston was strong in his likes and dislikes, showing no mercy to his enemies, a few years before his death he sought the friendship and forgiveness of everybody; and many were the amusing dealings which passed between him and those with whom he had battled in years gone past.

It is told of him that before he passed away, he had made peace with nearly the whole list. Only shortly before his death, he came to Galveston to make a speech to the old soldiers. His great theme

was "Texas." He loved Texas and all her people, for he had passed the age of bitterness.

Texas was to him a daughter—one of the fair daughters of the gods. She had sprung from his mighty brain. He had been at her birth, and her baptism of blood. His blood had mingled with those of the slain on the gory field of San Jacinto. He thought of Texas by day, and the theme mingled with his dreams at night.

With his remarkable foresight, he knew the outcome of her entrance into the secession movement; and he would have softened the burden which would fall heavily upon his children. He wished to mix and mingle with them, and to give them the advice of the kind father.

And so he came—bent with the infirmities of age, that the people should once more see their benefactor—to whom, alas, they had not always listened during the early troubles; though Time has proved they would now be better off had they done so. His great old heart had been near to breaking at the disgraceful manner in which he had been treated; but in the later years he forgave them—his malice, if any existed, had passed away.

In his younger years he had met the assaults of his many enemies, and had come out the brighter and stronger from the conflict. He now could be likened to the sturdy oak, which had stood the storms of many winters. But time and age, and the beating of the storms had at last shorn it of its great strength, and it had to succumb.

Only a few months after leaving Galveston, he was gathered to his fathers. Peace to his noble ashes! May the great God forever bless Sam Houston; for by his great sagacity, his iron will and his nobleness of character, he wrenched from Mexico and the savage a princely inheritance for his adopted children, who now enjoy it.

Do the people of this vast domain appreciate the legacy which cost the old chieftain so much trouble, so much pain and anxiety and the loss of so much blood? I fear not!

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## DECISION OF A TEXAS JURY

A man in Brazoria County had on his farm an orphan boy—a poor chap who had gone to this man seeking a home, offering to do what he could for his keep. The farmer, having occasion to correct him, did not go about it in a humane way, but beat him most unmercifully.

Soon after, the boy made his way to a neighbor, Old Phil Claborn, one of the most charitable men in existence, who asked him what had happened that he was in such a terrible plight. Upon hear-

ing the boy's story, he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and posted off in hot haste to investigate. Although greeted by the offender civilly, Uncle Phil was in no state of mind to hear explanations, but knocked the man down and proceeded to administer a sound thrashing to him.

For this, Uncle Phil was brought into court and charged with assault and battery. He employed W. J. Jones and Jones Rivers to defend him. As Mr. Rivers was young, Judge Jones gave way to him, knowing his talent as a speaker. The case was called, and the man was produced to show how terribly he had been punished.

Mr. Rivers began his speech by quoting the Good Book to the effect that it is right that a man should be a father to the fatherless, and visit the widows and the orphans in their afflictions. "Now," he argued, "who is the father to this poor boy? My client has done no more than he was commanded to do. What father would not resent the beastly beating this poor orphan was subjected to?"

From this proposition he elaborated and before the closing of his peroration, he had the judge, jury and the bystanders in tears. When the case was given to the jury, the foreman asked if they could not render a verdict without retiring. The judge told them that they could; whereupon, the foreman reported as follows: "We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty, and we recommend that Phil Claborn do it again!"

## OX TEAMS AND THE RAILROADS

In 1839 or in 1840 there sprang a little village in the Southeastern part of Washington County, which was called Jacksonville in honor of a few families who had settled that neighborhood.

In three families who bore the name of Jackson were William, Terrell and Gilbert. They were industrious, well-to-do farmers and opened good farms in their neighborhood. In addition to their farming operations, they built the first saw-mill ever operated in the county. Having settled near the waters of New Year's Creek, they conceived the idea of building a mill and operating it with water-power from that stream.

There was a fine cedar-break near, furnishing them with logs to operate upon. Not having the advantages of new machinery, their sawing was rough, yet it was a great convenience to the whole country. Their logs were not squared, each and every one being put on the same carriage, and ripped into planks, which were left in what was called a feather-edge finish.

Before using the lumber, the carpenters had to trim down the edges with drawing knives and planes. This was very primitive work,

but the settlers were glad to get it at any price, and would come for it long distances. The saw-mill enabled the citizens of Jacksonville to build neat frame houses, and put on much style—as it was called.

All building previous to this had to be done with the broad-axe and fro, consequently was rough and uncouth. Jacksonville also arose to the dignity of having one or two little stores, a blacksmith shop and the inevitable bar-room.

A short distance above, in a westerly course, another settlement had been made by the Rev. Hosea Garrett, Judge O. H. P. Garrett, a Mr. Miller, and a few others whose names I have forgotten. This was a Baptist settlement, and through the exertions of the Rev. Hosea Garrett, a Baptist church was erected within a short distance of Jacksonville, in which he preached many years.

At this church transpired scenes both amusing and sad. Before Brother Garrett commenced his discourse, he would read from ten to twenty items of news and events which had taken place in the settlement; such as, Brother So-and-so had unfortunately lost a horse last Friday night, with a long description thereof. So with mules, oxen, cows, saddles, bridles and other property lost. This was kind of the preacher, as there were no newspapers at that time, and was an accommodation to the settlers, helping them to regain their property sooner than if it had been advertised in print, for they all went to church. Also, anything found during the week was duly announced at the next Sabbath meeting.

If any were sick or in distress, it was made known through the same channel. This made the pulpit a veritable bulletin board for the whole neighborhood. Consequently, a great many went to church, who would not have attended otherwise.

While on the subject of pulpit announcements, a tale since told of a happening in Galveston might be relished here. A needy genius undertook the manufacture of gun powder, something that everybody used, and persuaded the Methodist preacher to announce it from his pulpit. The preacher did so, telling how worthy and hard-up the manufacturer was. He also called upon any who could recommend it to arise and say a word. Thereupon, a tall lank hunter arose, and stated that a man could shoulder a sackful and walk through Hades without the slightest danger, and that he was glad to testify to its merits.

An amusing incident happened at the church in Jacksonville. During a revival, Uncle Billy Jackson, as he was called, once a man of the world and a lover of whiskey, and also small in stature and nervous, restless, wirey and quick of speech, and when drinking, exceedingly profane, professed religion in the early part of the meeting.

Later in the evening, his brother Gilbert—also addicted to the flowing bowl, accepted the invitation to come to the mourners' bench.

Whereupon, Uncle Billy fell upon Gilbert's neck, and began to supplicate the Lord in his brother's behalf. But, finding himself short both of ideas and language in which to clothe them, he floundered helplessly until he spied their brother Terrell standing near. He therefore lifted up his voice and cried: "Terrell, Terrell, pray for Gilbert here. By God, if I could pray I sure would pray for him." Perhaps, like the story told of another poor blundering sinner, who swore that his friend should not die, the recording angel again dropped a tear and blotted out the offending oath. However it might have been, Uncle Billy lived to a good old age, and was beloved by his neighbors.

On Saturdays it was the custom for all the citizens to collect at the town and gossip and run pony races for drinks. Money was not thought of as a circulating medium, and was rarely seen. I recollect of hearing J. W. McDade say that on one occasion he entered the postoffice to inquire if there was anything for him in that department of the government. The postmaster rummaged around and found a letter, which cost Mr. McDade twenty-five cents.

We then paid according to the number of sheets the letter contained. A single sheet cost six and one-quarter cents—or a "pickayune," as we called it. Two sheets called for twelve and one-half cents—or a "bit." Three sheets meant eighteen and three-quarter cents—or "pestareen," and four or more sheets called for from two to four bits. Postage meant cash; for on no account would the postmaster give credit.

After Mr. McDade had gone the rounds of his friends to borrow the necessary two bits, he found them all in the same straightened circumstances. So he pawned his pony to the postmaster, received his letter, rode home behind a neighbor, and redeemed his pony the next day.

Speaking of saw-mills: the old time saws ran perpendicular, and were called sash-saws. They were very clumsy affairs, had to be run by water or horse power, but on account of their weight, they were scarcely ever operated by horse power. I well remember the first revolving saw which came into use. They were made with an iron bar with a chisel-shaped cutter on each end. It revolved very fast, and could cut from 500 to 1000 feet during the day. They were called the wood-pecker saw from the pecky way in which they operated. Out of this evolved the circular saw of the present day.

A great deal of our present civilization is due to the saw-mill, and the great advance made in the expeditious mode of making lumber. Without comforts and conveniences at home you might as well try to turn the course of a stream and make it run up hill. The saw-mill has been a great source of comfort to humanity, and thereby advanced civilization.

This we early saw in the southeastern part of our county, near the town of Jacksonville, where a new settlement sprung up, now called Chappell Hill. This neighborhood was settled by the Chappells, McDades, Bartletts, McPhaddens, Stephens, Huberts, and others whose names I have forgotten. These early settlers had the advantage of Jackson's saw-mill and built neat and comfortable houses out of cedar, and many stand until this day.

In lands this is the richest portion of Washington County, and prospered more rapidly in commerce and agriculture than any part of middle Texas. After getting themselves comfortably housed they turned their attention to the raising of corn, cotton, cattle, hogs and other products of convenience and comfort. Gin houses sprung up as if by magic. Cotton was made up into bales and sent to Houston on ox wagons, of course, as there was no other means of transportation. Teamsters became numerous, and cotton was hauled to Houston at fifty cents per hundred, nearly as cheap as is done by rail at this time.

The loading of a wagon was regulated by the number of oxen composing the team; five yoke carrying five bales and six yoke six bales, and so on. A round trip was made in good weather and good roads in fourteen days. And on bad roads and in bad weather it took nearly a month to make the trip. Each wagoner was provided with a complete camping outfit, and always took with him a Spanish pony to ride when driving his oxen. In this way they made tow-paths along each side of the main road, as is the case on canals.

Time was no object with the wagoner, consequently he took things easy. He usually stuck up his little tent an hour or two before dark and hobbled his oxen and pony near, for there was oceans of luxuriant grass all over the face of the country. After partaking of a supper of fried bacon, hoe-cake and black coffee, a smoke from his strong pipe, he repaired to his tent or rolled himself in his blankets and was soon off into the arms of Morpheus, that great benefactor of mankind.

When the morning sun was well up in the heavens the wagoner would commence to shake off the blissful arms which had enwrapped him so kindly during the night, and prepare his humble breakfast. In this he made no haste, for his cattle, as he called his oxen, must have time to graze, as it is generally known cattle do not as a usual thing graze much at night or after nine or ten o'clock in the morning.

After breakfast his first thought was to catch and saddle his pony, for this class of men were never known to walk when it could possibly be avoided. This was the custom of all old Texans. It was said of them that they would walk a half-mile to ride a quarter. After saddling his pony he rounded up his cattle, herded them to the wagon, yoked them, and by ten or ten-thirty o'clock was ready for the day's drive.

This was the mode of conveyance from Dallas, Corsicana and Waco in the north and east, and Austin, Bastrop and LaGrange on the west. In fact all the interior of Texas was supplied in this primitive way of transportation.

After annexation this rich area of country around Chappell Hill began to settle up rapidly. Farmers came from the old states and soon comfortable dwellings were seen to rise as by magic all over these beautiful prairies, and soon the rich green grass and the beautiful flowers began to give way before the plow and the hoe. In their stead corn and cotton stalks grew.

In 1847, or about that time, the first store-house was erected in Chappell Hill by Mr. Jacob Haller. Mr. Haller was from the north, and as is the case with nearly all from that part of the country, was a wideawake business man. In a few years, by his business qualifications, he had won the confidence of all the farmers. Consequently his business increased to such degree that he bought all the cotton grown in the neighborhood. Mr. Haller married the daughter of W. D. Hargrove, one of the oldest settlers, who was respected by all who knew him.

The next store was owned by Captain J. C. Wallis and Terrell Jackson, who did a large business. Mr. J. E. Wallis, now of Galveston, also about this time opened a small grocery store in connection with the postoffice, he being the postmaster. After this the town grew so rapidly that ox teams became too slow, so people began clamoring for a railroad to Houston.

Major Joseph Wallis, a planter living near the town, who had some knowledge of the powers of the newspaper in such matters, commenced to write articles for the Texas Ranger, a paper published in the old town of Washington, on the necessity of better means of transportation and the possibility of building a railroad from Houston to the county. He also wrote an article or two for the old Houston Telegraph.

These articles seemed to arouse the ambitions of Paul Bremond, Harvey Allen and Mosely Baker, and a few others. These went across the Bayou, where now stands the Grand Central Depot, threw a few shovelfuls of dirt into the air, and as Mr. Bremond used to say, shouted: "Here's for the railroad," when not one of them had a dollar to start the enterprise.

About this time a citizen's meeting was held at Chappell Hill, with Major Joseph Wallis in the chair, and his son, Captain J. C. Wallis, acting as secretary. While few had faith in the building of a railroad, speeches were called for. The Rev. Isaac Applewhite led off with a good talk and was loudly applauded. Col. D. Landes, who had recently come from Kentucky, followed with an elaborate

address portraying the great advantages of a railroad, having seen and felt the benefits before leaving his native state.

Although few felt or took much interest in the enterprise, this little meeting infused new ideas into the community. The more it was talked about the greater became the enthusiasm, until in a short time the whole county was aroused and all were in favor of a road. Barbecues and public meetings were held and great excitement prevailed. At this juncture, Harvey Allen was sent from Houston to procure rights-of-way and to make speeches along the line of the intended road.

He had no difficulty in getting a right-of-way, all gave without stint of acres. He also was empowered with authority to take stock at the close of his speeches. His listeners were told that great wealth would accrue to those who invested. He would open his books and the farmers would rush up and subscribe liberally. A great deal of stock was taken in the county and much interest was manifested in and around Chappell Hill and Brenham.

But, strange to say, there developed in other counties considerable opposition to railroads. The teamsters and their friends, who had the hauling of the cotton crop to Houston, were very much opposed to the new project. They contended that the railroad would break up their business and kill and destroy everything on their line, that anything which traveled at the rate of speed that Mr. Allen said his cars would, would be unmanageable, consequently bring death and destruction wherever they went. It must be remembered that a great many in Texas at that time had never seen a railroad or a train of cars.

Unmindful of this fact, Mr. Allen in his anecdotes had gone too far. One of his favorites was to illustrate the speed of cars. When back in the states he had came across an old negro standing near a depot, and had asked the old man how far it was to the next station, and he had replied thoughtfully:

"Boss, I see yo' is afootback, an' yo' will find hit about fifteen mile, an' mighty tiresome. Ef yo' was on top of a hoss's back yo' mout find hit a mile or so nearder. But—fo' God, ef yo' gits on dat iron hoss, what goes snortin' along dis yere path, yo' is dar now!"

Col. D. Sanders attempted to make a speech favoring railroads in an adjoining county, and had it not been for the sheriff they would have mobbed him. So Chappell Hill may well be considered the father of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. It was the first agitator of the project, and the first funds were raised in Washington County.

In 18— grading was commenced at Houston, and as railroad construction was new to everybody, it was done in the most primitive way. Work was done with wheel-barrow and shovel, and proved

so costly that by the time the prairie was reached all the money was expended. Here it rested for a considerable time, but finally was completed to Gum Island and cars put on. A hotel was erected there and stables for public convenience.

This short distance was gladly accepted by travelers visiting Houston as it saved them that much journey over one of the muddiest roads in Texas. After resting some time at Gum Island, it was finished to Cypress City. This was considered a great convenience, saving travel over one of the loneliest and most disagreeable stretches of road that men were ever called upon to undertake.

At one time in the early days there were but two or three houses between the Brazos River and Houston. One, kept by Mrs. Kerley, stood somewhere near the crossing of Big Cypress, and the next, kept by Mrs. Wolf, an old German woman, at or near Gum Island. Another was kept by Mrs. Duckworth and stood at the Five Mile Branch, or the Lone Pine, as wagoners called it.

Through this dreary stretch in the rainy season of mud, water and mire, travelers were forced to pass in getting to market. Consequently every little advance of the railroad was hailed with gladness and joy by people of the up-country.

The long delay at Big Cypress of the road caused the people to distrust those in authority, and when an additional ten per cent from the stockholders was called for, many forfeited what stock they had. Others sold at what they could get, which was not much as there was no market for it. The Houston merchants bought most of it in exchange for goods at extravagant prices.

After a long time the road drew with snail-like pace its weary length into Hempstead, to the great delight of the up-country. The grand affair was duly celebrated with a barbecue, much speech making and general rejoicing. At this point the road rested for a long time.

It was the original intention to cross the Brazos River at Rock Island and run through a portion of Washington County, take in the old town of Washington, and recross the river at the Falls, some seven miles above the town. But, after the long delay at Hempstead, the contemplated work of crossing the river was abandoned and the road was continued up the east side of the river.

This divergence from the original course somewhat raised the ire of the citizens of the county of Washington and caused them to get a charter for the building of the Washington County Railroad. The company which built this road was composed of the following persons: Nathan King, Wm. M. Sledge and W. W. Browning, and was known as King, Sledge & Co.

They all being farmers, with no surplus money, agreed with the farmers along the line to grade the road and take stock in full pay-

ment. To this plan many acceded, and at odd times when they could spare their negroes and teams, in this manner was the grading done. The State loaned the money to purchase the iron.

By dint of hard work and of good management the road was completed to Brenham. A great deal of credit is due to the Messrs. Giddings & Giddings of Brenham for aid in the management of their finances. When the company had exhausted both its cash and credit, Giddings & Giddings succeeded in borrowing the surplus school funds from the county, which, added to capital supplied by themselves, was used in the purchase of two locomotives and some rolling stock.

I dare say that this road of twenty-one miles was built with less visible cash than any one of the same number of miles in the United States. After its completion to Brenham, Washington and adjoining counties put on a regular boom. Cotton and corn were raised in abundance, shipped to Houston and Galveston, and brought fair prices.

Soon the tumble-down log cabins gave way to nice comfortable dwellings, painted, and in most instances supplied with new furniture. And many of the old settlers went so far as to have carpets on their floors. The old time wagoner, with his long string of oxen and his long whip, disappeared from the land forever.

Previous to this, however, the citizens awoke to the idea of schools and churches. Their children were growing up in idleness and ignorance, and for want of discipline were running wild. At this opportune time two men by name Wilson and Dunn, from Ohio, I think, came in search of schools. Here they found children plentiful, whose parents wanted them educated, but no school houses.

These two school teachers offered to build a school house if the parents would furnish the lumber. A very good, small, two-story house was soon erected, and was used for several years, until the increase in pupils called for more room. Mr. and Mrs. Halsey put up another house for the education of young ladies. So we had in a short time both a male and female school. Soon after this the Chappell Hill Female College was incorporated, the trustees of which school bought out the Wilson and Dunn building for a music department.

A male university was begun under a charter bearing the name of Soule University. This is a stone building costing sixty thousand dollars, and was once the leading school in Texas, and it was the intention of its founders that it would remain so.

The University flourished until the outbreak of the Civil War. It dwindled away, on account of parents being unable to pay tuition. They were so reduced in circumstances that the boys were needed at home. For several years the young men had no facilities for education, save what they could acquire at home.

This was a great misfortune and the cause of many heartaches to parents. Their sons were unused to the drudgery of farm work and in many cases rebelled, and having thrown off all parental care and control, wandered off into vicious habits and could never be reclaimed. This is one of the fruits of war which is never entertained or thought of when the accursed demon arises.

When men take up arms to fight against their brother, war is the curse of all. Men for generations to come feel the effects of sanguinary conflict. Those yet unborn seem to come into the world with the instincts of their parents to battle against each other, which takes generation after generation to counteract.

The poor parents struggled to keep dark ignorance from their doors. The poor mothers took on themselves extra labors that their girls might gain that which was denied their sons, sent them to school, and by denying themselves all comforts managed to keep them in school until many of them obtained their degrees. Thus they sowed unawares seed which developed much to their gain; for their daughters, many of them, were enabled to teach, and their earnings helped to maintain the mothers in their old age.

Soule University succumbed and is now nearly in a state of ruin. On the other hand, the female school is in a very flourishing condition. Everything under the supervision of the Great Mind seems done for the best. After the destructive war was ended it seemed best, though not perceived by the parent at first, to educate the daughter instead of the son.

This was a complete change from the old system, which was that if either education was to be neglected it eventually fell on the side of the girl. It has now been proved beyond a doubt that it should be otherwise. As the mater mind is elevated, so much more so is that of the offspring. Within the last fifty years the arts and sciences have flourished at a ratio that never before existed; for it is within that period that care has been taken to educate the girl.

So we perceive within our own knowledge that it has been of vast benefit to the rising generation. As all blessings seem to come under disguises, so may all the calamities which befall us be in some measure blessings. Let us hope so.

## Chapter XXV

# BRENHAM

BRENHAM, the county seat, was named in honor of Dr. Brenham—one of the Mier prisoners who was shot to death at the insurrection of the prisoners at Salada, where that noble band had halted while on their way to the City of Mexico.

Knowing the Mexicans to be without honor or principle, and also knowing of the many hardships of prison life, where they were doomed to lose their identity as human beings, they chose to run the risk of sacrificing their lives on the altar of Liberty rather than to submit to untold and unspeakable cruelties.

Consequently, at a secret meeting on the 10th of February, at night, at the Hacienda of Salada, they plotted to rush their guards on the morning of the 11th of February, 1842, and regain their liberty or die in the attempt. It was on this morning that Dr. Brenham was killed.

He had on a former occasion tested the privations of a Mexican dungeon, having been captured in the unfortunate Santa Fe expedition. For his noble conduct in these two regrettable affairs the citizens of Washington County saw fit to perpetuate his memory by giving his name to the capital of the county.

On a well-wooded and well-watered location near the center of the county the town was laid out—with a pretty stream rippling through it. Soon there sprang up quite a considerable place. A good many of the old citizens of Washington County settled at the county seat, among them Sam Lusk, our county clerk; Captain Gray, district clerk; Wm. H. Ewing, formerly our magistrate; Jess Farrel, George Horton, and others. There also came J. D. Gradings, afterwards district clerk for many years, and John Sayles, Dr. J. P. Key, Judge Stamps and others whom I do not now remember.

Mr. Hugh McIntyre erected the first hotel, constructed of post-oak logs, containing two sitting rooms on the ground floor and two bedrooms above. One of these was for men, and had beds located all around the walls, with no privacy. It was the custom in those days when the weather was bad for everybody to gather in the sitting room or parlor of a hotel, around a big open fireplace. There was no privacy in hotels.

Mr. McIntyre was a whole-souled, generous landlord, and made all feel at home. As soon as possible he added other buildings to his hotel. Everything then was plain, simple and democratic, and I think there was more enjoyment then than now. The lawyers, when not engaged, came in and told anecdotes. Many were the good,

hearty, side-splitting laughs we heard around the old-fashioned log fire at McIntyre's.

The landlord was a native of Tennessee and brought with him all the free and easy way of that state. He was also brave and when the necessity arose he left his business in the hands of his capable wife, and hied himself off to war with all the alacrity of the younger men. He lived to see Brenham grow to be quite a city, realized much profit from property bought cheap in early days, and built a two-story brick hotel, calling it the McIntyre's House.

The first buildings in Brenham were primitive in construction, the county yet being poor and thinly settled. Like all other Texas county seats, Brenham was laid out after the Mexican pattern, with a large square in the center, wherein is located the courthouse, a two-story building, courtroom above and offices below. The old jail was made of post-oak logs, hewn square, and was seldom used.

In the early days when a prisoner was put in he was generally placed on his honor whether he would stay in or not, as it was very insecure. The officers of the court had to be contented with such accommodations as could be found. This state of affairs lasted until the city grew and prospered. Now it is a community of fine residences, and the courthouse is among the finest in the state, with grounds beautifully laid out and kept. The old jail was abandoned, and a new two-story brick structure erected further out.

The Brenham Bar was looked upon at one time as the ablest in the state, and was composed of the following lawyers: Bassett, Sayles & Bassett, Giddings & Giddings, Shepard & Shepard, and the two Willeys—James and Asa, Ed. D. Tarver, Jones Rivers, Breedlove & Ewing, Col. Seth Shepard, Asa M. Lewis, W. S. Day, W. A. Higgins, J. F. Crosby, and others.

It was visited occasionally by that erratic man, John Taylor, of whom so much has been written. He practiced in all the courts from the Sabine River to the Rio Grande, and never put up at a hotel. He nearly always rode a little Spanish mule, and wherever night overtook him there he would camp. He carried his own camping outfit, and would cook, eat and sleep out under the stars.

He had the reputation of being one of the most eloquent speakers in Texas, and has been the foundation subject for many romances, one of which I read some time ago. Strolling into a court-room he found a poor woman, charged with a grave offense, but unable to hire counsel. The judge called upon the Bar for a volunteer, but no one responding—Taylor offered to defend her providing he was given a short time to investigate the case.

Such a speech as Taylor made was never heard in that court. A stream of symphonious words strung on cords of gold which, touched by his silvery tongue, flowed so harmoniously as to melt the

hearts of the judge, jury and spectators. The court-room was wild for the acquittal of the prisoner, who walked out a free woman.

Judge Baylor said that John Taylor reminded him of a man who had masticated and swallowed the dictionary, and afterwards taken an emetic. Such a downpour of beautiful words came from his throat that they were irresistible to a common jury. And yet this man, with his great ability, was an outcast. So secluded did he keep himself that he might be called a traveling hermit.

Of all the old Bar left of this once great galaxy of stars, Col. D. C. Giddings, whom Washington County would desire more to honor, alone remains in Brenham. He has served Texas in many ways—both public and private capacities, and much to her interests. He served in the halls of Congress as a public servant. He went abroad and secured a large amount of money due her in foreign lands, which others had tried to obtain but failed. In the Civil War, in the thickest of the fray was to be found Col. D. C. Giddings bravely leading his men. As a private citizen he lives in a princely home in Brenham, respected by all.

Judge Asa Willey is too well known in Texas to require further enlargement from me. He has served his state too long and faithfully for that. He represented Texas in the halls of Congress faithfully and with great credit, and was afterward elected to the supreme bench of the state. While acting in that capacity he was considered one of the ablest lawyers ever to fill that position. He now resides in Galveston, and is at the head of the Bar of that city. Judge Willey is almost a Texan, having come at an early age. He read law in Brenham and although a minor, by special dispensation he was allowed to practice. This was done through the kindness of the Honorable Hamilton Steward, a member of the State Legislature. The old Texans all love Judge Willey and would gladly honor him with any gift within their power.

His brother James was another brilliant young man—a rising star, but whom death called before his state could offer him the opportunity to demonstrate his ability. The Hon. E. D. Tarver was born and raised in Washington County, and almost idolized by its citizens, who elected him to every position to which he aspired.

When the great Know Nothing question was about to split the Democratic party in the state he stumped against it successfully. People who had heard the great orators of the nation declared his speeches to be equal, if not superior, to any these had made. Mr. Tarver, like his fellow townsman, James Willey, died young, thereby cutting off that which might have been a useful career. His death was regretted by all.

John Sayles, another member of the Brenham Bar, gained a statewide reputation by his writings on legal matters. A lawyer's

library would not be complete anywhere in the state without Sayles' Digest. His other writings on law subjects add to his standing. He has since removed to Abeline, Taylor County, where he heads the Bar of that city.

The two Shepards ranked high. Chauncy represented Washington County previous to the Civil War for many years, and was noted for his brilliancy in debate. He is the father of that coming young statesman, Hon. Seth Shepard, recently appointed by President Cleveland to fill an office near him at Washington, D. C. In this appointment, Mr. Cleveland did Texas a signal honor.

John Shepard distinguished himself as a representative of Washington County at several conventions held in Austin. While serving on the judicial bench he rendered decisions held in high esteem by the Bar of the state and the public at large. Before settling in Brenham, Asa M. Lewis had represented one of the southwestern counties in the House of Representatives during the days of the Republic. After the adjournment of Congress he married a Miss Browning of Washington County, settled in Brenham and practicel law until his death. He won respect for his firmness. What he thought right, that would he do, regardless of the feelings of friend or foe. This trait of character was demonstrated in the Congress of the Republic of Texas, when the west was nearly solid against General Houston, and when it was not good policy for any man from that section to belong to the Houston party. Mr. Lewis boldly advocated the policy of the administration, and was thereby subjected to taunts of desertion of the west, but he was never deterred from doing what he thought was best for the Republic.

Many times he was seen hobbling about the halls of Congress, his heels protruding from his shoes, on account of severe attacks of rheumatism. He patiently persevered in the discharge of his duties, was a good speaker, a man of fine sense, honest, bold and highly esteemed.

Mr. Bassett was another strong attorney and, with his partner, Mr. Sales, rated high at the Bar of Washington County. Mr. Bassett was the last to leave Brenham, and doubtless yet remembers with gratitude the favors extended to him by older lawyers in the days of his youth. These favors are sometimes forthcoming, although to the outsider it seems that between opposing attorneys no quarter is asked or given.

In these controversies Mr. Bassett was always equal to the occasion, and his removal to Dallas was much regretted by his friends, who rejoice at his continued prosperity.

R. Jones Rivers, one of the brightest lights of the Bar, was noted for his wit, which at times sparkled like a fresh-cut diamond. Woe unto him who was the target of his wit. His side-splitting anecdotes made him the center of admiring crowds, and notwithstanding his

keen-cutting wit and his biting sarcasm he was popular with his brethren of the profession.

J. D. Giddings was the old wheel-horse of the Bar. His long experience as district clerk made him familiar with records of the county, and as a land and probate lawyer he could not be excelled. With his brother, Hon. D. C. Giddings, he met with great success, and both accumulated vast fortunes in lands which they took as fees in the early days. Being a staunch Methodist, Mr. Giddings built a brick church in Brenham, which is now called the Giddings Memorial Church.

He also had built a fine residence near Brenham, and had prepared to settle down and take life easy, when he was killed by being thrown from his buggy.

As I remember it, these great men composed the Bar at Brenham up to 1846. There may have been others. The sheriffs, according to my recollection, were Robert Stephenson, Lynch Van Irion, J. W. McDade, John Day and Peter McNeise. Elisha Little was the only tax assessor I can recall. Our taxes before the war were merely nominal. If a citizen was called upon for more than twenty-five or thirty dollars he thought it burdensome. There were many who paid no taxes at all. The officer who called on the people for the least taxes was the most popular man at the polls. Government in those days was economically administered—run on the truly democratic plan. Officers who would impose the present taxes upon the public would be relegated to that poetic spot known as "where the woodbine twineth."

A daughter and son of Col. W. B. Travis of San Antonio fame once resided in Brenham. The name of Moses Austen Bryan will long live in history as the secretary of that assembly which gathered in Washington on the Brazos in 1836, and gave to Texas a name and history as a common inheritance for us all.

The Weekly Banner was the first newspaper published in Brenham, and is still going. Others have started, ran for a while and have died, but the Banner has stood the test for many years.

Brenham's history could not well be written without mentioning the name of Dr. Jno. P. Key, a noble man of fine ability and a good practitioner of medicine. Sympathetic by nature, he imparted to others that calm demeanor so essential in the nursing of the sick, and won the confidence of his patients. A man of judgment, he bought property when cheap, which made him wealthy. He died respected by all.

Chapter XXVI

## POSTOFFICE AND COINS

I WELL remember when there were no more than 150 postoffices in the Republic of Texas. And in the quarterly returns there was not more than one column of figures to add up, not longer than would fill a sheet of foolscap paper.

We had not then the United States table of coin, such as mills, half dimes and dimes, but the old-fashioned mode of counting money, such as 6¼ cents, which we called Pickayune; 12½ cents, called a Bit; 18¾ cents, called a Pestareen; 25 cents, called Two-bits, and so on up to a Dollar.

Let sorrows like fleeting shadows come and go.
Let joys like mountain streams us overflow.
Then will realities morning sun grow bright,
Dispelling glooming mist and weary night
From off this glorious world of ours.
Then will angel songs be heard around
Our hearths, homes and dreamy beds;
Telling of the joys which so much abound
Around our hitherto cramped and narrow heads.
Then will streams of sunshine fill our souls
To overflowing with rapturous delight,
And lead us weary with earth cares to brighter goal.

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## FORM OF AN OATH TAKEN BY JAMES W. FANNIN

I, James W. Fannin, do solemnly swear that I will support the republican principles of the Constitution of Mexico of 1824, and obey the Declarations and Ordinances of the Consultation of the chosen delegates of All Texas in General Convention assembled; and the Ordinances and Degrees of the Provisional Government, so help me God. And I will faithfully perform and execute the duties of my office agreeably to said end to the best of my ability, so help me God. (Signed) J. W. Fannin.

Austin, Jan. 7th, 1836

This old oath was printed by Baker & Borden, in San Felipe de Austin. On the back it bears this endorsement:

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 7th day of January A. D. 1836. Charles B. Stewart,

*Secretary of Executive Dept., State of Texas.*

## Chapter XXVII

# CEDAR CREEK CHURCH AND THE SPREADING OF THE EAGLE

IT WAS at this old church that a barbecue was given by the citizens in 1842. General Houston, Major A. J. Donaldson and General Lamar were invited to make speeches on the topics of the day. At that period the subject of Annexation was being discussed and as Major Donaldson was the minister to Texas from the United States, it was expected that he would base his remarks on that subject, which he did in glowing and eloquent terms.

His discourse was listened to with marked respect, as he, in addition to being the minister of the United States, was also the adopted son of General Jackson. Consequently, he in a large sense spoke the opinions of that great and influential man.

However, the day was opened by Judge Nimrod of Chappell Hill, the orator of the day. The Judge was a highly educated gentleman who had taken his degree at the State University in Alabama, and was in his prime.

The day being the Fourth of July, the Judge was full of pluck, and fully feathered. He soon left the earth and was amidst the planets, on track of the American Eagle. The national bird led him from star to star, and wandered most gloriously among the original Thirteen.

When he commenced his descent he circled gently among the murky clouds, touching now and then upon their highest points, until, to his great delight and safety, he reached the arc of a rainbow, and after descanting eloquently and grandly of its beauties, slid gently to the earth without rumpling a feather.

Such was the character of the speeches made in those days upon such occasions. General Lamar followed Major Donaldson and Judge Nimrod, his efforts bristling with eloquence and with patriotism.

Chapter XXVIII

# HOUSTON'S PERSONALITY AND SPEECH

GENERAL HOUSTON was a very peculiar man in his dress. At times he wore as common clothes as possible to conceive. I have seen him have on such clothes as I have described; at other times he would dress in the most gorgeous costume, with ruffles of the finest material around his wrists. I do not now remember whether his shirtfronts were ruffled or not, but presume they were.

He was one of the most commanding looking men I ever saw: tall, large square frame, with no surplus flesh. With full, sweet, melodious voice, his articulation was perfect, and in his public speeches one at the extreme bounds of his vast audiences could hear every word uttered by him without straining the auditory nerves.

General Houston never seemed to fatigue his listeners, who evinced an intense desire not to lose a single idea. Such was his control over his hearers, that he could hold them for hours and at the expiration of his time the audience would invariably say away down deep in their hearts: go on—go on.

He did not pretend to go off into great oratorical flashes of eloquence, but rather to deal in subjects with which the people were familiar, and to present the subject matter to them in plain, substantial words. He spoke in words such as they could understand, and presented them in such a way that his audience would say: why I knew that before but never had thought of it in that light.

"General Houston is right, for I have thought that same thing myself, but somehow I could never see it in that light before."

This was his great forte in public speaking. His language was plain and forcible, elegant and smooth. Only when retorting to his enemies his speech would become a perfect torrent; almost a complete Niagara Falls, for very few indeed could survive his opposition.

## Chapter XXIX

# TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS

IN ACCORDANCE with your request that I should read an essay on the Fall of the Alamo, will state that I am at a loss to give a minute outline of that tragic event in so short a time allotted me. Fearing that I might weary you, and perhaps absorb too much of your time by going into details, I shall only briefly review some of the incidents and causes which led up to that unfortunate battle.

The Franciscan Monks established in the year 1718 a mission on the east bank of the San Antonio River, and built the church which is now known as the Alamo. Outside of this church were the houses built for the purpose of Christianizing the Indians. In one of these were found some eighty or ninety bushels of corn when taken possession of by the Texans. When they were besieged by Santa Ana's army the corn proved useful. It was their only sustenance save a few beeves, during their sore trial when fighting for the cause so dear to them. But to return a little:

It is well known to you that the great Stephen F. Austin obtained a grant from Mexico to plant a colony in Texas. One of the conditions was that each man and family were to become citizens of Mexico, and that the head of the family should take an oath to support the Constitution of 1824, which was quite liberal toward the Colonists, and which was thought to protect them in all of their rights.

But it was seen early in the settlement of the colony, by the imprisonment of some of the noted men, and by other oppressive measures, that the Mexican government did not intend to carry out its contract. The imprisonment of Col. W. R. Travis, Patrick Jack and Monroe Edwards caused a shudder to run through the veins of the Texans. The stationing of Mexican troops in various parts of Texas, notably a large army at San Antonio under General Cos, caused the breach to widen.

These soldiers were sent to Texas with the pretended view of subduing the Indians, but really for the subjugation of the rebellious spirit of the Texans, as shown in the attack on Gonzales, and the attempt at disarming the Texans.

The tyrannical acts were too apparent to longer deceive the citizens, and as a retaliatory measure for the attempt on Gonzales a few of the Texans organized under General Burleson to take San

Antonio, and force General Cos to recross the Rio Grande. Under the leadership of General Burleson, the little army marched, its destination being San Antonio.

On the banks of the river a little below the city, they bivouacked for the night and consulted. A dissension arose in their deliberations as to how and where the attack on the city should begin, and after much wrangling the noble spirited Coln. Milam arose, and with persuasive and determined voice cried out: Who will follow old Ben Milam into the city?

"I," said one, and then another, and another, until three hundred and one brave men had repeated the answer, "I will." Coln. Milam was elected to lead the storming party into the city. On the following night they stole quietly into the city and commenced the attack. From then until General Cos surrendered the battle raged with fury, amid the boom of cannon, the roar of musketry and the shrieks of women and children.

The brave band of Texans, with crow-bar and picks, slowly forced their way from house to house, firing their rifles with deadly aim through the loopholes, as they picked and pried their way steadily through the walls of rock and concrete, until they reached the Plaza, on which the little church is situated.

After continuous fighting, day and night, from the fifth until the ninth, almost without food or water, the Texans, nearly exhausted, saw a white flag fluttering in the breeze, announcing the surrender of General Cos and his army. Excitement ran high, and the conquest was sweet. But as every sweet has its bitter, this was not an exception, for the brave, noble Milam was dead, pierced with a bullet from the enemy gun. He fell gallantly fighting for his country and his country's cause. He was buried near where he fell, and the grave-stones now mark the place near where a martyr to his country died.

Colonel Milam's mantle fell upon Colonel Johnson, a no less brave and noble commander, under whose leadership the battle was finished, and the contest ended. There the Alamo City had its baptism of blood, though it was but the thunder shower from which the great storm was yet to come, in which the lives of Travis, Bowie, Crockett and their little band of heroes were to be sacrificed to appease the wrath of the ruler of Mexico.

Santa Ana, stung to the quick by the disaster of General Cos, determined to raise an army sufficient to retake San Antonio and drive the hated Texans from the country. On the 22nd of February, a portion of his army arrived and camped on Alazan Creek, near and west of San Antonio. Soon after an army of four thousand was seen near Desiden Hill by a Texan from the watch-tower of a church near the Plaza.

The sentinel made a report to Colonel Travis. In order that he might not be mistaken, Colonel Travis requested two of his companions, upon whom he could put the most implicit reliance, to ride out and report to him the actual condition of affairs. They soon returned, driving before them a few beef cattle, which they penned in the stockade surrounding the Alamo.

Their report confirmed the statement of the sentinel from the watch tower; thereupon Colonel Travis, Colonel Bowie and the valiant Crockett and their ill fated comrades retired within the Alamo, which was to be a sepulchre, for never more—after the besiegers had thrown their deadly coil around the walls of the little fort, were they to leave alive. Freedom closed within the doors as they drew the shutters together.

Though dark and gloomy were the walls, light hearts beat within, for they thought that succor was near at hand. Colonel Travis had sent runners to Goliad and other places for assistance, but save for a few men from nearby, none came. Santa Ana, on the other hand, had been reinforced by General Tolso, with two thousand additional troops, which increased his army to six thousand.

With this vast army, the little band of Texans, numbering only one hundred and eighty men, were to engage in deadly struggle for what they considered their duty to their country and the freedom of their fellowmen. What brave hearts beat within their bosoms, what loyalty to their country's call, what sacrifice for their wives, their children and their friends!

The pangs they suffered no one will ever know, for their tongues are silent in death. On the 23rd of February, Santa Ana sent a messenger to Col. Travis to surrender. His message was answered by a shot from a cannon. That shot announced the doom of the Alamo. From day to day the bombardment continued; repulse after repulse being met by the Mexicans.

Yet, drawing their slimy coil a little closer, and yet closer, until the 10th day, hope—that vision which lures men on to fame and fortune—seems to have fled. No news of reinforcements, their ammunition growing short, Colonel Travis made known the condition to his men, and took a vow that he would never surrender or attempt a retreat. He drew a line across the floor of the church with the point of his sword, and asked all who would remain with him and sell their lives as dear as possible, to step across the line with him.

Some made the choice with a leap; others, I dare say, went with heavy hearts, for death and gloom for them lay just over that little line. Family, friends and all dear—all, save duty was to be sacrificed, and narrowed down to one single little step. The compass was small, but consequences great. All went across but one: Colonel

Bowie, on a couch of sickness, had them move him over—four pair of willing arms.

The battle continued without interruption. A red flag was seen floating from the tower of a church nearby. This emblem was a notice that no quarter would be given the Texans. They knew that their doom was sealed, yet valiantly they fought amidst the roar of cannon and the crash of small-arms, resisting the siege for thirteen days: when the sun went down upon the lifeless forms of one hundred and eighty men, as brave men as ever drew sword.

The little band lay in the midst of sixteen hundred Mexican dead, the flower of Santa Ana's army. The sound of the bugle from the north battery of Santa Ana's headquarters, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the sixth of March, was the death knell of the famous little band—the defenders of the Alamo.

## Chapter XXX

# A VISION AT TWILIGHT

IN THE early twilight, when the stars were gently peeping from the blue vault of Heaven, an aged man sat rocking in his favorite chair by a glowing hearth. Silence pervaded his neatly kept room, only came the caressing wind at the window pane.

It seemed but natural for one of his age to revert back to his youth and tread the path again from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. He found many indentations, valleys of sorrow—interspersed with mountains of joy, which he had traversed during his pilgrimage of nearly seventy-five years.

In brooding over these things, which come to every man, he fell into a calm, contemplative mood, and from that into quietude. It was not a sleep but, as it were, a borderland of dream. Suddenly a form appeared unto him, in the semblance of a son whom he had loved so well, and the cause of one of the valleys through which he had just passed in reviewing his life.

The son said: "Father (not orally, but as heart speaketh to heart), Father, I have been a silent listener to your reveries, and as love begets love, I have come by this most sacred tie to commune with you. Cohesion—that great element in nature which hath power to attract the simpler elements in nature, and cement together in such bonds as shall require the mighty blows of the sledge to break them asunder, is but the counterpart of that other element, love; which binds the animal nature together in bonds much more durable and harder to sever.

"Yea—the bonds of love cannot be severed and still exist with us. Death itself cannot and does not sever it; for it is an offspring of Diety, and will live forever. Hence, we come to you in your old age, attracted by this sacred tie, to comfort and console you. That love which you lavished on me in infancy, youth and manhood, I wish to recompense you with ten-fold interest. Think not, Father, that we who pass away from your immediate vision are dead, (there is no death) but we are leading more active lives than ever.

"We have been with you in your indisposition, and it affords us great pleasure to keep you company and cheer you in your lonely hours. Not many, dear Father, have the privilege that you have, of spending so much time in daily communion with those you love, and have gone on before you. It is our great pleasure to impress you with our presence, and cheer you in your old age, and to help you bear your infirmities.

"Father, the old castle you have so long been an inhabitant of will soon fall into decay. It has served a good long time for a habitation. Now its windows are growing dim. The inner chambers, through which the soul has viewed the bright beauties of nature, no longer bring the harmonies of light and shade which make the old earth so glorious. Nor does the ear bring back to the soul those charms of sweet music which was once so delightful to listen to.

"And so with all the other organs of body, they are fast crumbling, and in a short time must yield to the laws of Nature, and rest.

"Father, the soul can be likened to a bird, imprisoned within its cage; seeing the beauties of Nature through its prison bars, and longing for liberty. It beats its wings against its wornout home and ere long regains its long desired freedom and soars away to new fields of pleasure and delight, to mingle with its kind in the sweet songs of the forest.

"So it is with the good of mankind. If their lives have been pure in youth, when old age comes, with all of its infirmities, the soul desires release and becomes restive at its captivity. Hence, there is no regret at what you call death. But, Father, as I have said before, there is no death. There is simply a change from an old to a new birth. And this may be illustrated by the change of the common grub. When it has finished its life in its low condition, that of groveling in the dust for its daily sustenance, it commences to spin and weave its shroud; and, little by little, it winds the garment around itself and ceases to exist for a short period.

"But in the allotted time the life principle of its former existance begins to swell and break asunder the cords which bind it, and it comes forth from its old shell, a thing of beauty—no longer living the life of sloth; but in its new existence flits from flower to flower gathering nectar from sweet buds and blossoms in its new surroundings.

"Oh what contrasts, what transformation from a creeping, crawling, unsightly worm to a thing of beauty! Just so it will be, dear Father, with all those who seek justice, truth and light. When deprived of the old body their spirits will take on new life, new beauties, new associations, new enjoyments. They will, in fact, become renewed in manhood, and in the vigor of youth will become dwellers in Elysian fields, where the thoughts of man have never entered, and it is not in the power of language to describe."

## Chapter XXXI

# LIFE ON THE BRAZOS IN 1839

IT WAS in the year 1839, my father moved his family from Alabama and settled in the old town of Washington, on the Brazos. In the succeeding year my brother Charles, then a young married man, concluded to follow him. After selling out his possessions in Alabama he, with his young wife, left the state early in the spring, and soon after arrived in Houston.

At that time everything was new in Texas, and in an almost chaotic state. There were no conveyances for traveling except the Spanish pony or common ox-wagon, to which long strings of cattle were hitched. Their long horns, reaching out from their heads, were well calculated to frighten one fresh from the States.

When this state of affairs was made known to his young wife, and that she would have to finish her journey to Washington in one of these wagons, she threw up her hands in despair and announced her willingness to return to her father's house back in the old state. But, by much persuasion on my brother's part, she finally concluded to make the trip—come weal or woe.

So, when the time of their departure arrived, and the wagoner drove his long team up to the hotel, she, with womanly fortitude, made the ascent by climbing the wheels and located herself on a feather-bed which my brother had spread out on top of the boxes and trunks. These filled the lower bed of the wagon and made her, to all appearances, occupy the second story. Her condition seemed somewhat pitiable but being endowed with noble resolves, she tearfully announced herself ready for the trip—and they were off.

By hard driving they got through Bradshear's Lane, about three miles from Houston (a most miserable spot of ground) and camped on the edge of the prairie, making about five miles the first day. When camp was struck it became a question of interest with my brother to get his wife down from her lofty perch. The wagoner, seeing the difficulty, got his axe, cut two pine poles, and with the aid of a few nails and strips soon had an impromptu ladder made, which reached the second story. Accordingly, my brother was made happy by soon seeing his wife safely reach the ground. This ladder was roughly made, but it answered its purpose and was carried along the rest of the journey for future use.

From this on through the dreary prairie of fifty miles or more, the journey consumed the better part of five days. My brother had a few negroes along, and with them he walked the greater part of

the way, varying the monotony by constant raids on the game he encountered along the road. There seemed an almost inexhaustible supply of deer, wild geese, duck, grouse and all kinds of aquatic fowls.

It seemed to my brother the veritable huntsman's paradise, of which he had heard before leaving the old state, and for which he had come prepared by bringing a fine double-barreled shotgun, and two of his best hound-dogs. The transition was so great and so quick from the old states, where the game had nearly all been exterminated, to this paradise of new fields, that at times he thought he had—by some legerdermain, been transferred from this to the Red Man's happy hunting ground.

And by night he could see in his dreams the ghastly savages in full pursuit of their phantom game. The scenes were not less so to his wife, for from her lofty perch she beheld Nature in all her grandeur. She could not well have lived with my brother without to some extent imbibing some of his wild nature for sports.

Seeing the vast herds of deer and other game made her heart beat somewhat in unison with his. But to a woman's eyes, the broad prairie, covered with its living green, and the innumerable flowers in their variegated arrangement, spread out so lavishly on Nature's bosom, seemed somewhat to compensate her for the trials of her lonely trip.

## Chapter XXXII

# TO BEN

YES, BEN, we all remember the little babbling brook, the one we loved so well to play in. How we would roll up our pants and go splashing and cantering about in it like colts.

And when we found a place that would half submerge our bodies, off would come our clothes, and in we would plunge. And, at the outcome we would be in far worse condition than when we went in, as far as cleanliness was concerned.

But we had the fun of having our backs blistered by the hot sun, and telling stories to our mothers as to how it happened. We love the old fun yet when we look back at it, and almost wish we were boys again.

We love the old home yet, with its many memories of childhood days, when our good mothers would send us on errands and we would stop to play a little with the neighbors' boys, and talk over the exploits which were considered marvelous to our youthful minds.

Yes, and we love the remembrance of the brook which ran through the back of the field, where we would go in the heat of the day and sit under the shade of the muscatine vine, drop our pinhooks over the edge of the bank and watch the minnows as they would approach the impaled angle-worm and give a sudden dart at it.

And then finding it fast on the hook, would dart off like a flash of light, to renew the attack as suddenly as they had left it. And when a larger one would come and golp the whole down, our delight would reach its climax, at being able to land the fearless culprit on the bank.

These were glorious days, Ben, and long to be remembered. And when old age grows apace, and life's cares become burdensome and heavy to bear, then these boyhood scenes become as bright rifts in the clouds which bear so heavily upon us, and perchance aid us in bearing up under the heavy loads we carry.

## Chapter XXXIII

# UNTOLD BITS OF THE STORY OF THE TAKING OF SAN ANTONIO

REPORTS of battles by superior officers are, unfortunately, not always true, or do not contain the whole truth. The deeds of bravery of sub-officers, which sometimes do not happen, get most favorable mention, while the work of privates and unofficered squads, while contributing to the success of the whole, sometimes never see the light of day.

History, once considered infallible and almost sacred, fails to record the real meat of the story, as many survivors of the Battle of San Antonio can bear witness. Could the actual knowledge of the latter be aired in print, perhaps the account of this thrilling battle might take on greater interest, and more accurately approximate the truth.

History, as a rule, is not written until long after dates, time and details are forgotten, and participants are scattered or perhaps in their graves. The following bit has been related to me by several who took part in it, and on that account it strikes me as being true.

This battle was fought from house to house, by scattered squads, separated by adobe walls, often without officers, and without knowledge as to whether or not they were being supported or whether there was any army left to support them. It was desperately uncertain; and it was mostly guess-work and unending grit which kept them digging away, grappling with the enemy as they found him.

It was nerve-wracking work to thus keep going in total ignorance, often, of the whereabouts of their comrades, and without assurance that they had not all been captured or slaughtered. It was almost like an underground fight. The walls, made thick to withstand the attack of Indians, were built of adobe—plastered outside and inside; and the roof made almost the same, with low parapets surrounding the edges.

Said one survivor: "A party of us had been ordered to the roofs, but found ourselves exposed to galling fire from the cupola of a church. Out of the fifteen or twenty of us, three or four were immediately wounded. By crouching down behind the parapets we managed to partially protect ourselves, and from there returned their fire as best we could. But a cold, stiff wind from the north prevented us loading our guns readily, and we were in a tight fix, with the wind blowing our powder away.

"Lieutenant Hall was shot through the mouth, the ball passing out near the ear. He and others made their escape from the roof, and there were five left, the shots flying thicker than ever. What was to be done? As a last resort we began digging through the roof, which was composed of lime, sand and clay. We soon had a hole large enough to admit a man's body, and the question arose as to who would be the first to go, as we did not know but what the room below was full of Mexicans; if so, one place would be as bad as the other.

"Being almost sure death either way, I volunteered to go first; and the others holding the end of the blanket, I slid down in the darkness. It was a moment of horror, and not knowing how far I had to drop, I swung onto my end of the blanket. My friends above saved me much agony by getting tired and letting me go. I dropped ten or twelve feet, and landed in a smouldering fire, scattering the embers in all directions. You can imagine how quickly I scrambled to my feet, and how I felt when in the gloom I discovered a Mexican officer standing ready to cut me down. However, I was game, and jerked a pistol from my belt and let him have it. I tore an awful hole in his handsome uniform coat, which was hanging on the wall and which I took for the officer himself. His sword was hanging beside the coat, and I captured that.

"Hearing the shot, the boys on the roof thought I was a goner, but came tumbling down when I yelled to them that I was all right. The officer had probably been asleep and dreaming of his dulciana when the attack began in the morning."

And so on for three days and nights went the struggle, made up largely of little episodes like this, which constitute the real meat of history, which in itself is made up mostly of well-polished bones, and misleading.

## Chapter XXXIV

# COMFORT A GREAT CIVILIZER

COMFORT is a great civilizing power. You can frequently reach a man's brain through his stomach in a much easier way than you can by the rougher means of starvation.

See a man in a little log cabin, with a family of little children gathered around him; barefooted and bareheaded, and his wife in pretty much the same fix.

They are seated at the table, breakfasting, dining and supping on corn-cake, a little fried beef, and a cup of black coffee; and at night going to rest on a scaffold covered with ox-hide, and a few bed-clothes.

Think you there is much chance for elevation in that family?

## Chapter XXXV

# REMARKS AT A DINNER GIVEN TO PHYSICIANS BY J. W. LOCKHART ON HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY AT CHAPPELL HILL

GENTLEMEN of the medical profession: When I called you together on the 4th instant, I did not know that the tribute of esteem I had for you as medical men would take the step that it has taken. I simply thought that we would meet together, enjoy a social dinner, talk over some of the pleasures and hardships of the profession, and separate better friends than when we came together, as social gatherings always tend to that end.

But as it was for our professional brother, Dr. Williams, to suggest other meetings of the same sort, and I in my humble opinion look on it as a wise thought. It will be for mutual good to all. The exchange of ideas on medical topics, the treatment of the various diseases which you are called daily to see, will be a great advantage to you; for there are none so learned that they can learn no more, and the man who says, "I know it all, I need no suggestion," I think ought hardly to be trusted.

The medical is a peculiar profession; it is even more glorious in its compass than the ministry. The doctors not only have the care of the disease to attend to, but are initiated into the privacies of the family. The most secret things pertaining to the household are freely entrusted to him. Then how careful he should be.

He not only acts in capacity of physician and nurse, but also as priest; for he is told all the troubles of neighbor against neighbor.

In reviewing my past life, I find no page so bright as that where I in an humble way acted as peace-maker. Secrets have been confided to me, and even open scandals, which had I retailed would have led to open rupture, and in some cases to bloodshed. These were always kept sacredly by me; and I have almost verged on falsehood to make friends where enmity existed. And I think that if there is any excuse for lying it would be in making friendship between neighbors.

I think, as in the case of good Uncle Toby, when he swore an oath for a good deed, that when the accusing angel flew up to heaven to hand it in to the recording angel, the latter dropped a tear on it, and blotted it out forever.

Let us go on and do good, not only as physicians, but as men among our patrons and neighbors. Heal, as far as possible, not only the body but neighborhood dissensions; and by doing so we not only elevate ourselves, but our profession.

SURRENDER OF GEN. SANTA ANA TO GEN. SAM HOUSTON ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF SAN JACINTO
(From a painting in the Capitol, Austin, Texas)

THE ALAMO BEFORE ITS RESTORATION

Chapter XXXVI

# PIONEER TEXANS

I HAVE recently returned from a visit which goes to substantiate me in my opinion made previously, that an all-wise Providence rules over the destiny of nations and people, and that He creates and sets apart certain people for certain purposes. Nor is this a new idea, for on a certain occasion, when a great battle was to be fought against the Midianites, the leading general, Gideon of the Hebrews, by command of God watched his men, and those who lapped water in drinking were the ones he selected for the battle. Those who knelt and drank from the stream were to go, every man to his own place, leaving the three hundred only to fight the great battle; showing plainly that the battle is not always to the strong.

The old Texans were men of valor, inured to the hardships of the day, broad and liberal in their views, kind and charitable toward their neighbor, fond of wild sports and wild scenes, self-reliant, cool and brave. They could take advantage of emergencies as they arose. They did not care for worldly honors or worldly goods. They simply did good to their neighbors and friends because it was right, expecting neither profit or reward. They were in no way subservient to each other, as tools or hirelings, with the desire for favors or profit.

Such was the stuff of which old Texans were made, and made for a purpose; and that purpose was the opening up of new countries to become the resting place of the downtrodden millions of the earth. So it proved in this case. They bore the brunt of trials, hardships and degradation incident to the opening up of all new countries.

The visit alluded to above took place at Waco, on the Brazos, in May of this year, 1894, where the Old Texas Veterans met, and lived again the days now gone these fifty years and more. They came from everywhere, despite the fact that the efforts made by admiring friends to obtain for them reduced transportation, or maybe a free ride upon the railroads to and from their little reunion, had brought down upon their grizzled heads such terms as backwoodsmen and beggars.

It was said at Waco that someone on a previous occasion (I do not know his name, nor do I care to) remarked that he would be glad to hear that all the old Texans were dead. To him I know nothing more appropriate than the prayer offered by the Saviour: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

These old heroes, who have opened their breasts to the storms, risked life, honor, wife, children and friends to retrieve this glorious

country from the wild beasts, savages and merciless hordes, which in olden times roamed over its beautiful hills and valleys at will; to bring it into subjugation and ownership of the white man, and by him to be made to bud and blossom and bear fruitage for the millions!

He who would harbor such a wish shows ingratitude no less than the wily savage who once occupied it. Such an ingrate should be branded with a mark no less severe than that of Cain, that he might be shunned by every decent man, woman and child in the State. But these old Texans care no more for the shafts of ridicule than they did for the keen arrows of the Indians hurled at them in the days of yore. The same stout hearts that beat in their independent breasts in the days agone are there still, impervious to the assaults of the bigot as they were to the foe.

Their aged forms are now bent with the cares of life, for they want but little, and their locks are whitened by the many winters which have played with them, their heads bowed by the burdens of years; and not many can accumulate before they fade and are hidden in the grave—the common lot of all. Then will come consolation to the bigot, and his desires be realized.

Many affecting scenes were witnessed at this meeting. Most of the old-timers were as I saw them over fifty years ago—the same in every respect except that of age. They had the same independence of character which so marked them in former years; the women as well as the men. There was nothing hidden about them. If perchance the women wished to dip snuff, they had no hesitancy in pulling out snuff-boxes and in plying their brushes, as in ancient times.

When called upon they could give as graphic a description of their engagement with the Indians as if the occurrence had happened only yesterday. One aged lady told the writer of one which occurred near where the city of Austin now stands. The Comanches had nearly slipped in between the men in the field and the cabin, when they were discovered and beaten off. They retired to the prairies, in plain sight, dismounted, and each holding his horse, they seated themselves in a circle and began a powwow.

To the whites it looked as if they were deciding whether to renew the attack or get reinforcements. An old Indian fighter advised that they make a big show of force, to do which the woman and her sister donned men's clothing, tied handkerchiefs over their hair and shouldered sticks. Thus equipped, the whole family marched single file about the cabin so that they might be counted. It only took one and one-half turns about the house to bluff the Indians off, who retired for reinforcements.

Taking advantage of the retreat of the Indians, the whites made for the nearest settlement. Returning several days later they found

their cabin burned and their stock killed. The Indians had returned with help, and to make up for the loss of the scalps they had expected to get, they destroyed the white settlers' belongings.

Hundreds of instances like the above might be gathered from the old settlers, who loved to talk over their trials and troubles of frontier life. Many of them looked to be in the most pitiful condition. Their poverty could not be disguised, yet they were happy and independent. According to their actions, they were in possession of ample means. Several were there with cancerous tumors on their heads, with no other dressing perceptible but a square of plain domestic for a covering of their disease. Yet they seemed cheerful, and stirred around among their comrades as if they were afflicted with no serious malady whatsoever.

An old man by the name of McFadden, who had received a paralytic stroke some time since, made his way feebly among his old comrades upon crutches. Two grand-daughters, intelligent, pretty girls, draped in the latest fashion, supported him on either side like guardian angels, attended him in his feebleness wherever he went lest he at any time might cast his feet against a stone and fall. What precious jewels they must have been to his aged eyes, and somewhat compensated him for the many privations of the past.

Many were there, tottering along, lonely and feeble, with bowed heads and bent forms, whose relatives were all gone before them; as if they were waiting at the lonely station for an early train to bear them to friends who watched for their coming in homes prepared for them. However, extreme poverty was not perceptible in all, of course; but, I am sorry to say, it was in the majority of cases.

All was done by the citizens of Waco to honor them and to make them cheerful and happy. Mr. J. D. Shaw, master of ceremonies, nobly exerted himself in their behalf, seeing, as far as laid in his power, that their every want was gratified. Many men were active in the discharge of duties which contributed much to the relief of the burden-worn veterans, notably Governor Frank Lubock, who was at his post as secretary of the meeting. Many were glad to see that the weight of many years had sat lightly upon the noble form of the Governor, and that he was able to perform his duties as freely as a schoolboy.

His manly character was as fresh as in the years gone by, and when a proposition to pay him for his arduous duties was suggested he refused it, saying that what he had done was done freely as a tribute of the heart toward the cause. Here he showed his great generosity, as is always the case with him. As Dr. R. M. Swearingen, that eloquent and naturally poetic man, whose every wish and desire is to do good to his fellowman, said, in response to a toast given in Austin in which Governor Lubock was criticized concerning his

age, that it mattered not whether the Governor landed upon this continent from the celebrated Mayflower or not, since his advent to Texas his name and deeds of honor ran through its history as a golden thread in all its truly wonderful pages.

And so Frank Lubock, the fast friend of Sam Houston, will ever live and be blessed by the old Texans; and wherever the name of Sam Houston is known, that of Lubock should be respected. Colonel Stephen H. Darden was there and acted as assistant secretary. He performed his duties with grace and ease, and was ever obliging to the old heroes in adding to their comfort, which fully comported with his character as a first-class gentleman.

Colonel Guy M. Bryant, one of the old San Jacinto veterans, was there as president of the association. He is a nephew of Stephen F. Austin, the Father of Texas, and came early to the then Republic, and participated in all its troubles and vicissitudes incident to the formation of a new nation. Many a historical fact could he relate of the extreme sufferings of the people, who so nobly won from the tyrant Santa Ana and his Indian allies this now noble state, in which millions may find homes that will vie with any part of the world in beauty of prospect, sublimity of scenery and fertility of soil.

Colonel Bryant presided over the little assembly of old, grey and feeble veterans with a brother's love, and could enter into their heart-aches, their poverty-stricken condition with much love and sympathy, for he had seen them in their better days, when their limbs were strong and the "grasshopper had not become a burden" to them. He had been with them in their youth. Some of them had fought with Milam when he took San Antonio, almost at the commencement of the struggle for independence, up to the annexation. And may he live yet to see greater fruits plucked from the tree of "Independent Texas" than have yet been gathered.

There was also General Henry McCollough, a brother of the renowned Ben McCollough. These two entered Texas as young men, and nobly bore their part in the achievement of her independence as Indian fighters. There were none more valiant in its cause, none braver or more ready to answer her call in time of trouble and need; and none were allowed to precede them in the charge when engaged in battle. Texas has none to mourn for more sincerely, or more tears to shed for than at the grave of Henry McCollough, when he is called upon to meet his old companions on the other shore, there to sit in their silent tents and, perhaps by telepathy or other subtle mode, review the days of youth and manhood, maybe overlook the land which they in battle helped to win.

There were many others with whom I was permitted to renew acquaintanceship, notably that of John Parker, son of the old patriot, Isaac Parker, and uncle of Cynthyann Parker, the mother of the

noted chief of the Comanches, Quarna. Mr. Parker was a regular old-fashioned Texan, independent in speech and character. He was dressed plainly, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned, which was very characteristic of the old-timers. The only deviation of the old rule was the wearing of a gold watch, for which he apologized, explaining that it was a gift. While a state legislator he made it a point to always vote "no" on a proposition until he understood it; which seems a pretty good rule to follow now. He is blood second-cousin to Chief Quarna, for whom the town of Quarna is named.

The old veterans were treated to a ride to the old Waco Springs, situated a few miles above the city, and where was located the famous Waco Village. It is a beautiful spot at the head of two ravines, from the banks of each gush many springs of cool, clear water in abundance. One or two of them are slightly impregnated with sulphur. At these springs the Wacos had their village, and feasted upon the immense herds of wild buffalo which grazed in the rich valleys within reach of their camp. Here also are to be seen the intrenchments to which they fled in case of attack from other tribes. The intrenchments are now about eighteen inches deep, thirty feet long and about six feet apart.

The Waco Village was familiar to all old Texans, and was supposed to be a rendezvous for that tribe for many years. Although the Waco Indians were not as troublesome as the Comanches and the Apaches, yet they were not friendly to the frontiersmen, and at times gave them great trouble. Their chief was Hosamaria, a rather small Indian, sharp, shrewd and a match for the Texans in an open conflict with equal numbers. It was he who fought against Stroud, and whipped him, killing many of the Texans. They fought with bows and arrows and rifles and were considered good shots with either. These springs and these trenches were a source of pleasure to the veterans now that they were bereft of their defenders.

No doubt many visions of the past arose in the memories of those attending; recollections chilling the blood, as they thought of the horrors once enacted in these very surroundings. In their imaginations could again be heard the cries of victims rending the air, begging for mercy, and the groans of the departed wafted upon the passing breeze, crying for vengeance upon the inhuman torturers. The lodge-pole, dripping with gory scalps, once stood near this spot, and around and around it circled the warring savages, waving aloft bloody tomahawk and gory scalping knife, and singing and exulting over the agonies of their captives.

Such was life in Texas in the old days. Waco, once the stamping-ground of the Indian, the buffalo and the wild beast, is now a beautiful city inhabited by the American citizen, and is in the enjoyment of peace, happiness and seeming prosperity, as far as the world's

goods are concerned. She has large schools, both of the Methodist and Baptist persuasion. The former is presided over by the Rev. Dr. Goodwin, and the latter by Ruphus Burleson, D.D.

Dr. Burleson is a veteran Texan, and assisted in the exercises of the day. He was once tall, handsome and commanding in appearance. But Time has wrought with fearful hands upon the man and he is bent with age, and shows by the lines in his face he is fast approaching the end of his Master's work, under whose banner he has gallantly fought for many years. May he say, as did Paul: "I have fought the good fight, have kept the faith. Henceforth there is a crown of righteousness laid up for me in Heaven."

Dr. Burleson was a close kinsman of General Edward Burleson and was with him in many engagements with the Indians. Waco has large flowing artesian wells, whose waters are considered very advantageous in curing the afflictions of mankind. Large laboratories are built to which the afflicted are invited to come and have their diseases cured. Nor are you required to wait, as did the Jews at the pool of Bethesda, for the troubling of the waters.

These pools are considered to be in a constant state of agitation, for over the tops of the high pipes pour enormous streams of pure, hot water, keeping the pools clean and inviting, and of which the most fastidious could not complain. Into one of these pools an old veteran was permitted to peep, when he saw, as he first thought, sea-nymphs splashing, swimming and sporting about, as if in their native element.

In taking a last farewell view of the old veterans in their assembly hall, my mind reverted involuntarily to the beautiful vision of Mirza, written by Addison, to be found in the "Spectator." In this he depicts the River of Life spanned by an immense bridge, to which all mankind are trending. On the first span are many trap-doors, through which childhood is represented as fast falling. A little farther on, youths are disappearing rapidly from his gaze. Manhood reaches a little further out over the raging stream of Time, which is pouring its waters by with unrestricted fate. Farther along yet, middle-aged come and disappear, one by one, through the inevitable holes in the bridge. Finally, old age comes, staff in hand and with feeble step. Although they are cautious, they, too, drop from mortal sight. Away in the distance can be faintly seen a few old struggling mortals clinging to the rotten timbers with such feeble grasp that their days and hours are numbered. Others succeed others in their progress, fall and disappear forever.

Such is life. Now the most of these old veterans are far out on the bridge. Some are merely clinging to the rotten beams, and ere another meeting will fall off and be borne away by the rapid current to their eternal home. In a few more years the last of these heroes

will let loose all there is of this life, and follow the majority of their comrades, who have gone before into the silent beyond, and rest in the shade of the trees. Perhaps here they may receive their reward from Him who sent them to do His work—the work which has been too little appreciated by those to whom they left this rich inheritance, won by their toil and suffering. In the interest of mankind I here write this true story, that the young may grow up knowing and seeing how all new countries are settled, and with what hardships the early settlers had to contend in opening the way to civilization, and the spread of republican institutions on this continent.

What I have tried to depict of the hardships of the early settlers of Texas were the same as those undergone by the mighty heroes of the Revolutionary days of the United States of America. Their sufferings were marked by the blood not only from the wounds inflicted by the English and Indians, but lacerated feet as they trod icy peaks and the frozen waters of mighty rivers, in the glorious cause of Liberty.

Nor were the soldiers of the Revolution and of 1812 neglected, for they were treated to the best in the land, honored and respected by all. These fathers of our country, as I have endeavored to point out to our young, have gone through struggles, trials and hardships scarcely ever equalled in the history of nations; and brought forth, as did the Texans, fruits which were then dormant and hidden from them until later years.

The results of their conquest were emblazoned in effulgent light which has reached almost around the world. Such has been the radiance of the Stars and Stripes on the seas and in foreign lands that it now keeps three-fourths of the Old World in constant arms on a mere pretext of watching the borders of their dominions, but really to keep down an upheaval of the common people, the result of their desire to imitate the governmental policy of this glorious country, in which each and every man is a sovereign and the possessor of home, happiness and comfort, if he feels disposed to have it.

The old men of the Revolution and of 1812 took front seats at all barbecues and public gatherings, where the occasion called for the observance of the birth of the Republic. The writer well remembers the gatherings in the old days in Alabama. On these occasions preparations were made some weeks before the Fourth of July. On that day all business was stopped, and each and every one was out betimes, hurrying to prepare for the glad event.

Goats, sheep, bullocks, hogs and every kind of wild game were brought upon the grounds the evening of the third, or by midnight. Trenches were dug and huge fires built in them to thoroughly heat them up. Then commenced the process of dressing the carcasses and spitting them preparatory to their cooking. This was done by plac-

ing the carcass across the trench, resting each end of the spit upon the embankments, with a fire of burning embers in the bottom of the trench, from the intense heat of which the meat would soon commence to cook.

The head steward, a man of great importance on these occasions, began basting the upper sides of the carcasses with a mixture of vinegar, salt and pepper, which added a delicious flavor to the meats. A large platform had already been erected in the grove, upon which was the speakers' stand, and seats for the old heroes to sit on, in order that they might hear distinctly the Fourth of July orator, who was selected usually from law or the pedagogue professions. The latter was most generally acceptable to the old soldiers, as he was accredited with having historical facts stored away in his immense cranium, and could relate them correctly.

This recital, if well delivered, would cause the old soldiers to again fight over their battles, commencing at Lexington and ending by that famous battle fought by General Jackson at New Orleans. These, of course, comprised all the battles fought during both wars, and the telling of which consumed much time. But the old heroes would sit patiently on their hard benches, and drink in each word, recalling their suffering in the noble defense of their flag and country, without fatigue. In fact, these old men would sit for hours in their shirt-sleeves, chew tobacco, and swell with the importance of their situation.

The young people were expected at all times to pay homage to them and to treat them with the utmost respect. The speaking usually commenced at 11 o'clock, and lasted until 1 or 2 o'clock, if delivered by the schoolmaster, as he usually reviewed the history of all the battles fought during the two wars. This, naturally, was very tedious to the young people, who were always rejoiced on this occasion if a young limb of the law had the honor conferred upon him. He was not as a rule so dry and prolix, but rather tended to follow the eagle in his grand and noble flights in air, and seemingly was familiar with all his haunts and habits, and could on these interesting occasions visit him in imagination, and give to the inhabitants of the earth the customs of this lofty bird of prey in his home. And how from the voracity of his nature, length of claws and sharpness of beak, he became chosen the banner bird of the United States of America.

On these joyous occasions, great preparations were made by the speakers for the delivery of their orations, and many bore the marks of honor for many years. Those were the days for what is called now "spread-eagle speeches," and he who could soar the loftiest and maintain his flight the longest was considered the greatest orator. After the eagle had screamed his last fierce scream dinner was an-

nounced by the marshal of the day, and all the old heroes, with the speaker, were led to the table to take the first seats and be helped to the choicest pieces of meat.

The bread was prepared of corn meal with sour rising by the good old mothers a few days before the Fourth. These large loaves were called corn-meal light bread and eaten with barbecued meats were delicious to the taste. Pies, tarts, and occasionally cake were to be seen on the table, and the best of them on the end occupied by the old soldiers. After partaking of a bountiful dinner by all, the old soldiers would collect in groups and rehearse all the battles through which they had passed, and live over their lives again.

There were many of them to be seen in every neighborhood in those days. It was no unusual sight to see from 30 to 40 on the platform at one time, as far along as 1830. On another part of the ground was to be seen a carefully prepared space or square from which all the grubs and roots had been eliminated, sprinkled over with sawdust, and covered over with brush to exclude the sun. On this plot assembled the young people who, to the squeaking of fiddles in the hands of one or two old negroes, danced the old Virginia Reel or stately minuets.

Thus was spent the remainder of the day in joys that have now departed forever, or only remembered when there are new countries to be opened up. Nor was this the happiest portion of the audience by far, for the young American was there, likewise his sister. And, before I forget it, the old lady of the neighborhood had looked forward to this day with great solicitude for the strengthening of her exchequer and to provide herself with the articles which would aid her most. She had commenced beforehand to brew her persimmon beer and make a jug of metheglin. A day or so before the Fourth she had posted the old man off to the nearest country store with a pillow-case for flour, and a jug for molasses. These articles were to be purchased according to the amount required for mixing and making into ginger cakes, which she carefully prepared the day before in order to have them fresh and nice.

On the morning of the Fourth the old man would hitch up the cart, and by sun-up the old lady would have her stand of beer and jug of metheglin and basket of cakes, and be all ready to start for the grounds. Upon arriving there the oxen were unhitched from the cart and tethered to a tree, the tongue of the cart propped up on a forked stick so that the body would be on a level, the hind-gate taken out and the shop was open.

Before all this could take place the small boy and his small sister would appear, eagerly awaiting the opening to exchange slick "picayunes" and bits for a good square tin cupful of cider and ginger cake. And there they played and feasted until evening—the happiest creatures on the grounds.

It would indeed be amusing to the present generation if they could look back and see the preparations made for the anniversary of one of these days and see how their grandmothers and grandfathers enjoyed themselves and honored these occasions. It was a day set apart for the meeting of the neighborhood, and this extended for many miles. Old friends met who had not seen each other since the last celebration.

Old ladies, especially, who had family cares—perhaps a large houseful of children, along with other domestic duties, had not been five miles from home in twelve months, found in these annual recurrences a chance to keep up the neighborly acquaintances, and were as glad to see each other as if they had been accustomed to that pleasure at short intervals.

It must be remembered in those days there was no way of transportation except on horse-back or in wagons, and when occasion came for the family to go they went by wagon. Hence, the old mother seldom left the precincts of her abode only at times like this. Consequently on these eventful mornings when the cannon at the grounds was fired at sunrise, it occasioned as much stir and commotion in the neighborhood as if Cornwallis and his army had arrived in that vicinity. Every man, woman and chick, together with the negroes, were on the stir to get ready to move.

The negroes were all set at liberty on that day, as it would have appeared almost sacrilegious to have done any work on that auspicious occasion. Before daybreak all were astir, hitching up their teams to the wagons, to have everything in readiness to move at the firing of the cannon. The old women and children were piled in the wagons on top of bed-quilts to make them more comfortable. After the children had been exhorted by both parents not to move and risk the danger of falling out and being run over, the old man would mount his saddle horse, crack his whip over the backs of his ox-team, and they were off.

They must get there by ten o'clock or miss the speech, which was considered the embodiment of wisdom and learning. All concentrated upon that oracle, who was to tell them of the battles fought by the patriots of 1776 and 1812. The scenes were all to be depicted to their imagination so vividly they could almost see the battle array and smell the villainous saltpeter.

The festivities, as said before, were kept up until late in the afternoon when preparations began for the homeward march. Then would the bustle commence among the old mothers, hunting up George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and a host of other patriotic characters, for every family was sure to give the name of their favorite leader to one of their children, showing thereby the love and affection bestowed upon them after death by the re-

newal of the name in the living, whereby it might be bequeathed to the nation in perpetuity.

These wandering Arabs had been given their liberty as soon as they were on the grounds to seek out the sights which were now strange to their untutored eyes, which perhaps had not before seen objects many miles from home. They would usually be found not far from the beer and ginger-cake stands, with their hands in their pockets wishing for more beer and cakes.

Mary Ann, Martha Jane and Samantha were usually tugging at their mothers' skirts, and were always on hand with blushing faces and modest mein—for all of these excellencies of character and virtue were taught them from early infancy. Rudeness of any kind was looked upon as a sin, for which nothing could atone but the inevitable rod. This piece of household furniture could not well be dispensed with. The old axiom was always held in remembrance and practiced: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

After the old people had collected all their children, hitched their teams and were off for home they left the young people for just one more dance, which would be spun out until near sunset. The young men would lengthen out their saddle blankets from behind their saddles, in order to protect the young ladies' dresses, mount their horses, ride up beside a fallen tree for the purpose of receiving their sweethearts onto the same horse behind them.

It was amazing with what dexterity they could make the leap from the log to the horse's back without rumpling their skirts. This to the young ladies of today may seem a strange procedure but it was common enough in the days of our grandfathers and grandmothers. I will not pretend to say that it was the universal custom but it was quite common among the young people, and I would be unfaithful as a recorder of past events if I failed to narrate events as they occurred.

Finally the young and old had reached their homes in safety before the twilight had disappeared, and night had put on her sable robes to welcome the bright beaming stars, as they peeped from the curtains of heaven, to rejoice with them on the happy events of the day.

These reflections were brought to me from witnessing the scenes at Waco, on the anniversary of the old Texas Veterans, where they were so hospitably entertained. Nevertheless, with all the kindness shown, and great preparations made, I could not help notice the great difference between the old and the new. And I now ask myself: was it better then than now?

Yes, they all were, or seemed to be satisfied with their lot and were happier than now. All were more on an equality, and were

freer of envy and jealousy then than now. There was not the seeming unrest as at the present day. Not that hurry and bustle after riches and distinction. Where you would find a few grey hairs, now you see them on many. Cares and toil of the present day have whitened the locks of many prematurely; whereas, in the past, pleasure and enjoyment were simple, healthful and life-giving.

Formerly labor commenced with the dawn and ceased with the going down of the sun. Now it frequently extends far into the night. Our prisons were not so numerous or so crowded then as now, neither had we so many lunatic asylums, houses of refuge nor hospitals, where the lame, the halt and the blind were treated. Men seemed to have reached a more perfect state of development then than now. Physical manhood was rarely blemished to such a degree as at present.

Man's wants were few and easily satisfied. In this there is a marked difference, his wants are many in these days and hard to obtain; consequently we find him committing theft, robbery, murder and all manner of evil to satisfy these wants. So it is hard to say whether or not the world is progressing in morality. Many say it is; let it be so, for in this event all ought to rejoice.

After reading the foregoing bill of charges, many will say that the writer thereof is an old fogy, and wants the world turned back. Far from it—I wish to be a progressionist. There have been many changes for the better. No man can look back to this epoch without wonder akin to awe, when seeing that steam has taken place of the slow-going wind in the navigation of the seas, and the rapidity of the iron horse, as he pulls his long train of cars across our prairies covered with teeming millions, drawing the produce from one part of the world to another with such ease and rapidity as to obliterate time. And the passenger trains, burdened with humanity bent on business or pleasure. Seeing them flying through the air, one cannot wish again for the old time.

Add to these the harnessing of the electric current, which was thought in ancient times to be sent by a jealous God to cause awe and consternation to the then simple minds of the world's inhabitants; causing the weak and timid to flee to caves and dens to escape from imaginary demons. It is now harnessed as a gentle horse, a faithful docile power to do work at the bidding of man. We could not wish to obliterate this force from existence, and go back to the old ways.

The higher education of the present is vastly superior to that of the past; nor would anyone wish to see this abrogated, and return to the past. All these excellences of a progressive age have been gained at a vast sacrifice of life and the old-time pleasures. These higher pleasures are relegated—as it were, to the few. The vast majority only see them and wonder, and pass them by as a natural consequence. They do this without ever taking a thought as to the great

strain on some poor brain which has suffered much in evolving the hidden mysteries in nature sufficiently to cause their actuality.

The ordinary man looks at the car speed along, driven by that subtle, invisible fluid, as a matter of course, and does not stop to puzzle his brain over the ease and wherefore of the operation. It is sufficient for him that it exists, and will carry him from one street to another; that is all he cares or wishes to know. Consequently, as far as it concerns him: ignorance is bliss. But to the man of science, his wonder becomes greater as he progresses. The evolution becomes grander and grander, as he succeeds in unwinding the tangled thread of nature; as it leads him deeper and deeper into the unfathomable depths of occult science.

Science, through the hands of Edison, who has taken up the tiny spark which descended from the clouds, along the little thread held by the hand of the great philosopher Franklin, has made it do the work of man, instead of its hitherto acting as a scare-crow to his once enfeebled brain. It is now guided by the hand of man, and made his servant. The most ignorant street-car motorman uses it as he once did his mule, and with no more fear than he once held for the heels of the mule. At his bidding, it rushes his car along, and at his command it subsides. At man's command, it turns the phonograph and produces the dulcet music of the great players of the world, and the sweetest songs of favorite singers, any one of which may be heard for the small sum of a nickel. It lights the streets of the city, and is the burglar's dread. It turns the machinery which fans the brow of the weary and warm, and ere long, it may supersede the dirty old coal and wood stoves in preparing our meals—to the great joy of the house-wives.

It invades everything; and perhaps in the immediate future will turn the wheels in every branch of production and activity. Who knows but now the immense machinery of the universe is carried on and governed by this force in its daily and nightly rotations; and when the veil is lifted—if it ever is, we may see the grandeur and power in which it has ever been laboring to enlighten the hitherto benighted world.

Yet all this vast improvement has had its drawbacks. It has caused many changes in social and religious life. The wealthy have become the objects of hatred of the poor, on account of hitherto unknown jealousies. Whether right or wrong, I do not wish to say, but it seems that such things should not exist; as the poor have enough of the burdens of life to carry in comfort, hence the rich should not tend to increase them by putting on unnatural hauteur, making the poor feel their poverty more. It would not lessen their standing to be always polite to their inferiors, and nothing would tend more to the mitigation of poverty than genuine courtesy toward the unfortunate. Nothing shows the gentlemanly and high-born nature of the

individual more than a recognition of the rights of others. In fact, the noble of birth can always be discerned by their gentlemanly or ladylike actions toward the humble in circumstances. It is generally the low of birth—suddenly become rich, who act with such disregard toward and treat the less fortunate with such disrespect that they are driven from society, and become outcasts at the present time.

This idea of Phariseeism which has crept so much into the church, has much to do also with the present stagnation of religion. It has driven the masses from the churches, who many never—from year to year, hear the Gospel preached. This may be the cause of the popularity of Sam Jones, and other evangelists, who erect their tabernacles and invite all regardless of creed or denomination to join them. There are no pews for the privileged few, and all meet with a cordial welcome.

In his sermons, Sam Jones strikes with telling blows. He spares not, and there is so much of everyday life mixed in them, that those who hear are compelled to admit their truthfulness. In fact his sermons are great truths falling from lips which are fearless of consequences, and uttered in such simple and plain language that all can understand. And when one listens to Sam Jones preaching, he knows exactly where he stands; for he has not been informed of that fact in honeyed phrases. The rich and the poor stand upon the same platform, and each patient receives his medicine out of the same spoon.

Sam Jones preaches in the old-time style. To listen to his sermons takes one back a full half-century, when the good preachers fought their adversaries with fire, sulphur and moulten lead; and made the odor of their dominions so hot and nauseous, that he—the adversary, could not stand it himself, and would be compelled to beat a hasty retreat. The old-time preacher was not in the habit of administering to his congregations sugar-coated pills, but rather dosed them with the plain article of fire, brimstone and smoke, fresh from the lake near the abode of the great adversary of mankind.

There were not so many Sunday-school teachers in those days, but less of robbing of banks, embezzlements and scandals than now. The rich were not expected, after a long experience of crime, whereby they accumulated vast fortunes, to ultimately buy their way into heaven by donations of property and money to churches and charitable institutions. Every tub was expected to stand upon its own bottom. The preachers themselves were more humble, and were possessed of more zeal and energy than now. They cared not so much for fine temples of honor, and more for the welfare of their congregations, the preaching of the Gospel to the poor—without money and without price.

Though times have changed, this is now a world of progress and thought. Thought evolves from the mysteries of night many bright

jewels hitherto lost to conceptions of man; but his early and late study into the impenetrable darkness of the past has brought forth crystal trophies which have set the world aglow with almost blinding light. In this—our new era, we seem now to be living on the borderland in which all old things are to pass away, and behold all things are to be made anew.

From the past history of the world we see that immense strides have been taken in its march toward perfection. These cycles come as the people need them. Old things—like old houses and old bodies, wear away, and it is necessary for constant mending. Finally, they become so worn and rotten from age that they eventually succumb to time. They may last for a generation or two, and some of the nobler for centuries, but finally fall from decrepitude.

This is not confined to the things of the world, but to the worlds themselves. Astronomers tell us of many dead worlds; in fact, our own luminary—which attends faithfully as a watcher of the night, is said to be a dead world. So that, if God in his great wisdom, has not created the grand systems which we behold nightly to be of permanent duration, how can we expect any institution reared by the hand of man to be self-existent and last forever?

There are bound to be changes. Evolution is marked upon the face of everything in nature. We see it in the colors of the butterfly, we see it in the formation of the rocks, the clouds that float in the air; in fact, the whole face of nature speaks out in words that cannot be misconstrued. Evolution, Evolution! Then comes progression right on the heels of evolution—and what is progression? It is the advancement out of the tedious unfoldment of evolution. Both of these conditions, which are so of a kind, have been slow and tedious since the days of primitive man.

The unfoldment continues still. In the past, many centuries may have elapsed before even one thought toward the betterment of man's condition was evolved. When this took place, he had advanced one step—feeble, yet he gained one idea. This idea perhaps suggested another, and another, until he arose superior to the brute.

How this idea came to be evolved perhaps will remain a mystery forever, yet we can see that ideas can be made to evolve by the brute creation at this day. For instance—in the trained dogs and horses. The animal trainers tell us it is not done by harsh measures; it being done more successfully by kindness shown on their part, yet with firmness and persistence. The dog is shown what is wanted of him, and if he fails to perform his part he is persistently starved into submission; but when he sees and performs his work, he is rewarded.

May this not be in some measure the way the Supreme Being acted upon our ancestors, and somewhat accounts for the allegory written of the creation by Moses. That while Adam was under the

special tutelage of Diety, he became lazy and worthless. His wants were simple and were easily supplied from what grew in abundance around him. And he—like the gorilla of the present day, cared nor wished for more. Indolently he feasted upon nuts, roots and the fruits of the forests; contenting himself with sleeping under the shade of trees, using the leaves of the forest for bedding.

Then long and protracted drouths came over the country, cutting off the supplies for his larder, and he must have recourse to other fields for support. From the uplands he was driven to the rivers and lakes, and became a fisherman. And this is about the earliest we know anything of him. How he provided himself with the new food we do not know. In all probability, he became an expert swimmer and diver, and in this way supplied himself with the catch of his hands. Doubtless in those times the waters were full of fish, large, cumbersome and not swift of motion.

In this way he and his family subsisted for years; when another idea evolved—the use of the spear. Perhaps he accidently found that a log would float; and thus he could save himself the trouble of swimming, by mounting the log; and with bone spear in hand, set afloat with a new idea and a new purpose in view. It no doubt worked well, and he had thereby added much more to his intelligence. In course of time, perhaps, when he tired of being ducked by a rolling log, or discovered the virtues of one hollowed by nature, he evolved the dug-out canoe.

After this he seems to have progressed in aquatic skill, providing himself with sticks, and at last with paddles, by which he learned to propel and govern his boat. Ever since the creative genius of man has gone on in improvement of boats, the first of which came doubtless through necessity, until the whole waters of the earth are now covered with noble ships, which unite the nations in one single brotherhood.

Such is evolution, caused by necessity. When needs arise, there are always great minds evolved to meet them and to bridge over seeming impossibilities. Man has been unfolding in mentality, ever since the edict went forth that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Hunger, as said before, in the training of the lower animals, is one of the great incentives to make keen the intellect of man, and the instincts in the animal.

Who has not seen the cat watching at the hole of the rat for hours, patiently awaiting the advent of the rodent in order to gratify its hunger? The dog, at the gnawings of an empty stomach, will go in chase for his food for a long time. Wolves have been known to go in packs and station themselves at regular intervals apart, in order to run down the game, which they knew was fleeter of foot than

## Hymenial.

*The silken tye that binds two willing hearts*

MARRIED, near Chappel Hill, in this county, on the evening of October the 11th, by Rev. Mr. Alexander, **Dr. John W. Lockheart,** of this place, to **Miss. Elmina Wallis,** daughter of Maj. John Wallis, late of Noxubee county, Miss. JOSEPH

May they experience love and joy—
Continued bliss, without alloy;
And when time shall be no more,
May they be safe on Canaan's shore.

☞ Being an eye-witness, we can testify that the marriage and supper was "done up" in exquisite style. The assembly seemed to enjoy themselves to their hearts delight; music, singing and social converse were the chief amusements—

Which spoke of hopes attained, of youth and love,
And glorious union in that silken bond
That makes our earthly dreams all earth above—
Our being here a taste of that beyond.

FACSIMILE OF ACCOUNT IN *"Texas Ranger"* OF WEDDING OF MISS ELMINA WALLIS AND DR. JOHN WASHINGTON LOCKHART

they were; thereby showing a high order of reason developed in the inferior race of animals.

Thus by starvation has man been evolved from the lower plane, and has now become almost as the sons of God. Yet to this day we see the lingering elements of what was the original man—in his infancy, in a vast number of our fellow beings. Many are indeed yet in their infancy, and if left to themselves, and without the aid and example of those who have gone higher in evolution, would in a short time—I fear, relapse into their original lower animal condition. But those who have received their illumination from a higher source, themselves give out such light that the poor wayfarer may yet see to stumble his way through the woods without falling completely into the ditch.

High intellectual culture is what has saved the world. There have been a few geniuses sent from time to time—as it were, from on high, as beacon lights whereby man has been guided to his present heights. A few of the ancient philosophers, such as Socrates and Plato, and others, were sent to enlighten the nations of their day, yet the world could not understand the higher laws which they tried to unfold to their benighted minds, and they slew the greatest of them all—Socrates.

And it has been thus always, so far as ancient history records. And to the shame of an ignorant world, all the great light which has been poured into it from superior powers has been quenched until the present day. It is within the present century that we have learned much of the workings of the world. The world has gained more light within the last half century than in all the preceding centuries.

And yet there are men who are so ignorant that they hold up their hands in holy horror, if one idea is brought forth for their consideration outside of a narrow beaten path in which their fathers have trod for lo the many centuries. It is to those noble leaders—Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and a few others, that the world owes its present enlightenment in science. And yet the world called them crazy and infidels, and tried to heap all manner of abuse upon them. Not fearing or noticing these opprobrious epithets, they went on in the search of knowledge among the hidden mysteries of nature, bringing to light such as they found, and distributed to the people as they had comprehension to receive.

These great men commenced at the base of the hill of science, with the whole world, as it were, in the valley with them. It seems that like Caleb and Joshua were set apart to explore new countries, these men were commissioned to explore the hill of science for the good of their fellow men. And let us state, no foot has yet penetrated its dark and deep chasms with feeble light. These explorers

trimmed their small lamps and commenced their ascent, marking out the paths they pursued, so that others who chose to follow them might have the benefit of their discoveries.

Their ascent was slow and fatiguing; but that thirst for knowledge, which once tasted can never be satiated, urged them on, and when some hidden wealth was discovered they would beckon others to follow. But only a few could be induced to follow, for the majority concluded there was enough light in the world for their purpose, and were content. Others were deterred for the fear of what their neighbors would say. Others because it was not popular to do so. Thus the world has been kept back from its otherwise onward march toward light and knowledge.

Will this ever be so? It is earnestly to be hoped not. Then that which was decreed treasonable to the higher order of things now existing, will become the key of the arch which holds the sublime structure together and makes it the light of the nations. Darwin's Descent of Man was abused by would-be critics, and every effort was made to put it down. But like Banquo's Ghost, it would not down for the bidding, and is now one of the standard works of modern times. Likewise the discoveries of Tyndall and Huxley. These three men—together with the subtle reasoning of Spencer, cannot afford to be ignored by any man who claims to be learned. In the libraries of such these books are always to be found. Like the old pioneers, their memories will live, and ought to live until the end of time.

As said before, the course of many men's lives are marked out for them before nativity, consequently few are failures. Some seem to live before their age and are called mad, because the majority are not up with them; but, by slow growth their level is reached by the common people and their lives are extolled as being born before their time. It has been so with many of the philosophers and sages who have passed to the great beyond before their sagacious achievements were ever discovered.

It was so with Shakespeare, Bruno, Copernicus and a host of others in ancient times. Joan of Arc was burned at the stake for what she, after many years, became a saint. So it goes with the masses who are not trained to think for themselves, but are led as herds of sheep, who are trained to follow their leaders. Children are sent to school only in order to learn to think for themselves; but—alas, come too soon under the dominion of a superior mind, and their own is either dwarfed or almost obliterated. Succumbing to the idea of what will the world say, they dare not think or act for themselves for fear of being read out of society or ostracized by the community.

Such should not be the case; for it blunts the sensibilities of the brain and causes a failure of that noble faculty with which God has

endowed man in order to make him superior to the animal creation. These faculties should be stimulated and encouraged as long as they remain unhurtful to the progress of the people. Then shall we have a different state of affairs and for the better. No longer will men go to their leaders and say, "who shall we vote for?" or to the teacher and ask, "who shall be our guide in the salvation of our souls?" or to the thousand organizations which now exist and ask, "what shall we do?"

Every institution which tends to suppress free speech and freedom of will causes enervation of mind in individuals, and therefore makes for their future depravity. This looks like a strong saying but it is nevertheless true; for it can be seen at a glance in the populous cities and countries of the world. In all thinly settled countries where the people are taught self-reliance, there you find the freest and most independent class, where every man is a measured law unto himself. There they see and feel the responsibility of good government, and do not look to the general government for a panacea to all their ills; but go to work and hew out their own destiny, and thereby become a free and independent people.

The fault of today is that the people have been so long held down by the will of a few organizations that they have almost ceased to think for themselves; and not knowing how to overcome the obstacles in their way, run to the government or to their leaders for information which, nine times out of ten, is given in the interest of the leaders, or the class which they represent.

Whenever this condition ceases to exist, strikes, close-outs and the numerous ills which now seem to swallow up the land will cease. Then all hail to the few who are striving to elevate the people from their present deplorable condition to a higher plane, where men will be men for a' that. Nor can we stop here: there is another affliction of mankind which is a great curse to progression—this is laziness, both of body and mind. Men and women of this day seem to think, and too often it is taught by parents to their children, that to work means degradation. Alas, how many poor mothers enslave themselves in order that their children may, by having neat, soft hands, appear in society without the look of labor.

The mothers' poor brain and arms are brought into requisition, and many times sacrificed to the extent of health and happiness by long hours of midnight toil for the purpose of protecting their offspring from the labors of the day. The children, seeing this, soon learn that this world is all a show, nothing but deceit and hypocrisy, and consequently soon neglect the higher orders of manhood and womanhood; and when the conceit can be concealed no longer the young men go to the flowing goblet and the girls to shame and disgrace.

Thus it seems that this kind of life is all wrong. Let the parents teach their children that it is manly and womanly to work, if they are so unfortunate to be in a condition not to live without it. Teach them early that by the toil of either their strong arm or their brain they shall earn their bread; and that when procured in this way it is far sweeter than when gained by illgotten means. Educate them in this way, and when they come to manhood or womanhood they will scorn to be the recipients of charity, and there will be no fear of such becoming outcasts of society.

Mendicants are to be seen on the corners of every street in every city of the land. This should not be tolerated. A good house of refuge should be provided, in which the poor and afflicted of creation should be housed, and life made as cheerful for them as possible. Keep them off the streets, as mendicancy is always a tempter to corruption in the young. Supplicants will in a short time inure them to evil, as it will open up to all who are too lazy to work an evil way of procuring their daily living.

Beggars and tramps should not be allowed to roam at will over the land, for they only taint the young and produce imitators. When their evils are hidden from view, and the children receive proper education at home and in the school, then the world will commence to advance more rapidly, and the men who have spent their lives in trying to bring about a great change in thought, and education on a higher scale, will be appreciated. And their works will be received and read, and adopted as thoughts bright and sparkling from another sphere; all of which will tend to the betterment of mankind.

Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall and Spencer will not have then lived and wrought in vain. The mighty host of educators now living, and those to come, will not spend their lives in vain hopes, but will see a mighty nation, born of thinking and moving men and women, whose one ambition will be the uplifting of the nations of the earth. Instead of wracking their brains with the invention of new ways of despoiling and enervating their fellow men they will be as prolific in producing ideas for the preservation of their species.

"Man's inhumanity to man," as Burns justly says, "makes countless thousands mourn." Why not man's humanity to man, with equal propriety, make countless millions rejoice? Would not this be the love of brotherhood which we have been taught for ages; that we are all of one kinship, and sprang from the same source?

Darwin has fairly proven that from an inferior animalhood we have reached our present proud standpoint. Is it not time for our race to lay aside some of the lingering traits of the seemingly low order out of which we have evolved and assume the better qualities, and work with as much zeal for man's elevation as we work for his downward tendency? If such should be the case would not every

man and every woman feel that they had been some benefit to the world in its elevation?

Power and exaltation in power has been the curse of this age. The rulership of man over his fellow men, with the incentive to honor and renown, but with the ignoble desire of keeping the masses in ignorance, has been the rule of the despot from the past ages to the present. Ignorance and superstition have been the heavy weights which they have ever used in keeping them in that condition for their own aggrandizement. And never will the burden be lifted off their necks until their brains have been reached, and educated to such a degree that the purposes of the Great Spirit may be seen.

He who created all things, planned that man should be ruled, if at all, with justice, tempered with mercy in all cases, and not by the bayonet and cannon as is now the case in European countries. There nearly three-fourths of the flower of the youth are under arms, under the plea of the guarding of the provinces of the realm; when, in fact, it is for the aggrandizement of the few who are supposed to be cast in moulds superior to the common people, and to be fed upon meats more exalted than that enjoyed by the masses.

This glittering array of humbuggery, when seen through, culminates in hatred of the wealthy by the poor, and in a degraded and restless condition. Soon the common people become so incensed that there is produced a full crop of communists and other obnoxious outcasts who, when their views become inimicable to the powers that be, are driven out and find a lodgment upon our shores. Here they find a freedom to which they are unused, and in their untrained minds develop a disposition to subvert the very kind of government which they ought to uphold with their very life's blood.

They seem totally unaware that in actions and speech they are undermining the only government in the world where free speech and a free press is tolerated. In the event of the dismemberment of a government where that educator of the people—the free press—flourishes, the last hope of refuge is gone and man will forever remain subservient to his rulers.

Then let the politicians see to it, and let our newspapers go as missionaries out of the press-rooms and offices, filled with good, wholesome advice to the ignorant, and bring them up to the common level of advancement for which this country has so nobly striven in the past. Do our politicians and our papers do this? To their shame, most of them do not. There are a few noble exceptions, and such should have the support of all who love the Government. But those who pander to the uneducated should be spurned from our households and kept from the perusal of our children, that their minds may not be contaminated with that which would reflect upon the reliability of that form of government which their forefathers spent unhappy years in creating.

Revolutions are right and proper when in a good cause; when oppressions are so severe that they become unendurable. Then it is right and proper that the people arise, and, if possible, correct their grievances in a peaceful manner. But if it cannot be done, then resort to arms, for it is against all the laws of humanity to long endure oppression. And it matters not how unthinkable it may seem to take up arms—man against his fellow man, yet emergencies may arise—as they have done in the past, in which it seems that in no other way can difficulties be adjusted. May the future bring us a time when there shall be no more wars, or rumors of war.

I have come to think and see more clearly that good government is to be found where there is the least attempt to govern. Multiplicity of laws—especially those founded upon hatred, reacts on those it is intended to benefit. This is not written in a spirit of malice—at any rate with regard to sectional feeling; for I have reached the point where sectional feeling has long been eliminated from my bosom. I find that which I thought was perpetrated in evil has turned out for the best, and while we once thought the liberating of the slaves meant calamity to the South, it has proved a blessing in disguise.

That which we once considered freedom in ourselves was indeed the merest slavery. It is a solemn fact that in the old times not more than one farmer in a hundred ever saw or enjoyed the sight of his hard year's earnings, save in the person of a negro or a negress, or perhaps a new piece of land. They were as overseers acting for their banker or commission merchant; and were in pretty much the same condition as the farmers in the North and West at the present time.

I have known farmers, considered to be wealthy, so engaged in the acquisition of wealth by the purchase of slave property and real estate that in their lives at home they were mere machines, going their daily rounds as the horse does in the tread-mill. And they were as obedient to the crack of the whip in the hands of their banker or commission merchant as the poor dumb animals confined within the walls of the mill.

Thank God, it is all past and gone; in accordance with the evolution of time, slavery ceased to exist. Where once it did exist it was for the best, in that it helped to open this broad and fertile country so as to be tenable for the superior race which, according to their physical structure, could not stand the heat and burden necessary for its opening. Their help ceasing to be necessary, they were freed. And in their freedom nine-tenths of the white race also received their freedom.

This may seem strange reasoning, but nevertheless it is true. Before emancipation every negro was considered to be worth so much in dollars and cents and it behooved his owner to take good care of

him, for by injury the owner would lose that much in value. Consequently when he was sick the best physician was called in to treat him and some safe and trusty hand detailed to nurse and care for him. He had to be well clothed and shod, and well fed. All these attentions were given him that his owner might enjoy the fruits of his labor to the fullest extent.

All these administrations were under the immediate attention of the household, if nearby; usually it fell on the farmer's wife. And if their lot was cast in a sickly locality she was a slave to a slave. While not called upon to do the drudgery herself, nevertheless, it was done under her supervision, which necessitated her confinement at home at all times and under all circumstances. The owners were usually harrassed and worried concerning the debts contracted for this species of property until life was almost a burden to them.

Hence, I say, when emancipation came all these cares, troubles and anxieties ceased; and in the liberation of their slaves they also received their own liberty. After these many years since the terrible conflict, when we can look back over the fields of battle, where so many precious lives were sacrificed, the only regret is that we did not know of the good in store; know of it before the flower of the youth of the country, both North and South, had been made victims to our ignorance and passions.

There is no doubt that the liberation of the slaves wrought a great hardship to some, but to the majority of the South it was a great benefit. There is also no doubt that the negro was inhumanely treated by some owners. But when you stop to consider that perhaps frequently from fifty to one hundred were owned by one man, discipline had to be maintained or they ceased to be profitable. Consequently, overseers who were timid for fear of their own lives were more severe than should have been allowed. These were the exceptions, not the rule.

Ordinarily, considering the number found on plantations of the wealthy, there were bound to be some bad negroes, and it required unusually rough means to hold such in subjection. But I aver most positively that as a rule the slaves were treated in a humane and kindly manner. And the reason thereof is so plain that nothing but a prejudiced mind could see otherwise. Who in the possession of one thousand greenback notes would willingly or purposely mutilate or destroy any one of them in a way to render it useless. None but the fool.

So it was with the southern slave-owner. His negroes were equal in value to the sum enumerated, and it stood him in hand to handle that bill, thereby keeping it intact so that it should remain worth the same so long as it was in his possession. So the cry of the

bull-whip and the blood-hounds only existed to a great extent in the distorted brain of the fanatic.

This is not written as an apology for slavery, for it has come and gone, and its powers for good or evil have gone with it, never to be seen or felt again on this continent, and we are glad of it. The effect of slavery upon the negro has been beneficial, I think no one will deny. To see the negro today in the jungles of his native country and then turn and look on the Southern negro and observe the difference, I think no one will fail to see the elevation of the one when compared with his brother in his own country. The most ferocious and fiercest fanatic will, if honest, admit that the enslaving of the negro was beneficial to him.

I remember as a mere boy, seventy years since, seeing the negro when he was first brought over from his native country. He brought with him his aboriginal habits, which were of the lowest, filthiest character; just one removed above the brute condition. It required the utmost patience and care to teach him the laws of decency, for he had no conception of that law. He did not know the use of clothes wherewith to cover his nakedness, and as soon would appear in the garb of nature as in the finest linen; and would prefer it, as clothing appeared to him as a burden from which he wanted to make his escape.

If not watched by the older negroes, who had been partially civilized, he would return to stark nakedness. His taste for food was low and vicious. He would as soon eat toads, lizards, mice and rats at the most delicious delicacies. I remember my grandfather having a water-mill in Georgia. It became necessary to repair the dam and he invited neighbors to send their negroes to help. Among those who came were a few raw negroes who had not been long imported. At the hour of noon, when all had been called for dinner, the raw importations took a hoecake of bread and repaired to the dam, where they found under the rocks large fat grub-worms, and to the amazement of all commenced to feast upon them, prefering them to the cooked meat.

The antics which they cut in their plays resembled largely those we see in the cages of the monkey, which determines conclusively to my mind the theory of Darwin in his Descent of Man. And if a careful observer will notice the African race of today, the resemblance to the monkey in actions is overwhelming, and it seems no one need go farther in the hunt for the missing link. I do not say in all, but now and then the features, gesticulations, and even the form, will be noticed. This is not said in derision of the American negro; far from it, for the good in them I admire as much as any man. But without prejudice I can say that the foregoing is true, and instead of the American negro holding any animosity toward the white race they ought to feel thankful every day and hour of their lives for the

bondage through which they have been made to pass—although severe in some instances, for the benefit of civilization, which they today enjoy, amply repays them for their seeming cruelties.

This is not an exception among the races called upon to suffer in their evolution from their state of inferiority. The Jews, in their captivity in Egypt, according to the chronicles, had to suffer in a ten-fold degree. Seemingly, the rod of affliction had to be wielded with unrelenting hands before the great majority of mankind could be made to move in the direction of more perfect civilization, and for the improvement of their condition.

In all great events in which this world has been a partaker, the outstanding epochs are marked by seeming misery and the torture of the people. The vast American continent remained dormant for many centuries before it began to be settled by a permanent population. A few made the attempt at different periods but discouragements of a trivial character overtook them, and the surviving emigrants returned to their native countries.

Not until the religious persecutions of the Old World became so burdensome that the Pilgrims could no longer endure them did they consent to bid adieu to their native land, divorce themselves from it, and become permanent citizens of the New World. So it was with the settling of other portions of this continent. The unnatural treatment and cruelty of France toward the Albigenses and Waldensians forced them to leave their beautiful and picturesque country and come over and settle the South of these United States.

So it seems that cruel treatment alone is the only means evolved by nature to force mankind to improve his condition. A life of lazy habits seems to incapacitate men for any great advancement, consequently trials and suffering must be allotted them before entering duties which are to terminate in great achievements. Now, that which may be expected to culminate out of the hundred years of slavery of the African is hidden from our view.

In all probability it has been undergoing a change preparing for something great to happen in the future. We are not yet able to see, and it will be disclosed only when the opportune time arrives. At present his calling is not to be seen or felt, even by himself, for he is yet in a nomadic state, a wanderer without home or country. Would it not be a good, charitable act considering the great benefits which have accrued from his labor in the past, and the faithfulness of his character, to purchase for him a home in some tropical isle of the sea and settle him there with the full privilege of a republican form of government?

And let it be a black man's country, with full power to evict any other native and prevent such to settle or hold property therein;

with a good, wise protectorate over them. Would not this procedure go far in solving the trouble of the ultimate destiny of the negro, with our nation relieved of that question which has caused so much agitation and discomfiture in our land?

It would seem to the poor African this much is due from our government which has received so much from his toil and labor. For a long time King Cotton ruled the world, and by it, no doubt, the United States acquired great wealth and standing among the nations of the world. This king was set up, nourished and held in position until the downfall of the South, by the African race. Then, let justice be done by giving him a country to himself, and a home to himself. There he could enact such laws as his wise men might think best for their government.

This race has men who have risen to some degree of eminence, and, no doubt, if placed to themselves, they would feel more happy and independent. It is now demonstrated almost beyond a doubt that the white race and the black cannot live together in peace and unity unless there occurs some great change amounting to a providential miracle. So long as the idea of social equality exists in the minds of a few fanatics, or the negro himself, there will be trouble. There is no disguising the fact that the white race will not submit to it.

The whites consider themselves—whether or not, a superior race, and will not submit on any grounds to be lowered and be compelled to associate on equal terms with the negro; and it would take all the bayonets of the nation to hold them to that which they consider a degradation.

The race question has been a bone of contention ever since the war of the states, by which they were freed. If it had not been for a few fanatics of the North this could have been amicably settled long since between the former master and his former slaves. It is well known in the South that between the master and his slaves there existed a feeling of good cheer which could not exist between the slaves and the stranger.

Yet a few of the northern fanatics, and a class of sycophants, for the purpose of gain, rushed headlong among the newly emancipated and instilled into their minds the belief that they were the equals of their old master, and perhaps his superior. And that they had only to declare that such was the case and the whole northern army would back them, and would see to it that every man would get his forty acres of land and one or two mules with which to cultivate them.

And so thoroughly were they imbued with this belief that they actually apportioned off their old master's possessions. In their

imagination they made choice of which one would get in the great division when it took place.

A low scoundrel who wore the stripes of a United States officer, in making a speech to the negroes of Brenham, just after the emancipation, told them plainly, and in the presence of many who had been in the Confederate army, that they were not only the equal but the peers of the old slave-drivers, and if any came in contact with them, to kick them out of the way as they would a lean, hungry cur dog. On such advice as this the poor deluded negro attempted to act, and caused much blood to flow, resulting in animosity between the negroes and the whites, and which exists in some degree to this day.

The days of reconstruction will never be forgotten as long as those participating live. The Civil War was nothing in comparison to it. In distressing engagements on the field of battle the two armies were arranged against each other as man to man, and fought it out as brave men should. But when the fortunes of war went against the South and they had to succumb to the vast numbers hurled against them by the North they were forced to lay down their arms, but not their principles.

In their hearts existed that brave and noble spirit which was there before the war, and which could not be conquered save by death itself. With shackles on their limbs, as it were, they were compelled to see their wives, daughters and themselves insulted by their one-time slaves who were wont in those other days to obey their every demand. It was more than human nature could endure; consequently a secret war was resorted to, and many were killed by those who otherwise would have been their friends.

This was not at first inaugurated by the people of the South in revenge, but as a simple matter of self-preservation, which is the first law of nature. But it grew into a war of revenge and hatred, the tap-root of which has grown into the soul of both races and will take years to eradicate. The ravishing of our wives and daughters called for extreme measures. Justice could not have been reached by the slow processes of law.

In revolting conditions like this the world is occasionally called upon to hear of revenge, which is the only safe and sure way in which protection may be obtained. I dare say that if such barbarism, violations of decency, and heart-breaking sorrow, should happen to the homes and firesides of the northern fanatics, they would as quickly deal out vengeance to the culprits, as did we of the South.

Distance lends enchantment to the view. It is well for those who live at secure distances to cry out barbarism, and paint in vivid colors the charges of persecution of, and animosity toward the poor

negro, but in this tragic case it makes a difference whose ox is gored. Under these circumstances men do not stop to consider what people will say, or the consequences of what people will think.

It resolves itself into this: What shall we do to avenge ourselves for the monstrous wrongs and crime perpetrated against our laws and our neighbor; and what shall we do to protect our families from the fate meted out by the merciless brutes, which far exceeds that of the Comanche Indians. The tortures inflicted upon the poor little child at Paris, Texas, and for whom great indignation meetings were held in the North, were never exceeded by the savages who roamed over the plains of this great state.

But, enough of this. I only wanted to show how the negroes were led astray by those who came south, bent upon plunder. For the mass of the northern people, we of the South have the greatest respect, and we owe them a deep debt of gratitude for their magnanimity of treatment at the end of the great contest. It could have been a great deal worse for us after the surrender, for we were completely at their mercy.

It was then that General Grant showed his great heart, in halting the onward rush of his armies into a stricken land. He had gained all he was called upon to do—the suppression of the Rebellion, and ceased the slaughter of life. In his nobleness he disdained the acceptance of the sword of our great chieftain, Robert E. Lee.

Thus ended the war as far as the conflict of arms upon the field of battle was concerned. Grant would have—had it been in his power—alleviated all the distress the South was experiencing and set his face against the threatening ills of reconstruction. Imagine, if you can, seven or eight million slaves—who could not read or write, and had all their lives been taught to obey the orders of a master, at the stroke of a pen plunged into full citizenship, with all the rights and responsibilities enjoyed by their former masters, and more for a time—for the ballot was denied the whites. And then, imagine also, the swarming down upon the land of a host of carpet-baggers, instilling into the untutored minds of newly-freed slaves the idea that they were the superiors of the earth, and that their every wish had only to be made known at Washington and they would be granted, and made secure by bayonets in the hands of federal soldiers.

I will say in behalf of the negro, that it is a wonder that he behaved as well as he did. All Southerners have seen the time when their lives were in jeopardy, even within their homes. Often were seen upon the streets, and in their churches, assembled as many as a thousand negroes—outnumbering the whites five to one. They paraded upon their drill-grounds, armed to the teeth, and ready at any time to exterminate the white race.

Had it not been for fear, and the advice of older heads among them, insurrections of the most alarming nature would have been precipitated, and in that event neither side would have been spared, for such was the hatred caused by these displays between the two races that no quarter would have been given by either party. For several years during reconstruction, white men kept two double-barreled shotguns and a six-shooter at hand day and night, to meet any emergency.

The public roads became race-courses for the negroes, filled with drunken black men, yelling like Comanches, upon going and returning from town. As soon as he could, each possessed a Spanish pony which he rode on all occasions at top speed. The poor, dumb brutes were soon killed in this way; but as they were cheap, it made little difference to the riders. Their merciless treatment made it hard for farmers to keep stock. The farmer was unable to protect his property, for upon the first complaint he would lose his tenant. If resented, complaint would be made to the provost marshal, one of whom was placed in every county seat, clothed with extraordinary powers.

It was entirely optional with the provost marshall whether the farmer should be sent to prison or not, and without the formality of a trial. Many of the best citizens of the country were sent to jail. Others found that by paying the officials a small fee, they could have the negro sent back to work; and this soon became the usual procedure of the offending party. This, however, proved an additional hardship on the poor farmer; for in order to get his fee, the marshal would often egg the tenant on to provoke the farmer.

The pathway of the miscreants—to tell the truth, was not always strewn with roses. They were kept busy early and late, listening to tales of woe, which arose between the negroes themselves, especially as to unfaithfulness of husbands. These tales resulted in unmerciful beatings received by the women, who carried their complaints to this high official, worshipfully believing him possessed of unlimited power and supernatural wisdom.

It was both amusing and at the same time disgusting to see with what trusting humility they entered his court. Some would be overwhelmed and unable to state their case, or would use such many-syllabled words—unintelligible to themselves, that the official, being unfamiliar with the southern dialect, would have to secure an interpreter.

As strange as it may appear, the negro women were far the more ungovernable. Of the two they seemed to be less afraid of their old masters or mistresses, and were accordingly more impudent in bearing and manners; and, if possible, were looser in their morals than the men. They almost ceased to work in the fields, and unless

allowed considerable latitude in the matter of petty thievery were hard to get for house servants.

By methods unhampered by scruples they managed to eat and possess a brilliant outer garment. Thus, easily satisfied, they became lazy and shiftless and were, as it were, an incubus to their race. Their one redeeming desire was to send their children to school, and this lasted for some years. However, on account of the poverty of their instructors in the science of teaching, education never amounted to much. Many of these could scarcely read themselves, consequently were unable to teach the children.

They would not take the advice of the whites as to teachers, but would employ any of their own color, who could stumble through a bit of the Bible. They are intensely religious in their meetings, but their preaching is of a very desultory character and not commendable for its purity of diction. It is characterized by much noise and energy, and there is as much of blasphemy as praise mixed in it. Their songs are usually those sung in the days of slavery; the words of which were improvised by some of their race, and without rhyme or rhythm, but a large degree of sentiment for the revival.

Chapter XXXVII

# INSPIRATION

INSPIRATION has never ceased nor ever will so long as God's works continue. Perhaps when life is extinct and earth ceases to vibrate with the air of thought and motion, then maybe the change will come, but not before. So long as this world vibrates to the pulses of nature, so long will the current of inspiration flow and keep beating in unison with Nature's demands.

It is by this power Nature cares for all its subjects, both human and divine. It is through this magnetic cord called inspiration, all demands are made manifest and all wants are transmitted. The ethereal, invisible cord which stretches from Divinity to all His children is touched when necessities arise and their grievances are transmitted to the fountain-head, from whence all necessaries are administered.

The Great Father, when He sees the needs of mortals, simply touches the cord which leads to the soul of men, and a grand supply is sent to relieve the oppressed. This idea is fairly illustrated by our own system of telegraphy. The Great Father, the fountain at one end, and the human race, recipients, at the other. Through this invisible cord constant communication is kept up with the inhabitants of this world.

To withdraw inspiration the fountain would go dry and all things perish on this now inhabited earth, which could be made so grand if cultivated in the right spirit. This earth could be made a veritable Heaven, but man's inhumanity to man has caused the blackness and deep gloom which pervades its whole circumference.

Perhaps at a not very distant day inspiration will be transmitted to such an extent that all will feel its influence. And then a new generation will be born who will learn to love it, and through it, their fellow man. God grant it.

It is said that in the past God's laws were made manifest through signs and visions; why not in the future? Why not now? God, so we are taught, was the same yesterday, today and forever. We have the same God we had in the days of Isaiah, Jeremiah and the ancient prophets, and His love extends as bountifully to us as to them, hence we are as much His children now as at any time since the creation. And now, when He sees that the world which He created needs gifts from his bountiful hand, it receives them. Hence come all the discoveries, inventions and inspirations to our great men.

The needs of the world have always been supplied through the channels of inspiration. When we go back to the most ancient times

recorded, either in profane or sacred history, men who arise as it were from the lowest depths of poverty and ignorance to the greatest elevation of learning and usefulness, men from families not recorded among the great in the world's history, suddenly spring up with such a flood of light and genius as to astonish the world.

It seems that God has chosen the humble to confound the mighty. Such was the case in Greece, Rome, Egypt, and of all the old countries of which we have any knowledge. For the purpose of elucidating my subject it will not be necessary to go back farther than Columbus, the great discoverer.

We have no knowledge of his having any ancestry of renown. But an emergency having arisen for the discovery of a new country, for the purpose of relieving the over-population of the Old World, hence Columbus was raised up to meet the demand. If we trace the history of this wonderful man we can see behind him an invisible power which could not be gotten rid of by him, but which kept pushing him forward to the consummation of this enterprise. The phantom of a New World seemed to possess him by day and by night, and there was no peace of mind for him until his task was fulfilled.

When in mid-ocean his sailors clamored to return and mutiny stared him in the face, he pleaded with them for a few more days that all might be accomplished. By his great, mysterious power he at last held them in check until the welcome call of "Land Ahead" was called from the mast of one of his little vessels. He had never ceased from anxiety or watchfulness during that long and perilous journey. Who can realize the inexpressible gratitude of that great man when he had arrived at the consummation of all his grand hopes and culmination of his ideas.

In Irving's Life of Christopher Columbus, on page 18, we read: "In the latter part of Columbus' life, when impressed with the sublime events brought about through his agency, he looked back upon his career with a solemn superstitious feeling. He attributes his early and irresistible inclination for the sea, and his passion for geographical studies to an impulse from Deity, preparing him for the high degrees he was chosen to accomplish."

Now, who should know better than Columbus concerning the matter of superstition. He had to pass through all the sacrifices of feeling that the jeers his fellow men saw fit to heap upon him, the many rebuffs attending him at the various courts at which he was a supplicant for means to obtain his great object. He was looked upon as a man bereft of reason. His ideas were so far above those of his fellow men that he was denounced and treated as a monomaniac, and was forced at times to beg bread and milk for his children.

He was destitute of the necessities of life and had nowhere to lay his head. Still his idea of finding a new route to India pressed

Valentine Sent by Dr. John W. Lockhart to
Sarah Elizabeth Browning

him onward and to the final achievement of his great object. After much solicitation he eventually gained the influence over the minds of Queen Isabella and Ferdinand, and was supplied with three small ships for this great undertaking, not one of which would be declared seaworthy in this day of navigation.

Yet he was glad to get them, and when he embarked with his crews—if his route had been known, none would ever have expected to see them return. Fortunately it was hidden from them, and He who has the great supervision of all things tempered the winds to suit the little craft on their perilous journey. It was made in safety, and the little vessels kept near each other, which is an event in itself bordering almost on the miraculous.

When he discovered land no doubt his great heart beat with gratitude to the great Father who had thus prepared him for the work. Upon reaching the shore he knelt and kissed the earth, for he doubtless felt that this great discovery would make his name immortal, and where he once had to beg bread he in all probability would have much of it to bestow.

Columbus was amazed at the country he had discovered. And the inhabitants thereof seemed likewise amazed with the appearance of himself and followers. Doubtless he thought he had found a duplicate of the Garden of Eden, wherein all things dwelled. The trees and air seemed alive with beautiful insects and birds. Some of the birds were possessed with the power of articulation, and could talk in the native tongue. There were birds of rare plumage, the like of which he had never seen before. Beasts of the forests roamed at will. The serpent also was there, but it had not yet attained the intelligence of the one we read of in the Garden of Eden. Likewise all the fruits were there, but the tree of Knowledge or the fruit thereof seemingly had not been tasted, for the Eves of that garden were still in nakedness. It had not yet dawned upon them to eat of the forbidden fruit which would cause their eyes to open and see themselves in such plight as to necessitate the adornment of a dress of fig-leaves.

Spicy perfumes came with the breezes, and the air seemed tempered to fit the requirements of simple children of Nature. These poor creatures doubtless thought the gods had visited them, for they fled and hid themselves, as did Adam. But in a short time they veritably believed them visitors from the other place, for no more inhuman creatures ever conquered nations than those who came after Columbus.

The world is still suffering from the sword and flame of Cortez and Pizarro, who destroyed the cities and burned the records of the countries which they ruthlessly took from the natives of Mexico and of South America. The inscriptions on their temples, it is feared, will never reveal the origin or history of these lost nations.

Their monuments and hieroglyphics remain mute as to who put them there, and who was instrumental in erecting and adorning them. If the inhuman butchers had been as eager to preserve the history of these people as they were in the pursuit of gold, the world would now be better off.

On account of the barbarity of these conquerors the curse of Deity seems to have rested upon the countries which they conquered. To this day they have had no stable laws or government. Everything pertaining to them seems to be in constant strife. Perhaps in the future some great genius may receive inspiration for the noble purpose of evolving stable government, under which wise laws may be enacted which will redound to the credit of our civilization.

But to return to Columbus: After all his discoveries, and his work done for humanity, he was brought back to his beloved country in chains and disgrace, and ultimately died in poverty. Verily, humanity must have been at low ebb when envy and malice could have swayed the minds of men to such an extent that they should have forgotten the great benefits which were the results from such discoveries.

Be it a credit to the world though that after a lapse of four hundreds years the good seeds which he sowed, and which lay dormant so long in the womb of time, have ultimately germinated and in the last year borne fruit which, on account of its far-reaching effects, give some recompense for the previous obscurity of his name and fame.

The great Chicago Exposition added fresh luster to his memory, and his name was spoken by lips hitherto unused to such a sound. Now the great Columbian Fair will be known, and through it his name will be known, and his deeds spoken of in the snow-covered huts of the Eskimo in the frozen regions of the north, unto the homes of the savage Zulu in South Africa. The South Sea Islander has learned to speak his name, likewise the inhabitants of the frozen lands of Russia. Henceforth his name and the benefits of his discoveries will encircle the globe, and its inhabitants will be made participants thereof.

This great country which was discovered by Columbus and his brave little band of sailors in 1492 lay as a vast wilderness for several hundred years. Ineffectual attempts were made by the English to colonize the coast country on the Atlantic border, but owing to the low, swampy condition it failed. It appeared that it could not be cleared by the white man. Sickness, caused by the malaria arising from the swampy coast of Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, and the heavy timber, which the English were entirely unaccustomed to, rendered the exertions of the white man unavailable.

It was then—as if another inspiration were given to men, it occurred to certain Dutchmen that there was a tribe of people in-

habiting the eastern coast of Africa who were inured to this sort of climate and could be made available for the work on hand, such as clearing up the forest and making the land fit for the white man's use. A vessel was built, called by the suggestive name of "Desire," which brought over the first cargo of Africans in 1738, and they were put to work.

At first, owing to the simplicity of their nature, and knowing nothing of the white man's ways, they were rude and rough and just as they were from the hands of nature. They had to be taught the use of tools, which required great patience from their instructors. Finally the forest began to give way, and as it did so the country began to get more healthy and became at last inhabitable.

As the coast country was opened up, immigration began to come in from the Old Country and establish little homes. Farms sprang up; and as the industries flourished, so did commerce. And in a short time the few humble dwellers began to assume the airs of a nation. As the colonies grew, conflicts between man and man arose. Neighbors' boundaries conflicted with each other. Other minor rights needed to be adjudicated; hence magistrates were appointed by the Old Country, where all claims were adjusted.

As the colonies grew in wealth the mother country grew more oppressive to her offspring; so much so that these oppressions became unbearable. Another great need arose for a free and independent government, where taxations and religious worship could be adjudicated to the wants of the people. Thereupon arose the great Washington, who was to carry out the grand dictum of the Master.

We all know how well he complied with the trust imparted to him, for we are enjoying the benefits of it until this day. Franklin, Madison and Jefferson, framers of our greatest state documents, arose, and with inspired thoughts, wrote the Constitution which was to govern the people of the New World.

In it is guaranteed the rights of man, where he can pursue the occupations—both civil and religious, which will inure to his greatest happiness, without molestation. These were blessings which the people were glad to receive after experiencing the oppressions of the Mother Country which they had now cast off.

After the close of the great Revolution, as a matter of course, all was in a state of confusion. The thirteen little states—cut off in their infancy from their Mother, Great Britain, now had to care for themselves. At this juncture, and very opportunely, too, great minds sprang up as if by magic, who guided and sustained the infant in its dire and urgent needs.

The trial of self-government was to be made in the form of a free government, an experimental one. None had ever existed which gave such liberties to its citizens. Consequently it had to be sub-

jected to a test before the gaze of all nations then existing. It passed the crucial test and now stands forth the envy of all the world, and the admiration. But to return:

After the war of 1812 nothing seemed to mar the prosperity and good feeling throughout the nation, until the agitation for the abolition of slavery began. This at first was seen as a small cloud, gathering in the North. At each succeeding presidential canvass it grew and spread until it became a national question.

In the election of Abraham Lincoln it burst with all its wrathful fury upon this bright and happy land, and for four years seemed to rain blood and carnage. Brother was arrayed against brother, father against son, and frequently mother against daughter. Such an unnatural war was never known to exist, and this to liberate the slaves—and what of them?

As I have said before, they were brought to this country for a special purpose, and that was to bring into a habitable condition this rank wilderness. Since the country's discovery some centuries back its sickly climate and heavily timbered condition made it untenable for the more elevated race. By the frequent failures of the whites to develop the country it was evident that unless a race of men more inured to the heat and consequent change of climate than existed at that time could be secured, the white race could not succeed.

Many times they had planted little colonies along the coast, which failed and were abandoned, until this more hardy race of men were imported. These bore the heat and burden of the day. Little by little, by felling the forests and plowing the ground, the country was opened up, until it flourished from the shores of Virginia and the Carolinas, and even beyond the great Mississippi. And when the arid regions of Kansas, Nebraska and a portion of Texas had been reclaimed, where the white man could do the work, the work of the black man seemed to have an end.

It was then that the great necessity for their labor ceased, and there was to be another great change. And on Abraham Lincoln it seems the mantle of liberator was to be hung. This man of destiny, who a few years previously walked in the very humblest shades of life, seems to have been chosen for this great purpose; and to teach the world that there was a mightier power behind the achievement.

There were apparently far greater men in power at that time than the men who had ruled the nation for a quarter of a century. The great primal leaders, such as Lloyd Garrison, and others then in existence, were as babes beside this gigantic figure. Although endowed with the boldness of the lion and the aggressiveness of the

tiger, yet he was a man of the kindliest feelings and generous to an extreme.

At each battle fought his great heart was appalled at the immense sacrifice of his fellow men, and prayers, no doubt, went forth from his large heart for the cessation of the struggle. And yet, he, in his great simplicity was chosen, and why? Because it was known that as soon as the great contest had ceased he was willing that we, being all children of one great inheritance, should return. That he would extend his great magnanimous arms, open his heart and bid us welcome back into our Father's house.

The Civil War was over and the negroes free—what next? There was a vast domain to open up to the poor, destitute people of the Old World. Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and other outlying territories were waiting but could not be brought into cultivation on account of lack of transportation. Their prairies were rich in soil fit to produce to perfection grain necessary for the sustenance of the world. Enormous yields of corn, wheat and all the small cereals were possible, but there were no navigable waters whereby they could be gotten to market.

For a time farmers used their surplus corn for fuel. But it was necessary in emergencies like this to raise up men who by their superior knowledge in such matters could accumulate and furnish capital. Hence we have the Goulds, the Vanderbilts and others like them who by their preordination have provided large fortunes for the purpose of opening up this rich territory. Whereas it was as a wilderness now, with their wealth, it is made to blossom like the rose.

A great many are disposed to criticize these men, but as long as they use their riches for the betterment of mankind, criticism seems unjustifiable. If wealth had not accumulated in the hands of a few, railroads could not have been built, and this immense territory which now gives happy homes to thousands might yet be a howling wilderness inhabited by roving savages and wild beasts. So, let us give these men credit for what they have done for their fellow men in providing homes and comfort for posterity.

Some may say that these roads would have been built without such men; perhaps so, but reasoning from a natural standpoint, it would have been impossible for poor men to build railroads. It seems that the great ruler has so joined the rich and poor that it would be impossible for the one to be independent of the other. Therefore it seems that if this could be better understood between the two classes there would be more harmony between them.

The rich could not carry on their vast improvements without the assistance of the poor, neither could the poor without the help of the rich. Hence it seems that the interests of the two are so mixed and intermingled that it is impossible for the one to exist without

the other. It seems to me that if this could be placed before the laboring classes in its proper light by those whose duty it is to make life's burdens more endurable to the poor, that we would not have so much ill feeling and unrest in our social affairs. There would not be so many strikes, so much ill feeling of one party toward the other.

If it could be demonstrated to the laboring class that the simple fact of being wealthy does not place one citizen above another in the sight of law or religion, that the simple fact of a man's having much money does not make him better than his fellows. In this free country, every man being born free and equal, the one has no unreserved right over the other, and in the great race to fortune and fame the road leading thereto is open and equal to all alike.

But the poor will always occupy a prominent part in the affairs of this world, for without them there would be none to operate the great avenues of trade and commerce. While on this subject it may be said that poverty does not mean ignorance. Many men who are serving others in an inferior position are vastly superior to their employers in education and intelligence; and—of course, vastly their superior in knowledge, which is now estimated by the world to be above price.

It seems to me our public education is woefully at fault in this direction. The children of the poorer classes are early taught that there is no good in the rich. They are to be looked upon in a great degree as their enemies; and are very little, if in any degree, above ordinary highway robbers. The low order of politicians teach it to their audiences, and by them to their children. Hence they grow up to be men and women with an untold amount of prejudice. It seems to be wrong; for the poor as well as the rich should be taught that, although a vast difference seemingly exists, yet in summing it all up there is not so much—if the law of equalization is consulted.

It appears that when mighty events are to be achieved by nations, and when the great governing powers see fit to open a new era for the advancement of the world, when new epochs are to be opened to the advancement of mankind, the men who are chosen for this purpose generally come from the poorer class.

With this lengthy dissertation as an introduction, I wish now to cite the case of General Houston as one selected for a great purpose. That purpose was the reclamation of a vast inhabitable territory in which so many now live and enjoy so much of peace and prosperity, from the treacherous savage and the wild beasts.

If ever a man's destiny was plainly marked out or preordained, it looks as if his was. Born of humble parentage, in the State of Virginia, he was early brought to Tennessee, then a frontier state, and reared to manhood. Amidst the privations and hardships inci-

dent thereto he was there fitted for all the vast vicissitudes of life and experiences through which he had to pass in future years.

In his early life he seemed to partake of the disposition of the wild Indian whose life and habits he in after life was to partly live and act. He spent much of his time while a youth with them, at cost of great solicitude of his near relatives and friends. When persuaded to come back to civilization, employment was given him, with hopes of restraining him, but soon the wildness of nature would take possession and he would be off with the people of his choice.

His father having died when the boy was young, and his mother being possessed of a goodly number of offspring, he had to labor on the farm to help support the family. I have heard General Houston relate a good many times, incidents of his early life. He used to take great pride relating the fact that on one corner of the farm stood a little log school-house, and when near noon and night he would hitch his plowhorse to the fence, run up to the school-house and spell with the class. This opportunity was given him by the master, and greatly appreciated by him. He always claimed to be a self-made man in regard to education.

I am not capable of writing an extensive biography of General Houston's life; this has been done time and time again by those much more able than myself. I am only jotting down some of the little incidents which I know to be facts, from my own personal knowledge, and what I heard him relate of himself while living in my father's house during his second administration as President of the Republic of Texas.

Of his early life he was not given to talk much. In speaking of education, the General thought that the best education to be given a youth, after he had attained to some degree in the rudimentary studies, such as arithmetic, reading and writing, was to be gained behind the counter. There the young man would be brought more in contact with human nature, and learn more of his fellow man than in any other position; and I have frequently heard him advise young men to that course in acquiring the education which would lead them to success in after life.

Although the General gave this advice, it seems he was not much of a success in following it himself. The first we hear of young Sam Houston as a servant of his country was his enlisting as a common soldier in the Creek War. As the recruiting officers were calling upon their countrymen to go forth to battle, young Sam walked deliberately up to the drum-head and took off the silver dollar which was placed thereon; the taking of which was a signal of enlistment.

The Creek Indians had recently declared war and were doing great damage to the whites in the adjoining county in which they

lived. General Jackson was hurriedly raising troops to suppress them. It was in this emergency that young Sam was marched to the barracks and became at once a soldier. In a short time he was off to war against the Indians, who were massed in the celebrated Horseshoe Bend in South Alabama.

Before the battle, Houston had been promoted from Sergeant to the position of Ensign, a mark of honor, as the colors are always supposed to be in the front rank as long as the battle rages. In this instance it proved to be in the right hands, for when the Battle of the Horseshoe began, the brave Montgomery was the first to mount the breastworks, and as soon as he had done so he received his fatal wound. But ere his spirit had fled, young Houston was by his side, bearing aloft the National emblem which he so loved as long as he lived.

Fired by the shrieks of women and the cry of children, and the groans of the wounded men who had been tortured by the merciless savages in the taking and destruction of Ft. Mimms, he gallantly leaped off among the Indians concealed in the brush, carrying in one hand the colors of his country and his sword in the other. He was doing good work when the officers and soldiers, as one man, leaped after him, preferring to die rather than see their colors trailed in the dust, or fall into the hands of the enemy.

By gallantry the battle was soon won; not, however, without the severe wounding of young Houston. In his impetuous leap from the battlements he received an arrow wound in the thigh which caused him much pain. With the fortitude of a hero, he had one of his men extract it by main force, notwithstanding the barb had penetrated deep into his flesh.

After the main battle had been won it was shortly discovered that a considerable number of the Indians had taken refuge under the bank of the river, concealing themselves from view in brush they had placed there for that purpose. They continued a murderous fire, refusing to surrender. Volunteers were called upon to dislodge them; and, notwithstanding the pain of his wound, young Houston responded.

With the cries for mercy still ringing in his ears, and revenge raging in his breast, he sprang to his feet and was off to battle again, single-handed and alone. In this last engagement he received two shots in the right arm, near the shoulder. Disabled, he was taken off the field in an almost dying condition. The physicians seemed to regard his case as hopeless and gave their attention to others whom they thought they could save.

Young Houston survived, for his work was not yet completed, and used that right arm years after in freeing another country from semi-barbarians. With it he guided the goose-quill, for he would use

nothing else, in the signing of the Declaration of Texas Independence, and other documents of state which have made his name famous. And, moreover, he will live in the memories of his adopted children long after the hand that guided the old goose-quill has mouldered in the dust.

The next we hear of Sam Houston he was plodding over law books, gaining that information which was to serve him in establishing and founding a system of governmental laws which were to bring a weak family to perfection and happiness.

Texas was as one great family, although of course dissension would now and then creep in. But when the great question of civil liberty arose, all bickering ceased and at once we became consolidated into an invincible brotherhood, like an army with banners.

The next we know of Sam Houston he was a full-fledged lawyer and politician, and a friend of General Jackson under whose leadership he had borne the colors of his country on that glorious occasion to victory and renown. The hand that had borne aloft the colors now grasped the immortal hand of the old hero of the Hermitage in a strong embrace.

His first effort at law was that of prosecuting attorney for the district. In this capacity he came in contact with all the criminal classes, and learned of men and of the depths of degradation to which the human mind could attain. This lesson fitted him to deal with the class of individuals with which he would in after years come in close contact with and have to govern.

From this position we see him elevated to the highest office within the gift of the people of his state, that of Congressman. In this capacity he learned of state rights, of international law, and all that pertains to governmental diplomacy; likewise of people both in domestic and foreign countries. The education gained in this capacity was of the highest order, coming in contact as he did with great intellects.

His great mind was being educated to take broader views of subjects which were to come before him in his new capacity in reclaiming this vast domain. Previous to this he had acted in the lower order of the military movements, but now became Brigadier General of Militia of his state, a position which had been his constant desire to attain since youth. At school, it is said, instead of studying his books he had the boys off drilling as soldiers.

Thus early in life he showed the bent of his mind, which, no doubt, he had inherited from his father who had defended his country so nobly in the Revolutionary War. In his new office of Brigadier General he took great pride. Dressed in his uniform, he was the noblest looking of men, being over six feet tall, large and muscular.

He carried no surplus flesh, but was square, raw-boned and of good figure, a martial looking man—born to rule.

His speech and action were discernible above all his compeers, and he could be picked from a crowd of a thousand men by a perfect stranger. He was a "Saul of Tarsus," made to be obeyed. He had learned all about military tactics and the movements of armies, and when the opportune time came, showed his ability to cope with one who had far superior training, and no doubt thought himself Houston's superior.

At this time he was serving his state in a double capacity: that of Brigadier General and as Governor. After serving two terms as a member of Congress he was overwhelmingly elected Governor; was in the zenith of his glory—almost idolized by his people. As Governor he became familiar with state affairs, state rights and the duties pertaining to statehood. These served him nobly in afterward reclaiming a wild and almost lawless people, and teaching them their duties to the mandates of civilized government.

General Houston at this time also had married into one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of Tennessee, and his house was to be presided over by one of the lovliest women of that state. Seemingly he had all that heart could wish for; yet in his happy and elevated position he was doomed to more degradation, misery and poverty. Without cause, as far as could be seen, he forsook all these splendors, his honors, wealth and happiness, and consulting no one, resigned his position as Governor, and went into exile—as he termed this period of life, and wandered alone among the Indians, a wretched and abandoned outcast, with nothing to harmonize with his former surroundings.

General Houston had not yet learned the great lesson he was to learn, how to submit to the hardships which were to come to him later. His past few years had been spent in ease and luxury, and he seemed to have forgotten, in the strifes of a long and successful career as Congressman and Governor, the lessons of his early youth; so much so that the Great Spirit had to bring him back to dwell again with the Indian savages, and learn of them a still greater lesson.

He was to learn of their ways and methods of living, and of their laws regulating their own and neighboring tribes. In this he seemed to reach proficiency; for he became master of their habits, traditions, customs, religion and their superstitions; in fact, of all their ways, as much so as if he had been one of them.

From his just dealing with them, in having their wrongs adjusted, as far as was in his power, when acting as agent for the United States; in protecting them from the merciless sub-agents who had robbed them under different administrations, he became famous not only with the Cherokee—his adopted tribe, but with all the wild

tribes then inhabiting the borders of Texas. He was looked upon by them as a being almost immaculate.

In his long exile among the Cherokees his massive intellect had not been idle, and when engaged in menial service, which must have been torture itself after having partaken of so much of the higher order of civilization, he was gathering material in the way of knowledge, which was to save him in other capacities. Finally the hour came when a wandering party of Cherokees, who had been on an excursion over into Texas, came back and reported that a war for Texas' independence was soon to be inaugurated.

Although under the influence of strong drink at the time of the report, he seemed to be transformed thereby. Throwing himself upon the ground, he remained for some time in a semi-unconscious state of mind, uttering no word, seemingly in deep thought. Finally upon arousing himself, he said to a companion, who was with him on the banks of the Grand River:

"Henry, let us go to Texas. I am heartily tired of this life. I will go hence, and make a man of myself!"

And on the first day of December, 1832, he embraced another friend and said: "Elias, mark my words—I shall yet be President of a great Republic, and shall bring that nation to the United States!"

Mark the prophecy! When General Houston sank upon the bank of the Grand River, his education was complete. He had graduated in many branches. We find him first a wayward youth, with no bright star beckoning him for the future—or so it seemed. Then a soldier in the Indian war, then a lawyer, next a Congressman; afterward a Governor of a great state, and the Brigadier General of the militia of that state.

Then again we see him an outcast for a mysterious but doubtless great purpose. In all these capacities he seemed an apt pupil; for he never aspired to any position which he did not attain. So he was a thorough graduate in all the departments of the school of life, even from the lowest to the highest.

General Houston found himself a fit subject now to perform the duties which had been marked out for him. So on the first day of December, 1832, we find him packed and on his way to the country which he was to so ably assist in wrenching itself away from the iron grasp of a merciless ruler, and make it a pleasant abode for future generations.

His first meal in Texas was prepared for him in Jonesborough, Red River County, by Mrs. Ibie Gordon, one of the good mothers of Texas, who is now living at this writing (1894). From Jonesborough he proceeded to San Augustine, and located as a lawyer, in partnership with John Dunn, of Nashville, Tenn.

In his practice he was thrown in contact with many notable men of that town, and surrounding country; such men as W. B. Schelter, Pinkney Henderson, Richard Scurry, Thos. J. Rusk, and many others who afterwards served with him in his gallant and brilliant career in making the history of Texas.

Now, the troubles between Texas and the mother country, Mexico, began to grow thicker and more furious, as the wheels of time revolved; and were seen by such a mind as Houston's as not to be long in culminating in an outbreak, and disruption between the two countries. So, Houston made preparations for it by forming friendships with the class of men whom he knew were to aid him in the great cause.

General Houston did not remain long in San Augustine; his restless spirit could not be detained long in the dry practice of law. He was then in the prime of manhood, and—owing to his former habits, he was striving to break the barriers, as a restless wild beast deprived of its liberties. Hearing of trouble more in the interior of the state, in connection with that brave spirit, Coln. Bowie, he left for San Felipe where a convention was being held in the year 1833.

He was made chairman of the convention, and drew up the first constitution for a state of Texas, when separated from the State of Coahuila. This constitution, however, on account of the subversion of the Mexican constitution by Santa Ana, was never adopted; consequently, Texas was never recognized by that ruler as a separate state. This was Houston's first service rendered in behalf of his adopted state.

He was also a member of the convention which met in San Felipe in 1835, and was made commander-in-chief of the forces in the field. Owing to the difficulties in the council arising between Governor Smith and Governor Robinson, the Council was adjourned on the 6th, to meet at the town of Washington, on the Brazos, on the 22nd of February, 1835, when the following resolution was offered by Mr. George C. Chelards: "That the President appoint a committee to consist of five delegates, to draft a Declaration of Independence." The following resolution was immediately offered by General Sam Houston:

Resolved: "That the Declaration of Independence reported by the committee be adopted, that the same be engrossed and signed by the delegates of this convention." By unanimous vote this resolution was acted upon favorably.

Upon the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, David G. Burnett was made President, and Lorenzo De Zavalla was made Vice-President. General Sam Houston was again made Commander-in-Chief of the army in the field.

On account of misunderstanding between Governors Smith and Robinson, the orders of General Houston were not obeyed by the commanders of San Antonio and Goliad, consequently the noble heroes of these two divisions of the little Texas army were captured and slaughtered by the orders of Santa Ana. These two divisions being cut off at that time was sorely felt by General Houston, and reduced his small band to three hundred and seventy-four men.

With this little force, he had to contend with an army of seven thousand Mexicans, flushed with the victory of the Alamo, and Fannin's massacre at Goliad. No man ever had such a charge on his hands, as did General Houston at this time. As soon as the fall of the Alamo and of Fannin's defeat was known, such demoralization was never known in any country. The scene cannot be depicted, for it is not in mortal power to place it on record.

Runners came and scattered the news of these disasters, and predicted that the Mexicans would be along in a short while; and of course, all expected to be murdered, if caught. Families, taking whatever of their goods they could carry, were off on the road, seeking safety, which many thought lay beyond the Sabine River. The women, children and old men left their homes—in some instances without closing their doors.

Imagine—if you can, the helpless condition of these poor families. The mother with a babe in her arms, and a bundle of clothing on her head, starting on a trip of several hundred miles; add to this, four or five children perhaps following along after her. In some instances they rigged up old carts and wagons, sleds and old truck-wheel carts, made entirely of wood, which in motion could be heard screeching a mile. Such was the panic.

In consequence, almost every variety of household utensil could be found along the road; the people having overloaded themselves, and when exhausted, would throw away their precious possessions. The road was literally lined with abandoned household plunder.

This was the condition of affairs when General Houston arrived at Gonzales, and went to work immediately to organize the little band of three hundred and seventy-four soldiers. On the day after his arrival as Commander-in-Chief he ordered an election. That daring man General Edward Burleson, was elected Colonel of the First Regiment, and Sidney Sherman was elected Lieutenant Colonel, both brave and resolute men, and afterward to become conspicuous in leading gallant charges at the battle of San Jacinto.

This was the first regular organization of an army for the defense of the country. Hitherto, it seemed that every company was fighting on its own responsibility, or from order of one of the two factions that were then existing—namely, that of Governor Smith

and that of Lieutenant Governor Robinson. Up to this time these two were engaged in a deadly feud, each claiming to be the head of the government.

For fourteen days General Houston held his little army at Gonzales, that the women and children might gain a place of safety, which was sought by crossing the Brazos River. There had been much rain, the roads were muddy and the streams full; so that it took the fleeing ones a long time to arrive at the Brazos in advance of the army. The River being high, the scene at the town of Washington was almost heart-rending, there being but one ferry-boat to cross in.

It was not possible to accommodate all, so every imaginable water craft was improvised; some even went so far as to cross in raw-hide boats, made up of logs lashed together with raw-hide thongs, with hides stretched across them for decks. Such a stampede was never witnessed before or since. Everyone feared the Mexicans would be upon them, consequently their diligence in flight.

After General Houston had deemed the women and children safe, he commenced his retreat to the Brazos. In order to gain time and to more fully organize, and to give time to the men to return, who had been looking after their families, he retired to Mill Creek bottom; where he remained for some time, recruiting and equipping his little band of raw, citizen soldiers. Knowing nothing of discipline or army movements, it would have been a hardship to have thrust them into a severe battle. Yet their bravery could not have been impugned, for each would have fought until the last man was exterminated.

General Houston was somewhat blamed for this move, but after results justified the strategy on his part. His success was grand and glorious without parallel in modern history. And it is by success we measure in a great degree the intentions of the actor. As soon as recruits came in, another regiment was organized, with Sidney Sherman as Colonel.

General Houston was wise in his retreat, for he not only gained time to discipline his small army, but to strengthen it; for no sooner had the patriots seen their families safe across the Brazos, than they returned as fast as possible to swell the fighting force. Soon he had perhaps a thousand men. These he organized quickly into companies and regiments, under officers who were good and true men.

He also accomplished another great feat: that of causing the division of Santa Ana's army, fresh and flushed with victory. This Mexican commander, feeling that he had delivered his country from the hostile Americans, and sure of his triumph, seriously entertained the idea of returning to the City of Mexico, leaving to his generals

the task of finishing up the rout. He did just as Houston expected him to—divided his army into three divisions, to march through the country, and to drive or to slaughter everything before them to the Sabine, and across that river. At the solicitations of his officers he stayed with them for a short time longer, in order to catch and slaughter the arch traitor—Sam Houston. He gave to General Gaona 750 men to march through the west; to Filesola he gave 4000 men to march through the center; and he took the flower of his army, consisting of 1700, for the east or coast country. Knowing that the coast country was far more wealthy than any other part of the State, he would gain more spoils of war, and thereby gain more eclat than if he had pursued either the middle or western part of the country.

General Houston anticipated every move that Santa Ana made. After moving out from retirement, he marched his little band to Grocis Crossing of the Brazos, and there Providence seemingly was to help him, for he found there the only steam boat on the river, the Yellowstone, which was up the river for cotton. Taking possession of this boat, he crossed his small army at high-tide, when it would have proved a difficult barrier.

After the Yellowstone had ferried over Houston's army, its captain piled bales of cotton about the pilot-house and the engine room, and ran the blockade furnished by the Mexicans camped below. These, having never seen a steam boat before, fired and even went so far as to try to lasso it with their raw-hide ropes. However, it ran the blockade, and arrived safely with its cargo at the mouth of the river.

From the crossing, Houston deflected to the right—to the surprise of all, and headed for the San Jacinto River. In gaining that point, he had to travel through the low, marshy prairie, which extends for fifty or sixty miles from the coast. General Houston seemed to work altogether according to his own plans, and very rarely asked or sought advice from any of his officers. He assumed all responsibilities, and when he thought himself right went straight ahead.

On account of abundance of rain, the country through which he had to pass, was very boggy; so much so that he had to convey his baggage and stores of ordnance in wagons drawn by long strings of oxen. A file of soldiers marched beside them, and when a wagon bogged, the men would seize the wheels and lift them onto the turf once more. In this way they made the slow and difficult march through the low, flat country, for a distance of sixty miles.

Now, the question naturally arises why General Houston selected this marshy country for a battlefield, instead of a more elevated and a drier location; and the question remains unanswered. In all probability, it was to lead Santa Ana into a trap, where if defeated, he could not retreat; and a battle fought in such a region was to be a

final settlement of the question as to the one who was to come out victorious.

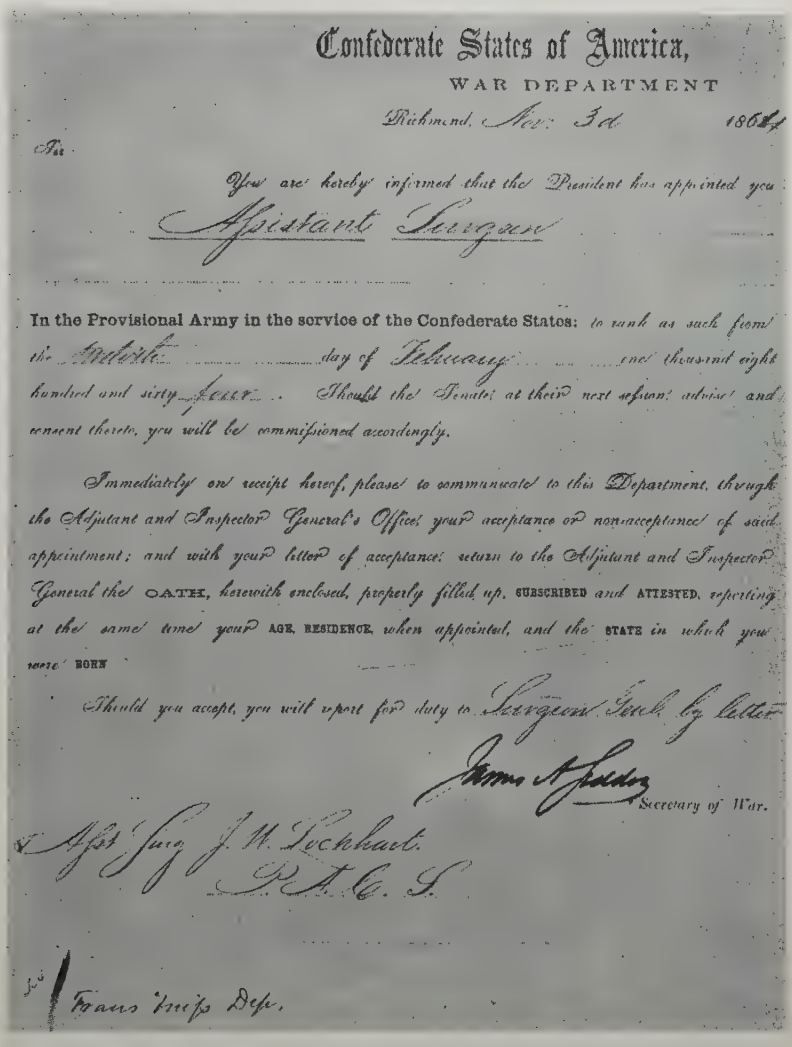
Santa Ana crossed the Brazos lower down in the neighborhood of Richmond. After resting a few days, and pillaging the country for several miles around, he again took up his march for Lynchburg, situated at the junction of the San Jacinto River and Buffalo Bayou. On the 15th of April he reached Harrisburg, and after resting two days, he burned the town, and proceeded to New Washington for supplies. He also burned this place, showing his intention that destruction and desolation should mark the route of his army.

General Houston's little army, having preceded Santa Ana's forces to the fatal battlefield, arrived early on the morning of the 20th, and encamped on the right bank of the river, in a skirt of timber. Santa Ana left Washington on the same day, and on the evening of the 20th had a light skirmish with the Texans, when both armies went into quarters for the night. I have omitted telling of the receipt—while on the Brazos, of two small pieces of artillery, sent by some noble citizen of Cinncinnati. These did great service and figure in history as the "Twin Sisters." Unfortunately they seem to have been lost. In the revolution of time, they—like many important events, fade from the recollection of man.

Previous to the engagement of the 21st, General Houston sent Deaf Smith, with a party of Texans, around to Santa Ana's rear, to cut a bridge built across the Brazos. This bit of strategy utterly precluded the possibility of retreat—both for his own and the army of the enemy. What strong faith must have actuated him to do this act, for he well knew his position, and also knew if the tide of battle went against him, he and his little band would have been swept from the face of the earth, and he would have been held in execration by all men. But so great was his destiny, that he risked all, and won.

Now, Santa Ana was pursuing the route to Lynchburg for the purpose of gaining an easy crossing of the stream on his route to Anahuac and the Sabine, and seemed utterly astounded, when at 9 o'clock in the morning of the 20th, his spies told him that General Houston was in his front, intending to dispute his further progress. No doubt the information gave him but little uneasiness, as he had swept everything before him so far; and, as he had called himself the Napoleon of the West, his great pomposity induced him to think that, as chaff flies before the wind, there would be nothing to do but make his appearance, and all would flee for their lives or immediately surrender to his hitherto hellish clemency.

It has been said, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." No doubt, much indignation arose in his dastardly breast at the thought that the poor insignificant criminals he called the Texans would dare to obstruct his hitherto victorious march.



Confederate States of America,

WAR DEPARTMENT

Richmond, Nov. 3d 1864

Sir

You are hereby informed that the President has appointed you

Assistant Surgeon

In the Provisional Army in the service of the Confederate States: to rank as such from the Twenty-sixth day of February one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four. Should the Senate at their next session advise and consent thereto, you will be commissioned accordingly.

Immediately on receipt hereof, please to communicate to this Department, through the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, your acceptance or non-acceptance of said appointment; and with your letter of acceptance return to the Adjutant and Inspector General the OATH, herewith enclosed, properly filled up, SUBSCRIBED and ATTESTED, reporting at the same time your AGE, RESIDENCE, when appointed, and the STATE in which you were BORN

Should you accept, you will report for duty to Surgeon Gerald by letter

James A. Seddon
Secretary of War.

Asst Surg J. W. Lockhart.
P.A.C.S.

Trans Insp Dept.

Dr. John W. Lockhart's Commission in the Confederate Army

Had General Houston felt equally as certain of success, he would not have led his army into such a low swampy country, to engage in battle with such grave consequences at stake; for on him rested not only the lives of his soldiers, but of many women and children, who were not yet safe from the merciless enemy.

Many were yet between the Colorado and the Brazos Rivers, and were unable to cross the latter, on account of high water. General Houston knew well that Santa Ana's army exceeded his numerically over two to one, and was picked from his best soldiers. He must have felt a responsibility that would have crushed the ambition of any other man. In this state of affairs, the two armies were lined up for battle on the evening of the 21st of April, 1836.

After General Houston had put his men in battle array, his speech to them was short and simple. He asked them if they wished to fight; and they shouted "Yes, we do!" They felt that the great wished-for moment had come at last. Just at this time, Deaf Smith galloped up, shouting as he rode along the line: "I have cut down Vince's Bridge!" By this they knew all hope of escape, if defeated, was at an end, which made them more ferocious than wild beasts.

The General finished his interrupted speech, ending with the sentence: "Remember—it is for liberty or death; remember the Alamo! Double quick—March!"

The wild cry: "Remember the Alamo!" went surging down the line as officers and men lunged forward, shouting with such vehemence that fear gripped the hearts of those merciless semi-savages, making them quake, as they saw the oncoming Texans in resistless force that nothing could stop.

According to previous instructions of Houston, as the Mexicans fired their first volley of artillery, as if by magic, all the Texans fell flat, thereby escaping the shot and shell passing over their heads. Before the guns could be reloaded and again fired, the Texans sprang to their feet, and in the next instant were over the breastworks, and engaged in a hand-to-hand battle waged with such mighty strokes of valor, as has rarely ever been seen.

The men of Texas were mixed up with two to one in sanguinary conflict, which raged furiously for upward of two hours. When unable to reload their guns, the Texans clubbed with them and like Indians swung into the fight. At last the Mexican line began to waver; then came the rout and the pursuit. This continued until near night, at a cost to Santa Ana of nearly the half of his boastful army slain, and the other half captured.

On the following morning the pursuit was again commenced, and all the straggling, fleeing men were taken prisoners; all that

could be found on the prairie. In the swamps many were found hiding away in bog-holes and in the tall grass.

Santa Ana was found late in the afternoon, hiding in the grass of the swampy land. It happened in this way: A company of Coln. Burleson's men, numbering among them James A. Sylvester, Joel W. Robinson, A. H. Miles and David Cole, were searching for refugees, and seeing a deer intently gazing into a clump of grass, and knowing the natural curiosity of these animals, proceeded to investigate. They found a Mexican in the simple garb of a common soldier, and took him prisoner; not knowing the prize in their possession.

As they were some distance from headquarters, and as their prisoner complained of his feet being sore, Mr. Robinson, actuated by the kindest of feelings, took him up behind him on his horse. Now, if Santa Ana was not bereft of feeling, on looking back not so many days and thinking of the heartless manner in which he had treated the prisoners, who had fallen into his power, his heart must have smote him, and been as a fire burning with volcanic force in his bosom. Did not the wailings of the widows and orphans he had so recently made, smite him with demoniacal fury?

He was carried back into camp unrecognized, until his poor captive soldiers began to cry "El Presidente!" It was said that he tried to quiet them by saying that he was not Santa Ana, thus trying to hide his identity. It was not until he was fully identified by General Almonte, that it was known who he was. Thus a crying supplicant for mercy—that which he had denied to others, was fully accorded to him by his noble captor; who, if he had been in his place, would have been shot instantly perhaps, without the formality of a trial.

But General Houston had Santa Ana's baggage restored to him, and he was accorded the society of his officers. It is said that Santa Ana, after his defeat, ran back to the bridge, and finding it destroyed, turned down the stream and hid himself in the brush on the night before his capture.

Now, if General Houston's forethought had not caused him to destroy the bridge, Santa Ana might have escaped and rejoined Fillesola, who was at Gonzales—not so far away, with 4000 men; and Texas might have had another and more ferocious battle.

It is recorded in history that Rome was once saved by the cackling of geese. So it might be said, in connection with the destruction of the bridge, that the curiosity of a wild deer saved Texas. If so, the deer should be held in everlasting remembrance, as were the geese by the Romans.

In the memorable battle, according to General Houston's report, 630 of the enemy were killed, and 730 taken prisoner, including many officers. Only a few escaped. Of the Texans, two were killed

outright, and twenty-three wounded, of which six died of their wounds.

In the onset, General Houston received a very severe wound in the ankle by a large ball, which wound proved very painful. But he bore the pain bravely, and did not give up until the battle was over. The old hero must have been blessed with much will-power, nerve and bravery to have withstood unflinchingly so much pain and anxiety to the finish.

After the battle was over, he was taken to the shade of a large oak where a bed had been improvised, upon which he was laid by the sorrowing victors. His wound was dressed as well as the nature of the case permitted. There were no modern appliances by which the pain could be alleviated, and he had to bear it as well as possible.

While on this hard couch, thus wounded, Santa Ana was brought in. He greeted the prisoner as became the Presidente of Mexico, and the Commander-in-Chief of its armies. But the Texans, remembering the heinous massacres perpetrated so recently upon their countrymen, clamored for his blood; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he saved the life of his captive. Knowing how valuable to Texas Santa Ana's life would be in the future, he began negotiations at once for the immediate withdrawal of his troops from Texas soil.

So expeditiously was it done, in a few days General Fillesola received orders for his immediate retreat, and the withdrawal of all the Mexican forces then in Texas to the Mexican side of the Rio Grande River. General Rusk was put in command of the Texas forces to see that it was done according to treaty stipulations, which task he carried out as directed.

Three of General Houston's staff were with him in favor of carrying out the treaty stipulation. Two were clamorous that Santa Ana be tried by drum-head court martial, which meant death. But, by the great power General Houston exercised over men, he eventually controlled them, and had things as he desired; which was the carrying out of the treaty agreed to at Velasco, on the 14th day of May, 1836.

By this treaty, Santa Ana acknowledged the independence of Texas, and recognized all her rights, as set forth fully in articles of agreement thereto, attached with letter addressed to General Fillesola.

After forty days of great suffering and pain from his wound, and seeing all the articles of agreement between the then existing governments signed, and the safe keeping of Santa Ana provided for, for further negotiations, General Houston reluctantly—at the solicitations of his physicians, agreed to depart for New Orleans, where suitable surgical treatment could be given him.

After a stay of two weeks, under the best of surgical skill, his restless spirit relentlessly drove him to clamor to return to his loveland, to free which he had so recently broken the chains of the despotic power. His physicians consenting, he again set foot on the soil of his adopted country.

During his absence, General Rusk, a true and tried man, had been in command of the army, and performed his part well and with honor, wisdom and bravery. He had always shared the confidence and esteem of the old hero, and now gracefully returned the treasure unimpaired to the hand which had so recently made it renowned.

General Houston was now at the height of his popularity, and on the first election was elevated to the high office of President of the Republic of Texas. During the stormy scenes which followed his first election, he acted his part well, and was instrumental in laying the foundation of this great state. He acted as both architect and mason; and aided by an efficient corps of trusted workers, erected a temple which will be the pride of succeeding generations.

In his great undertaking he was nobly assisted by the counsel of many great men, whose deeds of valor had won for themselves fame and renown on the battlefield, and which added to the luster of Texas history. Some who fought in the ranks in that memorable battle as privates, were made illustrious in after days by their counsel in the organization of the Republic, becoming wise legislators.

Among these, none were more prominent than that clear-headed, wise and silver-tongued orator, W. H. Jack. Although Colonel Jack was a political enemy of General Houston, he always treated the General with the utmost respect and courtesy. He said that he recognized General Houston as the head of the government, placed there by a majority of the citizens; and that though not always agreeing with him in regard to many of his measures, he cheerfully bowed to the will of the majority of the people centered in its great head.

Colonel Jack was an eloquent and accomplished speaker, and was one of the leaders in the Senate, which sat at Washington on the Brazos in 1842 and 1843. Many other brave, and afterwards distinguished men fought in the ranks of that noble army at San Jacinto; and were now to make records as law makers, but whose names I cannot recall—I only wish that I could do so, so that I might record them in these reminiscences. It is to be hoped that some one with a better recollection may be moved to also write, before they fade from the memories of the last survivor of that glorious and illustrious band.

In summing up the daring feats of General Houston previous to the battle of San Jacinto, it will be necessary to go back quite a bit. In his first appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of

Texas, at the convention called at San Felipe, he proceeded immediately to his work.

He found at Goliad a little band of soldiers, but all in confusion. There were two factions then in existence, one in favor of Governor Smith, and the other acting under orders from Lieutenant Governor Robinson. There was great dissension between these two men. General Houston espoused the cause of Governor Smith, and proceeded to act under his orders. Other commanders of companies were disposed to act under orders from Lieutenant Governor Robinson. The conflicting orders were no doubt the cause of the defeat of Colonel Travis at the Alamo and that of Colonel Fannin at Goliad.

General Houston, finding this state of affairs existing, refused to accept the office, and returned to make his report on conditions in the West to Governor Smith. His refusal proved a most fortunate circumstance for the citizens in the Eastern part of the state, as there were a large number of Cherokee Indians inhabiting that part of the country.

Already the news of the intentions of Santa Ana to send a small body of troops to assist them in expelling the Texans had been communicated to them, and the disaffected Mexicans who were living in Nacogdoches. Governor Smith learning this, immediately sent a commission of three men with the following authority to make a treaty of peace with the Cherokees, General Houston being one of the men: "In the Name of the People of Texas, Free and Sovereign.

"To Whomsoever These Presents Come:

"Be it known that I, Henry Smith, Governor of Texas, by virtue of the authority vested in me as Governor, hereby commission John Cameron, Samuel Houston and John Forbes, Esqs., a commission on the part of the Government of Texas, in conformity with the Declaration of the chosen Delegates of all Texas in general Convention assembled, in the month of November last, setting forth the external bounds within which certain Indians named are to be settled; and in conformity with an ordinance and decree passed by the Legislative Council of Texas, under date of the 22nd inst., authorizing the appointment of said Cameron, Houston and Forbes for the purpose aforesaid, to treat with the said Indian tribes, in conformity with the Superior Declaration of the Convention, and pursuant to and in conformity with the said ordinance and decree, as above designated, and to be governed by the accompanying instructions.

"All acts performed by the said commissioners on the part and in the name of the Republic of Texas within the perview and by virtue of this authority, shall be valid and ultimately ratified by the Government in good faith.

"In testimony of which, I, Henry Smith, Governor aforesaid, have hereunto set my name and affixed my private seal, no seal of office yet being provided.

"Done in the town of San Felipe de Austin, this 28th day of December, 1835.

"Signed: HENRY SMITH, Governor.
CHARLES B. STEWART, Secretary of Executive."

### INSTRUCTIONS IN REGARD TO THE TREATY

"Executive Department of Texas.

"To John Cameron, Sam Houston and John Forbes, Esqs.:

"The following will be handed you as your instructions on the part of the Government of Texas, by which you will be governed in the discharge of your duties as commissioners in treating with the Cherokee Indians, and their associates' lands in conformity with your commission:

"You will proceed to Nacogdoches as soon as practicable, and enter into the discharge of your duties, in the discharge of which you will in nowise transcend the Declaration made and signed by the Constitution in the month of November last. You will in all things pursue a course of justice and equity toward the Indians, and protect all honest claims of the whites, agreeable with such laws, compacts or treaty as the said Indians may have heretofore made with the Mexican Republic:

"You will provide in said treaty with the Indians that they shall never alienate their land, either separately or collectively, except to the Government of Texas, and to agree that the said Government will at any time hereafter settle all their claims at a fair and reasonable valuation.

"You will, if possible, endeavor to secure their co-operation at all times when it may be necessary to call all the active forces of Texas into the field; and agreeing for their services in a body for a specified time, if found expedient and consistent.

"You are authorized and empowered to exchange the lands within the limits of Texas, not otherwise appropriated, in the room of the lands claimed by the Indians.

"You will as soon as practicable, report your proceedings to the Governor and Council for their ratification and approval.

"Dec. 31st, 1835.

Respectfully,

HENRY SMITH, Governor.
CHARLES B. STEWART, Secretary of Executive."

It was a most fortunate occurrence that General Houston refused to take charge of the army in the West at that time, for no other man could be found who had such influence with the Cherokee Indians as he had, and was so familiar with their customs. He, of course, could form the most favorable treaties with them, and keep them quiet in the hour of distress.

The commission made a hasty trip to Nacogdoches and San Augustine, and were successful in making the desired treaty with the Indians. As for the Mexicans, they had no dealings with them, knowing their treachery. It was considered useless to waste valuable time in consultation with them, so, when the commissioners had performed the duties they had been sent to do, they returned to Washington, just as the Convention met there to sign the Declaration of Independence.

Houston was again appointed to command the army, and proceeded at once to Gonzales, where he found 374 men, armed with rifles and shot-guns, and with a very inadequate supply of ammunition with which to face five thousand or more of Santa Ana's army, well supplied with artillery, small arms and plenty of ammunition. On the day after his arrival, the news of the fall of the ill-fated Alamo reached him, and in a short while the news of the fate of Fannin and his men.

These two dreadful happenings in such quick succession were naturally calculated to throw a gloom over the little army, including no doubt its commander also; for he set about immediately to make preparations for a retreat. This caused consternation throughout the country; and General Houston was urged to fight the enemy wherever found, and not to let the Mexican troops cross the Colorado River.

This he could not do safely for the want of men and the inadequacy of supplies. Although he was severely criticised, and called all manner of names, such as coward, traitor and such, he paid no attention, but kept on as his judgment dictated. His mysterious retreat so puzzled Santa Ana, that he was at a loss, upon arriving at Goliad, to know where to look for him.

This was one cause which led him to divide his army into three parts, which was just what Houston wished for; and the latter felt that, if he could keep his position secret from Santa Ana, until his divisions were far enough apart so that they could not be massed quickly, he could be whipped in detail. So this was one of the greatest reasons for his retreat into Mill Creek Bottom.

In his concealment, he had better opportunity to drill and recruit his army, and bring about some order; without which no military commander need expect success. For these two causes he remained in hiding; which ultimately led him to victory; although

censured severely by some who knew nothing of the situation. These are generally the men who are most severe in censuring men who are vastly their superiors in intellect.

Now, it is generally conceded, if General Houston had given way to the wishes of those who were most severe in their censure for not engaging the enemy sooner, he would have been terribly beaten, and every Texan driven from the country. The hand of destiny seemed to have been with General Houston in all his movements; and the instrument through which a great power worked to bring forth this domain, with its vast resources. For it is a great state, abounding in rich ores, varieties of climate, marvelous soil, suitable to the needs of a tremendous and happy people, sustaining millions in possession of their own homes, and enabling them to accumulate unending wealth.

It was Sam Houston who rescued Texas from nomadic races, from scattered tribes of Indians, and from semi-civilized Mexicans, and drove them from the beautiful valleys and from the prairies. Where once the buffalo, the deer and the antelope roamed at will, now the husbandman goes forth with his sickle to reap the great harvest for man's sustenance and comfort. Gentle cattle now take the place of wild buffalo, the patient and useful horse that of his brother—the untamable broncho, the profitable sheep and goat that of the wolf, the panther and the bear. Such are the fruits of civilization, brought about in this glorious state by the man of destiny, General Sam Houston, aided by his gallant band of co-workers.

To the Texan his name should be venerated above all in the history of the United States, save that of Washington. And in reviewing his past life, he should indeed be called the Man of Destiny. He rose from the humblest walks of life to fame and renown. He was never beaten for any office within the gift of the people, except once in his old age; was successful in all his undertakings—the standard by which men are judged; and so far as known, never made a failure.

I have tried to show that, in all the important transactions relating to the government of the affairs of this earth, that the great governing principle came from that source from which all power emanates. And I have offered only a few instances, where a thousand might be enumerated, with far more clearness than the ones I have cited. But, for fear of tiring the reader, I have chosen only these. The subject will now be left with the reader for his consideration, knowing full well at the same time that it will not suit the views of many.

The first officially installed officers by the people of the newborn Republic of Texas, were Henry Smith as Governor and James

W. Robinson as Lieutenant Governor. These two served until Independence was declared on the 2nd of March, 1836, when David G. Burnet was elected President, ex-officio, and Alonzo De Zavalla, Vice President.

Mr. Burnet was a man of much learning, and a brave and patriotic man, whose sympathies always went out to the oppressed in every land; and was eminently fitted for the place he held, if the government had been older and better organized.

But, considering the newness of the government, and the character of some of the soldiery with which he had to contend, also the poverty of the government, the duties of his office set heavily upon him, and in the latter part of his term, he wrote his letter of resignation to Congress, which was at that time sitting in Columbia, on the Brazos. President Burnet afterward served Texas as Vice President under General Lamar, and also as Secretary of State, under General Pinkney Henderson, the first governor of the state after annexation.

President Burnet was considered to be pure, honest, honorable and patriotic; and, like all the noble old patriots, died poor—which is a mark of his fidelity to his country.

As stated heretofore, General Houston succeeded Mr. Burnet, and took his seat on October 22, 1836, as President of the country he had so nobly won from Mexico. It was to be no longer an integral part of that Republic, but an offshoot, a babe born with no dowry of money, arms, ammunition, navy or anything with which—to use a homely phrase,—to go to keeping house.

The President had nothing to sustain him, but the brave and noble hearts, which had dared to risk their all in this glorious event. Still with all their patriotism, they must be fed and clothed. The army could not be disbanded, while Fillesola with his army was hanging on along the western bank of the Rio Grande; and as reports came in that he was making an effort to increase it, with an idea of again invading Texas.

But, fortunately dissensions arose in the rivalry of Moctezuma for office, which precluded the immediate carrying into effect of the second invasion. On General Houston's accession to power, he had on his own responsibility liberated Santa Ana, and had him conveyed out of the country. When the president of Mexico arrived at his capitol, he heard of the design of Moctezuma, and raised another army to defeat him. This caused the withdrawal of the Mexican forces from the Rio Grande, much to the relief of the Texans.

Seeing no immediate need of the army, the President furloughed the soldiers, who went to their homes, to the great relief of an already depleted treasury. This burden off his hands, he proceeded

to organize the government by establishing courts of justice, and other departments for the maintenance of a permanent government. In this effort he found himself greatly helped by the lessons learned while serving the State of Tennessee as Congressman and as Governor. In an incredibly short time he had the machinery at work, as in older governments.

One of the District Judges appointed by President Houston was Edward T. Branch. A sketch of his life was given me by Mrs. H. Clay Stone, a daughter, who after his death, gained some literary distinction. These are her words:

"Edward T. Branch was born on the sixth of December, 1811, in Chesterfield County, Virginia. On the completion of his education his health having failed, he left his native state for a visit to Jackson, Miss., where by invitation he joined two young men in a spirit of adventure, chartered a yacht and sailed for the Island of Cuba. Off the bar of Galveston the vessel was captured by a Mexican cruiser, which was watching the waters of the Gulf, to intercept any aid that might be sent to Texas, in her struggle for freedom.

"After a short detention, and after depriving him of all his portable property, he was released and his captors sailed away, not caring to be troubled with a sick man. His two friends were taken captive to the City of Mexico. He made his way on foot to the nearest settlement, the ancient town of Liberty, where he was warmly welcomed; and a school was given him as a means of support.

"This peaceful avocation was soon disturbed by a call for volunteers to repel Santa Ana, who was invading Texas with a force. Captain Logan organized a company, of which Mr. Branch was made orderly sergeant and was in General Sherman's division on the field of battle at San Jacinto. This company was engaged both on the 20th and the 21st of April, 1836.

"After the battle, Mr. Branch returned to Liberty, where he was—as yet a mere youth, sent to the first and second Congress of the Republic of Texas. In the first Congress he was made chairman of the Ways and Means committee. In 1838 Mr. Branch was elected Judge of the Fifth Judicial District, by a large majority over his opponents.

"After annexation, Judge Branch was elected to represent his county in the first legislature of the State of Texas, in the House of Representatives, and during the session was chosen speaker. A partial blindness while still a member of this body, made it necessary that his official cares should close, and on September 22nd, 1861, he died on his plantation in Liberty County, surrounded by his wife and five children. In 1838 he had married Miss Annie Wharton Cleveland,

a ward of Wm. H. Wharton, who was minister to the United States from Texas."

During President Houston's administration the continuous revolutions in Mexico furnished ample work for its armies at home, consequently freed him from the care of providing for a contingency from that quarter. But, as in all new countries, there will spring up men who imagine themselves rightful leaders of the people, and therefore busy themselves in constant endeavor to stir up dissensions and strife in and among the people, General Houston had a great many of this class to contend with.

As soon as the country was freed from its enemies, would-be leaders arose all over Texas, and by vilifying and abusing the President, thought they were on the road to greatness. These caused the President great trouble in getting the wheels of government to run smoothly. But, by his determined will, he carried things in his own way, and finally succeeded in saving the country. Whereas, had he not been so pertinacious, even after dispelling the Mexicans, the country would, in all probability, have been broken up by home dissensions.

President Houston considered the government in almost as much danger for the first few years from home dissensions, as from the Mexican armies. The country, so far as external invasions were concerned, was at peace. Now new immigration commenced to arrive. The government gave a bonus to the head of every family at this time: 1280 acres to families, and 640 acres to single men. Though the bonus had previously been one league, as immigration came in so rapidly, it was thought expedient to cut it down. This donation in land was a great incentive for the poor and oppressed in the older states to come and gain a home for the mere matter of settling.

Others came for the sport of hunting and leading an easy life. Game of all kinds was so abundant, that a man with a rifle could support his family off the wild game he found within a few steps of his house. The writer has stood in his yard enclosure and shot wild turkeys.

The majority who emigrated to Texas before the battle of San Jacinto was fought were generally a hardy, pioneer class of people. It seems that the Great God, in his wisdom, has created an especial and peculiar people for the purpose of pioneering and settling the wilderness. This class is generous, brave, and kind in disposition. It is ready at all times and under all circumstances to give aid and help to one another; caring nothing for this world's goods, and willing to let each day provide for itself.

They are restless and disposed to be of a wandering nature; not addicted to staying in one place long at a time; also are fearless and

restive under restraint. When the law becomes in their minds too exacting, they shift to other locations. They also like to live isolated; a neighbor being within two miles is rather close. Yet when meeting on social occasions, they are as convivial as those in more thickly settled countries.

It was—and still is generally considered proper that every man must attend strictly to his own business, and not in any way interfere with that of his neighbor. If, in the event that he should trespass this rule established among them, each becomes a law unto himself. When these rules were strictly obeyed, there never was a more kindly or better neighbor than these old pioneers. It is strange that so few of them ever prospered, or ever derived any benefit from the princely donation given them by the State.

Along with this class of good people, came also a class of adventurers, who cared nothing for the ties of home or friendship. They were interested only in self aggrandizement and nothing more. With this class President Houston had the most trouble. They neither regarded law nor man, and were the most contented when engaged in stirring up strife among the better class of citizens.

They were hard to reach by the law, for they usually had left other states to escape it, and came to this state where they knew it was a scarce article. Therefore, in establishing courts, all good citizens tried to get the best material for judges. But, our courts were usually a farce and it came at last that every man was a law unto himself. This was the best for that time perhaps, for the reason that, when a difficulty arose between two persons, it was to be immediately settled by the parties, by death or one or the other leaving the community. This made men more particular in their actions and speech toward their neighbors.

And, strange to say, there was much less of murder, and other acts of lawlessness at that time, than the present, with all the laws and state prisons staring men in the face. The reason, thereof, I opine, that speedy justice—or injustice, as it might be, was meted out to the criminal. There was no putting things off from one court to another, as in these days.

As I said before, it was with this class that President Houston had to deal. And, had it not been for the former life and training that the Great God, or some other power had given him, he would never have been able to serve out his term as President. It seems also that his life must have been especially guarded, for he was certainly carried through many trying and dangerous scenes. His life was threatened many times; and to this he seemed perfectly oblivious, for he went on performing his duties, as if nothing had happened.

He received several challenges to mortal combat, but said in answer to them: "Sam Houston never fights down-hill." After

many troubles and trials with his enemies, he closed his first term as President of the Republic of Texas in December, 1838, at the old capitol at Houston, a town named in his honor.

He was inaugurated in the town of Columbia, on the Brazos River, which was then the capital of the Republic; and it was at this historic old town that the first congress of Texas was ever held. From thence it was moved to Houston. At the election held September 3rd, 1838, M. B. Lamar was elected President, and David G. Burnet, Vice President. The inauguration day was on the 10th of December, 1838, and took place in front of the capitol, as the house was considered too small to hold the audience.

General Lamar being unwell, his inauguration address was read by Judge W. J. Jones for him. He was a native of Georgia, of the old Huguenot stock, a man of culture and means, and an ardent sympathizer with the weak and oppressed. His sympathy was largely with the agricultural classes, hence in his inaugural address he dwelt largely upon the agricultural section of the country, and its natural resources. He was also a great advocate of public schools and colleges.

It might be said here that it was under his administration that the large donations of land were set aside by the state in the interests of these institutions; which has given Texas the ascendency of any other state. Fifty leagues of land were set aside for a state university, and three leagues for each county out of the public domain.

This handsome foundation will ever be a source of gratification to the rising generation; and many young men, throughout the course of time, will thank General Lamar and his administration for the blessings of a good education. Whereas, had there been no appropriations of this sort, this great man might have died without memory or distinction.

In this one act, his name and fame should ever be treasured by all the youth of Texas. Now, every county feels the good effect of his foresight, and at the capitol at Austin, hundreds of young men and women are enjoying to a great degree the fruits thereof.

No doubt, in aftertimes, the young men at the State University will honor the name of General Lamar with appropriate degrees. The public schools of every county should sing the praises of this illustrious patriot and father. Also, the Congress which donated so liberally to their future welfare, should not be forgotten by them. President Lamar declared in his inaugural address that without laying the foundation of these higher institutions for moral and mental culture no government based upon democratic principles can prosper, nor the people long preserve their liberties.

Never were truer words spoken by any of the philosophers of ancient or modern times; for by proper education, all the nobler

principles of human nature are brought forth out of the darkness inherent in the human mind, and made to shine with greater luster. The principles inculcated by a high order of education are more lasting than brass or granite, for they are not lost, even in eternity.

General Lamar's first trouble commenced in the summer of 1838. A goodly number of dissatisfied Mexicans and Indians around Nacogdoches assembled in camp on the Angelina River. A small force of militia soon dispersed them; but one, Cordova, with a small following, fled to the west, and entered into correspondence with Canalizo, who was in command of the Mexican forces at Matamoros. He, at the solicitation of Cordova, sent Flores to cooperate with him in stirring up strife between the Indians and the settlers on the border of Texas.

This they succeeded in doing to some extent, for after that time Indians began their hostilities, which with the Comanches and Arapahoes never ceased until after annexation. Flores was killed by a party of scouts, led by James O. Rice, near where the city of Austin now stands. Cordova was attacked and defeated by General Burleson, on the Guadalupe River, but escaped during the engagement.

There were many changes to be made under President Lamar's administration. By an act of Congress of January 14th, 1839, a new capital was to be located. The present site was selected, and called Austin, in honor of Stephen F. Austin, the father of the Republic. There was much opposition to it by the people of the east, on account of the wildness of the country, and its near approach to the frontier.

The buildings were made tenable by the 1st of October, when the President and the Cabinet moved, with the heads of departments, carrying with them the archives of the government to the new capitol. Of course the removal of the seat of government, and the erection of the new buildings, cost a vast outlay of money. Austin was then located on the extreme frontier, and considered dangerous, both to person and property.

President Lamar, through Congress, offered grants of land to different parties who would be willing to bring immigrants from the States or foreign countries to colonize Texas. Several parties signified their willingness to do so, and entered into contracts to that effect. Among them was W. S. Peters. Fisher and Miller obtained grants to settle North Texas. Western Texas was settled by Germans.

It was supposed these colonists would soon settle up the country, and extend the frontier further into the interior; thereby making the capitol safe from marauding Indians. But the contractors were

slow in carrying out their contract, and it was years before the settlers amounted to anything like protection. In fact, the western portion of the country was not settled until 1844 when Henry Castro brought 600 Germans, and settled Castroville.

The suffering of the German colonists was extreme. They were landed at Indianola in a very destitute condition. With little transportation they had to proceed on foot several hundred miles, and carry their goods as best they could, into an unknown and strange land, then inhabited by savage Comanches. They had to erect their cabins, and prepare their land for cultivation amid a rain of arrows and bullets. Their daily occupation was to work and fight without ceasing. Guards were placed at night around their little enclosures to protect them against their treacherous and merciless enemies.

Many of the colonists lost their lives before they could get a strong foothold. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. In the way of breadstuffs they had little. Meat in the way of game was abundant, but confined solely to this diet, without much salt, sickness and death came to many. All praise to the Germans. They remained at their posts, fought through all their hardships, and conquered in the end. Now, some of their offspring are wealthy and among the best citizens of the state.

President Lamar had much to contend with during his administration. Indian wars broke out afresh, and his unacquaintance with the Indian character precluded the possibility of obtaining amnesty with them. He believed the sword was the only arbiter between them and the whites, and that the only good Indian was the dead Indian. Hence, there soon sprang up a deadly feud along the frontier, which caused much sorrow to come to the lonely frontiersman in his little log cabin.

War waged furiously between the two races during two long years, causing many tears and much bloodshed, and almost the breaking up of the frontier. Indians came, prowled nightly in the streets of the Capital, and its suburbs were their haunts by day. Men, women and children were frequently taken captive, or butchered in full glare of sunlight within less than a mile of the Capital.

In 1841 Lamar conceived the idea of opening up a trade with Santa Fe, as Texas claimed that part of New Mexico in which it was situated; and so there was a very lucrative trade going on between that place and cities in the United States. He thought, that by sending a small band of soldiers, with peaceful intentions, he might open negotiations with that part of the country, and thereby draw a portion of that trade to Texas, which was a very laudable undertaking, if it had proved successful. So, at the convening of

Congress in 1840, he communicated his desire of so doing in a message.

His proclamation was issued, and a call made for men to volunteer for a peaceful expedition of this kind; the men acting only as a safeguard to the commissioners through the country of hostile Indians. The commissioners were William G. Cook, R. F. Brenham and Don J. A. Navarro. General Hugh McLeod, with 270 men were to accompany them as an escort.

The expedition started from a little stream called Brushy, near where Georgetown now stands. From insufficient knowledge of the country, the little band were unsuccessful from the start. They had not proceeded farther than Little River before their supplies gave out. I cannot go with them in all their wanderings through that perilous trip, as I have to depend on the information supplied me by Steven Z. Hoyle, who was General Houston's private secretary during his first administration, added to that of Samuel Ralph, also one of the party. Much of which they related is forgotten after the lapse of years, but I knew them well, and heard from them much of their sad experience.

They had to literally press their way through the country of the Indians at the breach of their guns. The Kiowas followed them, killing their men and horses wherever an opportunity presented itself, and there was rest for them neither day or night. To add to their troubles, their provisions gave out in the Wichita Mountains, where they became lost. Here it seemed that starvation and want of water would be their end. The hunting parties sent out met Indians instead of game, and many lost their lives in the pursuit of sustenance for the main body.

Mr. Ralph told me of finding three small terrapin. These he tried to roast at night. As they seemed dead, he placed them in the hot coals, only to have them scramble out and make a break for freedom. When at last he had them cooked he partook of the feast, which to a famished man, was the most delicious thing he had ever tasted. The little party divided up and straggled on, only to be captured before reaching Santa Fe.

There they were most inhumanly treated by their captor, Don Salego. They were robbed of all their possessions, and on one pretext or another, some of them were shot. The survivors were at last started for the City of Mexico, tied together in fours, and on foot. As they were obliged to keep up with their captors, who, of course, were mounted, it was a continuously forced march. They had been numbered before leaving Santa Fe, and each officer in charge had to account to the next officer of the relay for the exact number of prisoners. And there were many relays.

Those who could not keep up were shot, their ears cut off and threaded on a string, which was tied to the horn of a saddle. Thus were the prisoners accounted for. Water was scooped up in hats while crossing streams and swallowed on the go. Kind-hearted women here and there along the line of march slipped them food when the guards were not looking.

Reaching the City of Mexico at last—more dead than alive, they were thrown into a damp dungeon; their cases passed upon by the unspeakable Santa Ana; after which they spent nearly two years in Perota Prison. Colonel Kennedy of the New Orleans Picayune, one of the ill-fated expedition, wrote a very complete history of the affair.

In an old copy of the Telegraph and Texas Register, there is copied from the New Orleans Picayune a letter bearing date of City of Mexico, February 27th, 1842, which tells of the treatment of the Santa Fe prisoners, captured in the expedition sent to that place during President Lamar's administration. It speaks for itself in regard to the brutality in which these men were treated. It says: "I have purposely delayed speaking of the Texan prisoners condemned to chains and labor like common convicts. They are still huddled together in the old Church of St. Iago, and are daily marched out to work in the drains and sewers of the city. I am happy to be able to inform you, despite their unwholesome position upon the cholera graveyard, neither the effluvia arising from 40,000 putrid bodies, the hardships of their labor, the severity of their confinement, or the depression of their spirits under the accumulated ills have produced any extensive ills among them.

"Of the sick who were recently at the hospital of San Antonio, a large proportion having recovered their health, have been restored to their companions, their chains and their sufferings. The few remaining sick, among whom are our esteemed friends, Kendall and Dr. Whitaker, have been transferred to San Lazaro, the leprosy hospital. After a series of affllictions, which has impaired his flow of spirits, and even weakened his constitution, poor Kendall has again been on the bed of sickness with a severe attack of measles.

"I must say, in justice to the small number of friends the prisoners have in the City, that contributions of clothing, and some few of the other indispensables, have been forwarded to them; but even the satisfaction of seeing these few sympathizers in their misfortunes was prohibited, after the publication of Santa Ana's letter Sunday last. The prisoners at Pueblo, where we have been carried, are employed paving the road at its entrance and exit from the City. The poor fellows have little to alleviate the severity of their misfortune, except no longer being chained to Mexican criminals. Those at Perote,

where there are upwards of fifty, are better situated and treated with more commiseration.

"The brute creation could not be treated with less mercy. Yet this great man Santa Ana always decreed the name of God in the winding up of his pronunciamentos, in the name of God and Liberty. Such blasphemy was not more inappropriate in the vilest heathen of ancient times."

I am pleased to find this old document, for it goes to substantiate the utter barbarism recorded in the treatment of these poor men before their arrival at the City of Mexico. These old papers preserved by Dr. Stewart, are valuable for their antiquity, going to show the progression of the Texan age. The sixth Congress of the Republic was in session at the time this old number of the Telegraph and Recorder was published, and shows that Congress busily at work making and organizing new counties.

Old Robinson County reached from its present borders toward sunset and to the north as far as the limits of Texas now extend.

In this issue of the paper is an interesting correspondence (to old Texans) between Bernard E. Bee and Santa Ana, also between J. Hamilton and Santa Ana. In these letters, Santa Ana shows himself to be no ordinary in intellect. In fact, if he wrote the letters, he shows himself to be a fluent and vain writer.

All his writings indicate vanity and self laudation. He does not hesitate to append the sacred name of God and Liberty to all his official doings; leading one to suppose that they were on very intimate terms. We will leave him where justice will be awarded with more mercy than he extended to the poor men who fell into his hands.

The failure of this Santa Fe Expedition, and the extreme suffering it occasioned, consequent to its failure, caused President Lamar many enemies; also the depreciation of the currency, which fell from seventy cents on the dollar to twenty-five cents, and even lower. The writer has seen as much as five dollars given for one glass of whiskey. This was called the "Old Redback Currency," on account of the color on the back of the bills.

The public debt ran up under President Lamar's administration from $1,877,525 to $7,300,000. This should not be attributed solely to President Lamar's extravagance, for on entering office he had much to contend with. Several naval vessels had been contracted for which had to be paid for. The Capital was removed to Austin, and buildings had to be erected at enormous cost.

The President received $10,000 annually, and $3,500 went for the head of each department. With a population of only 50,000, these expenses were well calculated to bankrupt any country with

no more facilities for raising the amount than the Republic had at that time. The Santa Fe Expedition was raised and equipped at enormous expense; the failure of which ought not to be attributed to President Lamar, only to his selection of an incompetent officer at its head.

Mr. Kendall says the cause of the failure was the lack of good, substantial equipment, such as wagons, oxen, guides, beef-cattle, etc., which no commander having the guidance of such an expedition on his hands should have overlooked. If capable, he should have seen to these things, or else risked less in the start. All of these necessities, President Lamar doubtless thought, had been attended to by the commander, or at least were under his supervision and control.

Mr. Kendall also says that if the party had been held together, and upon arrival had found the inhabitants not willing to enter into treaty stipulations in regard to trade, then they could have returned, and if necessary, fought their way back into Texas. But, on account of the lack of provisions, they broke up into small parties, and in consequence were an easy prey to their enemies.

The failure of the Santa Fe Expedition, the decline in currency, and the war-like condition of the Indians on the frontier, weighed heavily on President Lamar's sensitive nature. Although a man of nerve, and a patriot—which none could doubt, he could not stand the shameful abuse of his enemies, and the rough criticism of the newspapers. These made such encroachment upon his health, that he asked Congress for leave of absence, that he might restore it. His request granted, he left the State for a short time; David G. Burnet serving out his unexpired term. General Lamar afterward returned to Texas, and was buried in her almost sacred soil.

General Lamar had faults, as other men have faults. But, let us as a great people of a great state, throw the mantle of charity over them, and cherish his many virtues, keeping them fresh and green in our memories. The difference between both Lamar and Burnet and General Houston was that both the former were born in the lap of luxury, and on that account were not adapted to the inconveniences, hardships and trials of a frontier life. They could not stand the shock of severe criticism, which seemed to make them nervous and irascible in disposition, and caused them to be led into traps prepared for them by their enemies.

On the other hand, General Houston, born almost in obscurity, and having to fight his way up to the topmost round of the ladder, where he arrived amidst the plaudits of his friends, and the keen criticism of his enemies, withstood them all. So bitter and unfeeling were these critics, that they would have crushed the heart of a more feeling man. All this seemed to prepare him for the great after act of his life.

General Houston seemed to no more feel the keen sting of his enemies' darts than the thick skin of a rhinoceros; and their arrows, so piercing to the vitals of Burnet and Lamar, would fly off and—as if by magic, return as boomerangs, and inflict fatal wounds in the thrower. For it was well known that when General Houston so desired, he could crush any of his opponents. He had passed through hard trials, and saw much of the suffering among the people of his new life; and partook and entered into all of them with a heart filled with sympathy for them, in their seemingly insurmountable trials.

Although seemingly cold and merciless, yet a braver or more self-reliant heart never beat in the breast of mortal man. During those slow, dragging days, when the women and children were struggling in a heart-breaking effort to cross swollen rivers to comparative safety, when it was a sickening uncertainty whether or not Santa Ana was coming on with his whole force of cut-throats, and when he was trying to hammer his raw recruits into a fighting army, Houston was forced by the tenderness of his heart to let many of his men go to help their loved ones.

It was while waiting in great anxiety for these to trickle back into the thin ranks, that he—counting them, said to Colonel Hockley:

"If only three hundred men remain with me, I will lead them to victory, or die with them!"

## Chapter XXXVIII

# WHAT A PARTY OF TOURISTS SAW IN MEXICO

A PARTY of eight of us left Galveston for a tour of sightseeing in that ancient and queer country, Mexico, and its capital, which was in existence long before Cortes' birth. We left the depot at eight p. m. and arrived in San Antonio the following morning at nine.

It had been a long time since I had previously visited the city, and of course found many modern buildings. Yet there were many quaint old structures which carry the tourist back to days long since past; to the days when danger both from the Indians and the Mexicans might be expected at any moment.

We found several old churches yet standing, which ought to be preserved for antiquity's sake. The Alamo, for its historical association, ought never be allowed to be desecrated or go to decay, so long as the brillliant scenes enacted by Milam, Travis, Bowie, Crockett and their associates are remembered, and their brilliant achievements are a matter of recorded history.

Late that afternoon we arrived in Laredo and found this town to be a place of thrift and improvement. No doubt in the future it will be an important mart of trade between the two republics. We were soon carried across the Rio Grande into New Laredo, and there initiated into the ways of the Mexican Republic for the first time. It seemed strange that in so short a time we had lost our identity as a citizen of the United States, and become for a while at least one of another country.

Everything seemed new and strange and hard to realize. Our train was hauled up in front of the custom house for inspection of baggage. Trunks, valises and parcels were taken into the custom house and gone through. They were handled with great care by the Mexican officials from whom the United States baggage agents could learn a lesson, I am sure. They were very polite and gentlemanly in the performance of their duties, and did all in their power to ameliorate the feelings of the fair sex in having to go through and toussle up their things in the trunks they had so neatly packed. Ladies generally do not like to have one of the opposite sex go prowling through their things anyway. But in this instance, all was done serenely and happily, and no feelings injured.

Finally the ordeal was over, our baggage restored to the car, and we were shortly ready to resume our trip. By the change at Laredo we had lost our sleeper and had to continue our journey in

a day coach. There was only one first-class coach which, on a narrow-gauge road, afforded little comfort to such a large crowd. There was a second-class and a third-class coach attached to the train, but on account of their uncomfortable condition were not used except by passengers going from one station to another.

The second-class car was rigged up with cross seats like the others, but only the naked slats to sit on. The third-class car had seats running lengthwise and had nothing to recommend it except the odor of garlic and other blendings equally disagreeable. Of course we all made a rush for the first-class coach which at best was only a cast-off from the North, sent South to finish up its existence.

The windows were low, and to see out one had to sit on the small of his or her back. It was our good fortune to get a seat. But not so with one of our party, a good doctor from North Texas who, being a little late, came to the door and seeing the jam concluded he and his wife would try the second-class.

At last we pulled out of Laredo, bound for Monterey, which we were due to reach at 11 p. m., but instead we did not arrive there until two in the morning. We had a few hours of daylight during the first part of our journey, and a more dreary and desolate land I never beheld. Not a blade of grass or anything green to be seen, except scrub mesquite, cactus and Spanish daggers. No water, except at the little stations, where I suppose the railroad officials had bored artesian wells.

At one of these wells we noticed 20 or 30 Mexicans sitting around with their vessels catching water as it dripped from the tank. At all the little stations we had recruits from the cowboys and regular greasers; the cowboys occupying the second-class coach, the peons the third-class. Finally the good doctor and his wife, noted above, could stand the addition to their coach no longer. Forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and they came into our car; the doctor remarking that he had rather stand up in our car than to lie down in the other. There was too much whiskey and too many six-shooters in it to be wholesome or agreeable.

Our trip that night was one long to be remembered. Crowded into three miserable little seats, all windows closed to keep out the dust, wretched water to drink, it was well calculated to furnish no pleasant recollections. The water along the line is so impregnated with lime and other minerals that instead of quenching the thirst it makes it more intense. Finally the ice gave out, and then the water. The persistent rattling of the tank by thirsty prisoners within the car brought us more water at last, but no ice. Three hours behind time, we at last reached Monterey.

The next morning, Sunday, brought us our first real experience of life in Mexico. Everything seemed strange and so different from

that in the United States. One could scarcely realize that so short a distance would make so great a difference between the manners and customs of two peoples.

As I stood in the doorway of the Hotel Hidalgo, watching with amazement the strange scenes passing before my eyes, I noticed a large wardrobe approaching without any seeming propelling power. Looking closer, I discovered a Mexican half-bent beneath who, in a sort of dog-trot, bore the immense burden upon his back with apparent ease. With us, it would have taken two men to move it at snail's pace. I found no drays or other means of transportation for the removal of goods or material about the city—this work being done by men and asses. However, we saw wood brought in from the country on carts, drawn by single yokes of oxen harnessed by the horns. Mesquite seems the only wood used in Mexico, either by railroads or for domestic purposes.

The drivers, or leaders of the oxen—for the man always walks in front, seems to do double duty. While he is looking at the strange sights on the streets his team generally lies back until he unconsciously gets some distance ahead. When he discovers the space between himself and team, he wheels about, runs back, and begins jabbing his sharp goad into them from the front, never speaking a word to his lagging beasts.

Sunday seems to be one of their greatest market days. Everything they have for sale is brought in on the backs of donkeys; and such a mixture of commodities is seldom seen outside a Mexican city. The ass does duty outside the town, and his competitor—man, does duty within. As beasts of burden it is hard to distinguish which of the two can carry the greater load.

Street sprinkling is all done by hand. Men go along with buckets and splash the water about; a slow and tedious process. When a man arrives where he started it needs sprinkling as badly as when he started. I was told that some enterprising individual brought a sprinkling cart to town, but that the hand sprinklers proceeded to wreck it.

The main plaza is a popular resort in the evenings. It is large, and when the rainy season is on must be a place of great beauty. But now during the dry season the trees and flowers were wilted and covered with dust. The Mexicans are a wonderful people for sitting; and have arranged around the park stone and cement seats which are large and commodious, and from their appearance will last forever.

It being Sunday morning, we went down to Topo Chico Springs to indulge in a hot bath. The springs are the property of one Jule Bandle, and are reached by a mule-car line built by him. The bathtubs are large and commodious, the one prepared for me being liberally supplied with water. After divesting myself of unnecessary

clothing I plunged in, and as quickly as an old man could—scrambled out again, believing for the moment that I had left all of my skin in the tub. However, I took it more gradually in my next effort, and succeeded in having a fine bath, with the assistance of a Mexican, who came with a handful of coarse fibre obtained from the maguey plant. He rubbed me down, something on the order of a race-horse fashion. It was rough treatment, but I suppose the occasion justified the means.

Singular coincidences happen to one in traveling. On this occasion a woman, whom I thought a Mexican, got aboard the car, but on hearing her speak good, plain English, I asked her where she was from and she replied: "From Texas." On further inquiry she said she once lived in Chappell Hill and that her mother nursed Dr. Wilk's family during yellow fever in 1867. She made inquiries about Mrs. Perkins, and many of the other old citizens of the place. She told us that she had traveled all over Mexico and we gained a good deal of information.

In the evening we went out to the Bishop's Palace, the celebrated battlefield of General Taylor. The elevation upon which it stands is not so great as I was led to believe, from reading history. It is wonderful how one's ideas change when seeing things with one's own eyes instead of through the eyes of others. In my opinion it was not near so difficult of approach as the historian or sensational writer would lead us to believe. In the rear of the building, where by present appearances the assaulting party made its ascent, is a gentle rise from the canyon below, with nothing to obstruct the open view of the building. It is a substantial, commodious structure, now going to decay, and in its decay still shows something of its former grandeur. The painting in some parts of the building is yet bright, and in its immense dome, especially so.

There is a poor peon living in one room in which he has his small household goods and chattels—including his hen roost. One of the party gave the Mexican five cents to tear from the outer wall three bullets shot into the house by General Taylor's troopers at the siege, which we brought home as souvenirs. There are several old cannon now lying on the common near the building which were used during the siege, one of which appears to be loaded yet. After a thorough look at the old palace and its surroundings, we took our departure for the City.

Soon after we left for Saltillo, the ancient capital of Coahuila, and Texas. We were again forced to take the day-car, which on account of being narrow-gauge, was close and cramped—the seats being too narrow for two to be at all comfortable. Besides this the drinking water continued miserable and without ice. Mexico is not a country abounding in ice by any means. Between Monterey and Saltillo the country is barren, with the exception of the valleys which are suscep-

tive of irrigation in most places from a mountain stream, which we traced in ascending the grade. The view for a greater part of the way is grand and the engineering skill in the winding way in which the road is built and made to ascend is marvelously scientific.

It was in these valleys that I saw the first and only place where anything on the order of American farm machinery was used. Here they were plowing with the regular American steel plows, drawn by horses and mules. In all other places, as far as I saw, they used the forked branch of a tree, as they did in the days of Father Abraham, with oxen and asses yoked together, although they have made a little advance, having a couple of oxen yoked together by tying a rawhide thong around the base of their horns, instead of using a bow around the neck, as we do. With this gearing hitched to the plow they walk as steady and dignified as did those of the old patriarchs.

Saltillo has nothing to recommend it, so far as we saw, except its antiquity, pretty location, and one magnificent cathedral. The altar decorations within this exceedingly large structure are of gilt and silver, and its walls are decorated with rare paintings of sacred character. The floor is a veritable tomb, being laid off in spaces about four by six all over the building, and each section of floor is supplied with hand-holds for easy removal. Verily, when one enters this church, he enters the house of the dead, for we were told that each vault was full.

After leaving this venerable edifice we passed through a beautiful plaza, ornamented with fountains, trees and shrubbery, with seats for the weary. These seats were bountifully occupied by the Mexicans, who seem to be afflicted a great deal that way. We finally reached our hotel and prepared for a four o'clock start the next morning. Again we were disappointed in getting a sleeper, and had to take a day-car for San Louis Portise. We were compensated somewhat in our sleeper mishap in being able to see the country by daylight from Laredo to San Louis Portise, with the exception of a few hours.

We started from Saltillo, and for a day passed truly through a land of cactus and of Spanish daggers. There were cactus of all shapes and sizes, likewise of species. Some grew up in a single stalk to eight or ten feet. These the natives plant around their yards, making a very good green picket fence. The Spanish daggers grow here to perfection, some as tall as twenty feet, with branches making them look like forest trees, but most of them do not attain a height of more than six to eight feet.

They were in full bloom, and from the car windows by moonlight looked like spectral sentinels with white-plumed helmets, guarding the graves of their ancestors. We passed the Tropic of Cancer, marked by a stone monument, in the early afternoon, and were in

the Torrid Zone. It was hot and dusty, and here for the first time we noticed that the cactus had wilted during the heat of the day.

Notwithstanding this heat we had to close the windows on account of the dust, which was intolerable. If it had not been for the dryness of the atmosphere, which would lick up every particle of moisture from our bodies, we could not have stood it, but, on the principle of the Mexican cooling jug, which keeps the water cool on its interior by the imperceptible evaporation on its exterior, we managed not to suffer to the utmost limit.

All along this lonely road we never saw a blade of grass, or anything green, except the cactus and scrubby mesquite bushes. We saw no animal life, except the meek and lowly ass, and his driver, and perhaps a woman and a dog following. A few miserable jacals, here and there, built of adobe brick and thatched with straw and Spanish daggers. These were so squat and small as to make them appear more as dens for the occupancy of wild beasts than for the home of human beings, and were usually found around railroad tanks.

The drouth prevails to such an extent in this long stretch of country that there seemed to be no water left on the face of the earth. Here again we saw the inhabitants of a small settlement sitting around a large water tank, and with their buckets and barrels, catching every drop of water as it leaked. This state of things existed until we reached San Louis Portice, when the country changed somewhat; the water seeming to be nearer the surface, judging from the number of wells.

In every instance the water was raised by an old-fashioned sweep, fashioned after the one used by Jacob in drawing water for Laban's flock, which he used with such dexterity for fourteen years in gaining the hands of Rachel and Leah. Between San Louis Portice and the City of Mexico we saw the natives in some places raising water from wells by the old-fashioned mode of tread wheel. A man was the motor power on these wheels; the water obtained being run in ditches to their little fields of grain and their gardens.

We arrived at San Louis Portice early in the evening. This is quite a sizable town and is the headquarters of a mission school established by the Methodist Church, South, with Miss Rebeca Solano as its head. This lady was raised at Chappell Hill in Washington County, Texas, and at the age of 21 entered the missionary service and was sent to Sovedo when that place was in the wildest and most desolate condition. After several years she was sent to San Louis Portice, where she still remains.

She has a school of about one hundred pupils, who are bright and intelligent. She took us all over her large house, which includes her school rooms, which we found to be neat, clean and comfortable.

The children were dressed as Americans and taught the English language solely. Some have shown great proficiency in reading, writing and speaking that language. Among the students are two brothers of the Governor of that State, and one the daughter of the Secretary of the State.

Miss Solano deserves great credit for her perseverance in stemming the tide of opposition from home, and in facing the privations of such new and strange surroundings as these in which she has cast her lot. Our missionaries seem to be popular and influential with the Governor, for it was through their influence—namely, Mr. Mood who married the daughter of I. G. John, and Miss Solano, that the Governor granted us an introduction in his private room at the Capitol.

The hour being late, he kindly invited us to renew our visit the next morning, which we did. On account of business he did not make his appearance but caused his private office and grounds to be thrown open to us, and we were given permission to freely roam at will and examine all the curios at our pleasure. His stock of curiosities were many, both ancient and new.

As to the ancient, there were cutlasses, guns and all manner of war-like implements, and, among others, coats-of-mail. These were made like short-sleeve shirts and intended to cover the body; were made of metal, with the links lapped over each other like the scales of a fish. Other things of interest were seen, but were too numerous to mention here. However, I cannot omit to mention his saddle which was of Spanish type with golden stirrups and trimmings. I hefted one of these stirrups and if it was solid gold, which it was said to be, it must have been worth some $500. The bridle was also trimmed with gold.

The grounds about the mansion were about an acre in extent, laid off in the most artistic style and planted with beautiful trees and shrubbery. We also visited his stable and cow-yard, in which we found numbers of fine horses and milch cows. Among the latter, Jerseys and Holsteins seemed to prevail.

The Governor is fine looking, polite, accomplished and a progressive gentleman, and we hereby tender him our cordial thanks for his kindness to us. We were told it had not rained, with the exception of an occasional shower, in seven years in San Louis Portice. In consequence of this there was almost a water famine existing in the city. Nearly all of the old wells had given out, and the inhabitants are now supplied by a company, which had dug new wells in the suburbs, and were selling water to them at a nominal price.

It is a notable fact to see long files of women and children, with jugs, jars and bottles, standing in line and taking their turn to be supplied with muddy water as it is drawn from the wells. All the

water used in most Mexican towns is filtered or boiled. When filtered it is poured into large stone reservoirs and collected in another reservoir situated underneath as it drips through the rock, and is then considered fit to drink. It is astonishing what a cooling tendency this process has on the water.

In our wanderings around we came upon the city's slaughter house. This is a large building and made very secure. Into this, every animal is driven before being slaughtered, and the tax paid before removing the carcass. It seems that everything is taxed in Mexico, and the officers are efficient collectors. But our sight-seeing is now up at San Louis Portice, and we are off for the City of Mexico.

Between these two cities the country assumed a life-like appearance. We passed several stations in which there seemed to be considerable trade going on somewhere in the interior. We noticed numerous ox-carts which seemed to be engaged in transporting goods from the depot to some country town, and also large caravans of asses, packed with bales and bundles of goods, whose destination seemed also to be in the interior.

It is astonishing to note the way the Mexicans can pack these little animals, and what burdens they can bear. It is to the Mexican's credit that, however light the pack on his jack, he scarcely ever burdens him with his own weight. He usually walks as he drives. As we neared the City, the country became more beautiful in scenery and fertility. The valleys where irrigation was practiced were rich and very fertile and bore the heaviest of grain. Rye, grass and barley seemed to be the leading crops, judging it from the car window, while wheat and oats also made a good showing.

We passed a number of large haciendas where we saw large numbers of laborers, some plowing and some cutting grain with the old-fashioned sickle. This to our American eyes seemed a slow way to harvest a crop. As we neared the City the train began to descend into the valley in which the city is built. The road is exceedingly tortuous in following the windings of a little stream in its rapid descent. The canyon which it has washed out by its constant flow for ages has been seized upon by the crafty engineer, and been made subservient to his skill in obtaining an outlet to the higher ground.

Among the valleys and on the mountain-side of this little rivulet immense fields of maguey plant are cultivated. These plants are set out with as much regularity and cultivated with as much care as the corn crops of Texas, and are to the Mexican both food and drink. Large stalks are cut into about four-foot lengths, roasted and brought into the city for sale. These are denuded of their outside bark, the stumps of leaves are pulled off the stalk and chewed and sucked of the juice and the fibrous part spat out. The process is something on the order of our eating sugar-cane. The top, just

before blooming, is cut and boiled similar to our cabbage, and makes a very palatable dish.. There are many and useful purposes to which this plant is put, and it is to the Mexicans almost as indispensible as our crops are to us.

About 9 o'clock we have made the descent and find ourselves in the strange city with its scenes, manners and customs so different from ours. Our party of eight boarded an omnibus and are off for the Iturbide Hotel, considered the best in the city. This is a very large building and includes two patios within its walls. The one on the main entrance is bare and with a stone floor. The other contains a tropical collection of flowers and fruit trees. Among the latter I noticed two immense banana trees larger than any I have ever seen.

This house, like all Mexican houses, seems to be almost fireproof. Very little woodwork is to be seen in its construction. Floors, stairways and casings are all of rock or cement. It would seem that fires of magnitude could not occur in Mexican cities. There are very few houses in the city over two stories, though one is to be seen occasionally three stories in height.

In the afternoon we sallied forth to investigate this old historic town, not a foot of which is not covered with some tale of romance or the work of reality. It stands in the same relation to Mexico that Boston does to the United States. It was in these places that the cradle began to rock the infant which was to grow into manhood, emblazoning the history of the two nations to the world; one the extreme northern part of the continent, the other the extreme southern. Both were begotten in cruel fanaticism and born in blood, fire and brutalities toward their fellowman; and for ages, death and relentless cruelties were meted out to those who dared differ from those in power.

Mexico's streets have run with human gore, as have the streets of Salem and the Boston Commons; the victims of the privileged few who happened to wield the power in those superstitious times. This city in the time of the Aztecs was about one-fourth of its present size. It was utterly destroyed by Cortes during his sieges, and the present city was built on its ruins.

The first place we visited was Plaza Mayor. This is one of the largest and most historic spots in the city. The whole eastern side is taken up by the National Palace, which is six hundred and seventy-five feet long, and is a low, ugly structure two stories in height. In it are housed all the heads of departments, with barracks for several regiments of soldiers. It is situated upon the grounds of Montezuma's new house, which was destroyed in the conquest.

The extreme southern end of the Palace is a large room called the Patio. This room is the court of the Presidency, and is where the President gives his levees, meets his ambassadors and gives re-

ceptions to those who he may deign to meet. It was our good fortune to be on hand at the reception he gave to the Knight Templars, and through them had the pleasure of a greeting from the great man—Diaz, whom we consider one of the greatest rulers Mexico has ever had.

Considering the material he has had to work with he has wrought wonders during his administration. Diaz is in color, dark, about five feet ten or eleven inches in height, with black, piercing eyes which show firmness and decision. When his mind is fully made up there is no change. He received his auditors in a kind and hospitable manner, after making a brief talk of welcome in response to one made in our behalf by the United States Minister, and also one by the Supreme Commander of the Knight Templars.

We formed in single file, and upon our approach he extended his hand and gave each a warm and welcome grasp. These receptions are conducted pretty much on the same plan as those by the President of the United States. President Diaz's reception room is long, narrow and not attractive to the eye, save in gorgeous draperies. The walls are hung with crimson satin and the chandeliers are the most massive and brilliant that we ever saw. The chairs are upholstered with the same material that covers the walls and everything pertaining to the room is as fine as can be purchased in any market.

The reception lasted perhaps some two hours and at its close we took our departure to other attractions. The next place of importance we visited was the Cathedral. The Bishopric of Mexico was erected by Pope Clement the Seventh, in 1527, and was built partly on the site of the old Aztec Temple (Teocali) which the Spaniards destroyed in 1521. This magnificent church was not finally dedicated until 1667. It cost two million dollars, and one of its bells is nineteen feet high and cost ten thousand dollars. The building measures 387 feet from north to south, 177 feet from east to west, and its interior height is 179 feet. All of its immense proportions are of stone.

In the dome are beautiful paintings of the Virgin, and groups of principal characters of sacred history. There are two aisles running from north to south, between which are massive columns which rise to great heights to support the dome. On the outside of the aisles seven chapels are arranged on each side of the building dedicated to some particular saint. Each seemed to have a few particular followers, as we saw numbers worshipping at the large iron railing which formed barriers to the figures which occupy the chapels.

The inside of the vast church was a glare of gold and silver trimmings, besides much ornamentation of marble, onyx and other precious stones. A complete description of this church and its elegant fittings would occupy too much time and should be given by one who knows more about architecture than your humble servant. Those

who frequent the church mostly on week days seem to be of the lower class; and to stand and see them in their devotion is well calculated to fill one with pity. They seem to be abject slaves to their forms and ceremonies. It is not uncommon to see the poor creatures drop on their knees at the entrance, and in that position approach the sacred shrine, there to retain the kneeling attitude. And thus they remain until worn out, when they sit flat on the floor until their devotions are ended.

Late in the evening, when twilight begins to settle around and cover the immense building's interior with its somber hue, to see these devotees scattered over the immense floor in the attitudes in which they choose for worship, makes one feel that he is in the land of the Nile. This great church had no pews, save a few put in by the foreigners, so we were told, who come there to worship. What few we saw were plain benches, divested of ornament or covering.

This church is said to be almost as fine in its interior decorations as any in Europe, save St. Peter's in Rome. It is enclosed with a high iron railing in front, which encloses a space of some thirty feet. On the southwest corner—near the enclosure, is a pile of rubbish, piled up ten or fifteen feet high, made from the rubbish saved from the old Aztec temple, after its destruction by Cortes. In the debris, we saw several immense broken columns, made from lava stone, taken from the beds thrown out by the volcanic mountains near by. These showed clearly that the ancient Aztec knew much of architecture. When the city is full of strangers, this ancient pile of almost sacred rubbish is guarded by a sentinel armed with a musket and bayonet.

On the west side of the Plaza are business houses, shops and the Government Pawn Shop. This is an immense building, filled with every conceivable thing, which has been pawned by those—perchance, whose necessities drove them to part with their trinkets and household furniture, to keep the wolf from the door only for a short time. On the south side of the Plaza are portales. These are arcades through which the sidewalk passes. Near the curb, between the pillars and the arches, are small booths—hardly large enough to contain the vendor and his goods; and in some instances the vendor has to remain upon the outside.

The portales are filled with cigars, cigarettes, second hand books, toys, etc., etc. The most noteworthy thing about the termination of this row of buildings is, that between them and the Palace is the ancient Causeway, by which Cortes entered the city on his first visit. And a few blocks south, he had his first interview with Montezuma.

The fifty acres composing this Plaza, embrace a great deal of the early history of the Montezumas and the conquest by Cortes; and if the old stones could speak, they might throw much light on the history of this ancient and curious people. Near the President's Pal-

ace, we visited a house which is said to be the house where the first book ever printed in the New World was issued. Near it was the site of Montezuma's old Palace. And near that the place where Cortes lived. And so on—within the little space, the great events took place which gave to the Spaniards a new world, and to the poor conquered race a tyrant who knew no sympathy or mercy.

After visiting the most noted places in and about the old historic spot, we went to the next noted place, in a suburb of the City of Mexico. The Church of Guadalupe, the patron saint of the Mexicans. In ancient times an Aztec divinity, Tonantzin (Mother of Gods) was worshipped at a shrine, where now the grand old church stands. Tradition says that it was changed from a pagan to a Christian place of worship by the miraculous appearance of the Virgin to one Juan Diego, a poor peasant of Tolpettac, in the year 1531. That on his way to attend mass on the hill called Tepeyacac, he heard the voices of angels singing sweetly above him, and out of the splendors that surrounded him, he saw a lady, who spoke to him telling him to go to the Bishop and tell him that it was her will that a temple be built at that place to her memory.

The Bishop—doubting the story, told the peasant to bring him a sign before he could enter upon the task. Whereat, the Virgin caused beautiful flowers to grow where hitherto was barren ground, directed the peasant to gather them and wrap them in his tilma, and let no other eyes behold them, before he had shown them to the Bishop. Following her instructions closely, when he approached the Bishop and related his fourth seance with the Virgin, he emptied the flowers at the Bishop's feet. To the utter amazement of both, there appeared—painted upon the coarse tilma, a near full-size portrait of a lovely lady.

This is called the miracle of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and now hangs in a frame of mingled gold and silver, enclosed in a plate glass case in the tabernacle. The tabernacle is on a raised platform of beautiful white marble, with perhaps six or eight white marble steps in front. The whole is enclosed with a heavy silver railing. The picture has been a puzzle to painters. The fabric upon which it is painted is coarse cloth, woven from the fibre of ixtle, which is used by the peons in making their blankets to this day, and the paint used in its creation does not seem to be either water-color or oil color. And, on this account is formed the idea of its miraculous conception.

Be this as it may; there are thousands who wend their way annually to pay homage at its shrine. During last season, Bishops and high church men from all over the United States came to crown the picture; and there now hangs suspended from the top of the shrine a beautiful crown, which was placed there by the church officials in the year 1895. The worshippers at this shrine appear to be very

devotional in their attitude. I saw some, on gaining the entrance, drop on their knees, and approach the altar in that fashion.

Everything seems sacred around the church; the pictures of the Virgin which are sold at the door for one cent are eagerly bought and repeatedly kissed by the poor peasants. At the exact spot where the Virgin (so says the tradition) held her last seance with Juan, there gushes forth an immense spring of good, cool water. It boils up with great force from the vast deep. It is enclosed by an iron railing within a house, and is surrounded by a crowd of Mexicans at all times—drinking of its water, which is said to heal all diseases. We found it pleasant to the taste, in fact the best we drank in all Mexico.

The church of Guadalupe Spring, and all its surroundings, is situated at the base of a mountain. On the mountain's top—which is not tall, is a chapel called Cappella del Cerrito, which marks the exact spot where Juan Diego cut the flowers, above alluded to, and is gained by a broad stair cut into the rocks. Nearing the top, a curious figure strikes the eye, in the semblance of a ship's mast and sail made of solid marble.

It has all the appearance of one mast of a ship, with sail set in the act of moving on the deep seas. Tradition says this was placed there by a sea captain, in carrying out his vow when caught in a storm and the destruction of his vessel was imminent. He made a vow to the Virgin, that if she would save his ship, he would erect this monument to her memory. It is neat and pretty, but needs some repairs, as its mast seems broken near the base. The church is beautifully ornamented with statuary and paintings.

On the top of the mountain is a beautiful cemetery, where sleep the once powerful potentates of the nation; among them, Santa Ana and his rival, Bustamante. They rest not far apart in neglected graves. Santa Ana's does not show the gaudiness of finish which one would expect to see, considering the great pretensions he once aspired to, by being the "Napoleon of the West." There must be a vast difference in the esteem in which the Eastern Napoleon was held by his subjects, than the Westerner, for the latter's deeds seem to have passed from memory, and he is now almost forgotten. It is with great difficulty that his grave may be found among the great labyrinth of the many who occupy this sacred sleeping ground. That of Bustamante is even more neglected than Santa Ana's; and many who never aspired to rule their country, have better monuments erected to their memory, than these once famous men.

They were both haters of Texans, and all that pertains thereto. When standing by Santa Ana's grave, I was lost for a few moments in thoughts of the past,—how it was with him, and the great and good men whom he had ruthlessly slaughtered at the Alamo, and the gory field at Goliad. These memories I quickly subdued, however,

and left the matter in the hands of the Great Supervisor of the deeds of mortals, who are daily struggling for name and fame in this—our lower plane of existence.

I wondered if another old Texan had ever stood where I was then standing, viewing the little space occupied by the then sleeping form of the man who would have crushed the life of him and all that he loved? Time, the Great Physician, heals many wounds, Age softens the irate nature of both man and beast. I could not say in my heart that enmity rankled therein. Once I would have done all in my power to have intensified his sufferings, but I would now reach forth a helping hand and draw him from the mire. My little granddaughter plucked a sprig of sweet myrtle that grew on his grave, and picked up a small stone from the grave of Bustamante, and brought them home as souvenirs.

We turned our steps toward the City again, in search of new scenes. Securing hacks, we proceeded to Chapultepec, now the summer residence of the President. It is a little more than two miles from the city.

The hill is not very hard of ascent, and seems to be an isolated rock which rises from a low swamp in which immense cypress trees grow and flourish. Near its base is a large spring, utilized as a part of the water supply of the City. There is also a beautiful monument erected to the memory of the cadets who fell at the storming of the Castle by General Pillow, in 1847. We could not gain admittance to the Castle or grounds, as it was at this time occupied by the President as his summer home, and was closed to visitors. But from what we could see by a journey around the base of the hill and a casual glance from points of view obtainable, it must be a lovely place. It is a secluded spot and situated in the midst of an immense park of grand old trees which antedate the Conquest, makes it a place of residence worthy of a great man like President Diaz.

The drive from Alameda Plaza to Chapultepec is along a wide avenue, beautifully paved, and set with ornamental shade trees on either side, which makes it both pleasant and comfortable. Where this avenue leads into the street near Alameda Plaza, on either side are statues of the ancient chieftains who ruled the country before the coming of Cortes. We noticed one dressed as an Indian warrior, with his war-club raised in the act of striking. Other statues of ancient padres were placed on each side of the street, dressed in the robes of those old times. These, viewed by foreigners, are well calculated to carry the mind back into the dizzy past, too long for a knowledge of those dreamy days which will never be revealed to mortal man.

The Conqueror came, saw, conquered, and destroyed every vestige of the history of those ancient people. However, the old aqueduct still stands, though now dry, as a monument to their supe-

rior civilization, and shows them to have been possessed of great knowledge of masonry and architectural skill. Alameda Park is another noted place in Mexican history. It was set aside as a public park as far back as January of 1592. It is surrounded by poplar trees and adorned internally with fountains and shrubbery peculiar to the tropical climate, which makes it a favorite resort for evening gatherings.

It was our good fortune to be in Mexico on the 5th of May, which is to the Mexicans what our 4th day of July is to the Americans. The City was all aglow with patriotism, and draped in robes of bunting. Rejoicing was to be seen and heard from every street and plaza, martial music filled the air, and soldiers lined the streets for miles in extent. It was a grand and glorious sight. Regiment after regiment passed our hotel for two continuous hours. Near the close of this continuous stream of soldiers, dressed in their gaudy uniforms, came what would attract the eyes of all old Texans: the frontier mountaineers, dressed in buckskin suits. There were about one thousand of these, the nucleus of whom were banditti of the frontier.

President Diaz, when first elected to office, tamed these ferocious men and organized them into bands under governmental patronage, making them his best troops for the protection of the frontier. Each regiment of these men rode horses of near the same color, finely equipped with the Mexican saddle, lariat and other appurtenances so familiar to the olden times, when the Texan was called to meet them and drive them back from his soil. This immense body of soldiers passed in review before President Diaz in Alameda Plaza, where, after reviewing them, he made them a short patriotic speech and dismissed them.

It was from this Plaza that Cortes was driven on the night of July 1st, 1520, with great slaughter, and is yet known as La Noche Triste, or the Dismal Night. His retreat was along the causeway leading to Yacuba. And, about three miles from the City, now stands the tree under which he sat on that fatal night and wept over his sad defeat. This is now an immense tree, and on account of attempts of the superstitious Indians to destroy it by fire some years back the authorities caused a tall iron fence to be built about it so that no one can now approach near enough to do it harm.

The tree is yet alive, and the branches not injured by fire are green and flourishing. It is still one of the chief attractions for visitors. In January 1592 a portion of Plaza del Quemadero was added to the Alameda Plaza. In this addition was an open space in which a stone platform was erected for the purpose of burning religious criminals condemned by the Inquisition. It can be seen by history that this Imp of Darkness had already crept from its birthplace—the Mother Country, as an obedient child, to the New World.

And from its quick growth and inhumanity of its foster parent, it bid fair to rival that of its accursed father.

One walking now through the beautiful streets in the Plaza, embowered with lofty shade trees and hedged in with beautiful flowers of tropical growth, can hardly realize that here was once heard deep, pathetic groans of the suffering martyrs held by chains of steel to posts of iron set on that accursed mound, and surrounded by blazing faggots, for the edification of fanatical zeal.

And this fanatical zeal, which tried not only to hold the soul in bondage, but the bodies of these poor criminals to torture, prevailed in all its hideousness in this lovely spot. Thanks be to God, these instruments of torture so familiar to the eyes of those of the seventeenth century have now disappeared, and it is to be hoped, forever. The cries of the tortured and afflicted have given way to the voices of tropical birds singing joyfully in the trees, and in the aviary standing in their midst, and to the no less musical voices of childhood at play about the monuments, oblivious of the scenes of anguish which transpired there in days of yore.

With some reluctance we leave this beautiful place in search of other new and strange fields. By passing through Plaza del Mayo to the east, we find a mule-car that whisks us off to the Floating Gardens. On the way thence we pass through an ancient suburb where Santa Ana spent his last days in poverty and disgrace. Some of our party went into the room in which he died, and found it in the same condition it was in on the day of his death. Nothing had been moved or changed. There, although he died in poverty, was the silver bedstead on which he lay and breathed his last. Other mementos hung around on the walls of the room. He was cared for at the last by a faithful friend, a matadore by profession.

The Floating Gardens are not what they once were; they are not floating gardens now. By the slow process of nature the lakes have been filled with debris to such an extent that the islands are now anchored to mother earth, and have ceased their wanderings to other quarters by the action of wind and wave. They are situated in a low, flat country, and are now gardens, indeed, ditched and cultivated to high degree.

The old canal still affords the truck farmers a safe waterway for their products to the City's market. On the bosom of this canal float long flat-boats pushed by poles, where can be seen every variety of produce known to the market gardener. Wood, hay and other products find an outlet through this important waterway to market.

Our last visit was to the Museum. A book could be written about the curios to be seen there. It is divided into two departments: Natural History and Antiquities. The first is subdivided into departments of mineralogy, palaeontology, zoology and botany. The

second contains antiques, and is a treasure house. It includes important prehistorical remains, such as arms, utensils, jewels, ornaments, idols, imitation heads, picture-writing—all pertaining to ancient Mexico, and much that is subsequent to the Conquest.

On the right, as one enters, may be seen the Aztec Calendar Stone set on edge, which reaches nearly up to the ceiling. Its size cannot be computed by pictures seen of it. Its use is lost in antiquity. Some surmises have been made, but nothing reliable, except as to the central figure, which represents the sun, and the twenty figures surrounding it, the twenty days of the Mexican month. Near it stands a huge idol, the war-god of an ancient Mexican tribe. It is nearly nine feet in height, carved of porphyritic basalt, with two faces—male and female. The body of this god is covered with carvings of the most hideous forms, and is within itself almost too hideous to look on, save from its great antiquity.

Next of note is the Sacrificial Stone. Some suppose this to be a votive offering to the sun. It has a cup-shaped cavity in its center, with a trench leading from it to its outer rim, which is thought by some a channel to drain the blood of the sacrificed from the cup to the ground. But this, like all other ancient Mexican history, is covered up in mystery.

One might spend hours in this vast museum viewing the many carvings in stone, of hideous beasts and reptiles with teeth as long and strong as the wild hyena, without avail as to their use or purpose. For all is covered with the dust of ages, so impenetrable as not to be read with our present knowledge of interpretation.

But with all its wonders and marvelous beauty, the thought we bring away with us from Mexico is of the pitiful condition of the lower classes, of their poverty, which to American eyes, seems almost unbearable.

## Chapter XXXIX

# STEPHEN F. AUSTIN

MUCH of the ancient lore of Texas has been written for us by historians; and deeming it not interesting to the present generation, it is not my purpose to delve into the musty past. Life is too short and time too precious to the rising generation to be spent in listening to a long dissertation in this direction.

It is with great reluctance that they will take time, sufficiently, to read of and acquaint themselves with the doings of their grandfathers. Therefore, I will confine my sketch to what took place in the restoration of this great country from the hands of Indians and Mexicans, and to the heroic deeds of the men who participated in that event.

Accordingly, I will commence by telling of the colonization schemes of Moses Austin in 1821, and carried out by his noble son, Stephen F. Austin, in later years. This was not the first scheme at colonization attempted, but those attempted previously by others had not succeeded.

Stephen F. Austin was a man of clear perception, and an honest man,—one who knew what a contract was, and was ever ready to carry it out, both with the savage and the civilized man. His character was as unimpeachable as that of William Penn, who proved to be one of the greatest colonists in the early settlement of the United States. In fact, the characters of the two men stand out in bold relief, and worthy of emulation by the rising generation, in their honor, integrity and virtue.

I make bold to say that the world would be better off today if we had more men like Stephen F. Austin. He planted his first colony at the mouth of the Brazos River in 1821, under a grant from the Government of Mexico. The first grant asked for 640 acres of land for the head of each family, 320 acres for the wife, and 160 acres for each child, and 80 acres for each slave introduced into the colony; with an exemption of taxes for six years. This grant was extended, however, to one league and talor of land for the head of each family.

With these grants and these exemptions the little band, not knowing of the hardships for them in the near future, commenced their different vocations of life with light and merry hearts,—the merchant at his calling, the doctor at his, and the attorney in seeing to the proper division of real estate and the recording of same, the honest farmer to the erection of his little log-cabin in the jungles.

The clearing of forests commenced. The wild beast fled before the clear ring of the axe, and its tracks were obliterated by the furrows of the plow.

Thinking of the time when he would be enabled to erect a better house for his wife and children, and relegate the cabin to quarters for his servants, who would assist him in the near future in gaining wealth and ease, each settler took advantage of his strength to make the most of his beautiful surroundings, such as then prevailed in this virgin wilderness.

Brazoria, Wharton, Colorado and part of Austin counties, lying in that belt of country granted him, have been famous for the fertility of soil and mildness and healthfulness of their climate. Oyster Creek and Caney Creek lands were once known as the Egypt of Texas, on account of their wonderful productiveness.

Capt. Heard, one of the old Three Hundred, told me that when he first opened up his farm on Caney, which was done by cutting down the cane in windrows, and in the fall setting fire to it, that in the spring when it was time to plant he punched holes in the soil with a sharp stick, dropped in his corn, pressing it down with his heel. Chopping out the growing weeds and young cane with a hoe, and without further cultivation, he gathered from seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn per acre.

With this knowledge of the certainty of large profits from sugar cane and cotton in the future, surely with such great remuneration for the present, and equal success in the future, his hopes and ambitions must have been great, and led him to exert his energies to their utmost tension. Capt. Heard was in command of a company at the battle of San Jacinto, and after that battle had many encounters with the Indians who lived in his part of the country.

These Indians, the Karonkaway tribe, were large of stature and fine specimens, but were cannibalistic in their habits. They frequently visited Galveston Island, wading the bay at what is now known as Karonkaway Shoals. It was on one of these hunting expeditions that the battle between them and Lafitte was fought, some distance down the Island from where Galveston is now situated.

These counties previously referred to were settled by the first colonists located by Stephen F. Austin, who were of the wealthiest class of immigrants west of the Trinity River. The Whortons, Bryants, Heards, Mercers and numerous other planters settled this country and made the wilderness to bud and blossom like the rose.

On account of some changes in the Mexican Government, Austin had to leave his little colony and proceed at once to the City of Mexico. He left it in the hands of Josiah H. Bell, and started on his long and perilous journey. After remaining in Mexico for

some time in the interests of his colony, he came back by the way of Monterey, at which place he met with General Le Garcia, commander of the Eastern Provinces—in which Austin's colony was included.

General Le Garcia directed him to lay out a town, at which his public offices were to locate, in order to transact the public business of the Colony, and to name the place San Felipe de Austin. Austin selected a place on the Brazos River, in the eastern part of which is now Austin County; and in 1824, with the assistance of Baron de Bastrop, laid out the town as directed. It will not be amiss to give a brief history of this town, taken from the Bellville Times, a paper now published in Bellville, the present county seat of Austin County. This history the editor has recently obtained from some of the old citizens who still live in that neighborhood, and from some of the old records of that county. It says:

"The town was laid out by Stephen F. Austin and Baron de Bastrop in 1824. Its first settlers were Abner Kirkendall, Horatio Christman, W. E. Robinson, Moses and Daniel Shipman, Wm. Prater, James Oric, J. M. Penington, Samuel Kennedy, Isam Belcher and David Tally. In 1824, Mrs. Cummings and her three sons, John, James and William, settled on Mill Creek, one or two miles from its mouth. About the same time, Joel Lakey settled on Caney Creek, now in the lower portion of Washington County.

This list embraces most of the old settlers, who settled in San Felipe between the years of 1823 and the beginning of 1827: John and A. McFarland, Thos. Davis, Joshua Parker, Dr. Nuckles, Jos. White, Thos. H. Borden, Thos. M. Dake, Seth Ingraham, Leany Alexander, Colvit, J. C. Payton, William and Freeman Pettus, Jas. Hope, Jas. Baird, Oliver Jones, James, W. C. White, James Night, Stephen Richardson, William Smithers, Mrs. Jane Wilkinson, Bartlett Simms, M. E. E. Battle, H. Cheeves, Geo. Brown, Wm. Cooper (a cousin of Fenimore Cooper), and Sylvanus Castleman.

In the winter the rolling prairies throughout this part of this country wore a somber hue and rolled in waves before the wind like fields of ripened grain, but rarely escaped the annual prairie fires which swept over the open country. When these fires were burning the smoke rolled up from the great expanse, rivaling the clouds in magnitude, and at night, lit up by glittering lines of fire miles in extent, the spectacle was one of the most sublime that the world affords.

Flocks of wild fowl from the far north, many times greater than now, made their winter abode in this unpeopled retreat. The country abounded in game of all kinds. The first settlers were men of enlarged views and resolute spirit. They compared favorably with any founders of new settlements which any age or nation can

produce. They undertook an enterprise which for magnitude and difficulties attending has no parallel in the past century.

For provisions they took their rifles and went to the woods. The earliest bread they could expect was that which they should raise and gather. For new clothes they had the skins of wild beasts."

This extract from the Bellville Times is a true representation of lives and difficulties of the early settlers, but does not portray all the hardships to which they were exposed. Col. Austin had an eye to beauty when he made his location of the town, as it is situated in a beautiful valley on the bank of the Brazos River, near a shoal which is now famous as a place for fishing.

This old town, of which scarcely a vestige now remains, was once the scene of many important events in the early days of the Republic, which are lost to memory, and consequently will never be recorded. The prosperity of the colony had reached the ears of Santa Ana about this time, and he sent one of his trusted officials, Almonte, to Texas to report to him the condition of affairs. This was in 1834.

The report was so favorable as to wealth and prosperity of the colonists that it seemed to arouse Santa Ana's cupidity to such a degree that he caused to be enacted such odious and oppressive laws for the government of the colonists that revolt became actually necessary for relief. Consequently, after the repeated imprisonment of citizens, odious taxation, the abolishing of the port of entry, thereby cutting off trade with foreign countries, the attempted exclusion of further immigration from the United States, the abrogation of all further colonization laws, the taking back of lands already ceded to the colonists after they had made their little settlements, so exasperated the citizens that a convention was held at San Felipe for the purpose of throwing off the yoke of the tyrant and declaring a free and independent government.

It is proper to state that the assembly that met at San Felipe was not for the purpose of declaring an independent government, but a call for an expression of the people against the accumulation of wrongs perpetrated on them by the mother country, and insisting on that power carrying out the provisions of the constitution of 1824, which was to give Texas an independent government from that of Coachella.

The laws which had been made after the Colonization Laws were agreed upon, merged Texas and Coahuila into one state, as regards laws and government, with the seat of government at Saltillo, which was so far from the inhabited portions of Texas that it was almost impossible for the Texas members to attend their meetings. Only the brave and fearless were disposed to risk their lives in attempting to attend the sittings of the legislative bodies. Consequently many odious laws were passed to their detriment.

It was for the purpose of giving Texas an independent government that caused Stephen F. Austin to make his second trip to that far-off city, the capital of Mexico. When he arrived he was thrown into prison and lay in a filthy dungeon for over twelve months, at the mercy of the dictator, Santa Ana, who had usurped the previous Republican form of government and converted it into a Monarchy.

From this time on the troubles of the Colonists increased. Tyranny constantly followed Santa Ana's edicts; and for the purpose of carrying them out he selected from his ranks those who would be most subservient to his dictation. How well he succeeded will be seen in the future. Of Santa Ana's cupidity there was no equal.

After so long a time he released Austin, in an emaciated condition, as much dead as alive, with words of encouragement through him to his colonists. He assured him of his great esteem and of his intentions of granting their requests. At the same time he was raising a force with which to wipe out the colonists or drive them from the country.

Austin, filled with hope, came back to his colony with glad tidings and promises of Santa Ana that all their grievances would be redressed and that peace should reign in their midst. But hardly had he uttered the words than came an order for their disarmament, which meant submission to his edicts—whether for their welfare or for evil.

To this the people, although numbering less than 30,000, demanded separation from the mother country. A military organization was soon begun, with John H. Moore elected Colonel and J. W. C. Wallace Lieut. Colonel. A parley between Col. Moore and Castenado ended in a disagreement, whereupon Col. Moore advanced with his men on the fortifications of Castenado, firing his small brass cannon. This caused the Mexicans to withdraw in great haste and head for San Antonio.

This shot, like that fired later at Fort Sumpter, was heard all over the Colony, which was spread from the mouth of the Brazos up into the interior, and set the whole country ablaze.

Previous to this, Hayden Edwards, a rich and influential man, had secured a colonization contract for the introduction of some 800 families to East Texas, near the town of Nacogdoches. After he had brought out and settled a few hundred he left again for another batch, leaving his brother, Benjamin, in charge of his affairs. The mixed population of Mexicans and Indians which had settled about Nacogdoches and which, in reality, was only a nest of freebooters, commenced to prey upon the colonists.

This caused dissensions to arise between the colonists and the desperados, and the latter, encouraged in their depredations by the Alcaldes, Sepulvedas and Novis, commenced to forge bogus certificates

of land deeds which included parts of the colonists' claims. When these claims were referred to the Alcaldes for adjustment they were invariably decided against the colonists. These grievances were so great that the Edwards colonists were compelled to rebel. Finally an order came revoking all the contracts entered into between Edwards and the Mexican Government, and the settlers were ordered to leave the country. These arbitrary orders were sorely felt, and caused the calling of the convention at San Felipe de Austin on the 17th of July, as I have hitherto stated.

Those residing within the boundaries of Texas who spoke the English language did not hesitate between the two evils of surrendering their arms and becoming a prey of the merciless Comanches and other tribes of wild Indians, and a war of independence against 80,000 Mexicans.

The tocsin of war was sounded, and from the valleys of Guadalupe, Colorado and the Brazos the citizen soldiers came in answer to the call, in squads of fives, tens, twenties, and any number which could be gotten ready on short notice. They came with their little camp equipage packed on mules. This usually consisted of bacon or jerked beef, a small package of ground coffee, and parched corn, ground into meal, to be made into bread.

By this plain and meager commissary it could readily be discerned that they had already made up their minds to suffer the consequences of resistance, whatever that might be. The resolve to be free or die was written on every face in plain letters. They met at Gonzales and organized under the name of the People, by electing as Colonel, John H. Moore, and as Lieut. Colonel, J. W. C. Wallace.

Previous to this the intentions of Santa Ana having become known, a council was called to meet in San Felipe on the 17th day of July. This was called an Administration Council, or Peace Council. When organized it sent as delegates to San Antonio Messrs. Barrett and Graton to see Ugartechea for the purpose of getting that clause of the edict disarming them abrogated.

In this they failed. Instead of having a peaceful tendency it had rather the contrary effect, for in a short time Ugartechea sent Castenado with 150 men to Gonzales to capture a small cannon which had been given the citizens to protect themselves against the savages who were frequent prowlers in the outskirts of the towns.

This act led to the first open revolt of Austin's Colonists, and resulted, as stated before, in causing the gathering at Gonzales and the forming of a military force, a hastily organized body of citizen soldiers; the first to ever take the field in Texas to resist the tyrannical edicts of Santa Ana.

The Texans had fresh in their memories a bloody affair which had occurred only a short time before, when a party of merchants

were attacked only a few miles from Gonzales by Lipan Indians, were captured and killed, and their goods carried off. The uncertainty of life and property, when not heavily protected by armed men, led the Texans to put up a strong fight to retain such arms as they had. So, as stated before, they moved against Castenado, and sent him flying back to San Antonio.

This shot was fired on October 2nd, 1835, at Gonzales, the Lexington of Texas. It was the first open revolt of the Colonists, under the grant of Moses Austin, which was received by him from the Mexican Government in June 1821. Thence commenced to assemble the little army which was destined to drive from the borders of fair Texas the Mexicans and Indians forever, giving the world a new map, and changing the frontier of the United States from the Sabine to the Rio Grande on the South and to the Pacific Ocean on the West.

Virtually the reclamation of a vast territory for the use of and to supply the wants of a more progressive and congenial race, came from the firing of the one small cannon which its enemies coveted. It also worked a great change over the feelings of the small colony. Love of liberty, which is a sweet quality hidden away in the heart of man, now sprang into life and spread like a torrent in the breasts of these hardy patriots assembled at Gonzales, to those in the Red Lands of Eastern Texas and on into the older states, bringing a flood of recruits to help the oppressed combat the tyranny of the oppressor.

Shortly, a band of forty-eight under the leadership of Capt. Collingsworth, organized at Matagorda for the purpose of capturing the Mexican garrison at Goliad. Just before reaching Goliad they fell in with that brave and noble spirit, Benjamin B. Milam, who had been incarcerated in the dungeons of Mexico, had recently escaped and was on his way back to the Colony. With such a recruit they felt that there was no defeat, and acting under his wise counsel crept on the guard, killed him, and before there was any awakening to danger on the part of the Mexicans, surrounded the headquarters of Lieut. Col. Sandoval, broke down his doors with axes and captured him and all his officers.

By this bold stroke they gained three hundred stands of arms and military stores said to be worth $10,000. The memorable capture took place on the 9th of October. However, at Gonzales, after Castenado's hasty retreat, there seemed to be no one willing and able to organize and take charge of a pursuit, which enabled the Mexicans to make a clean getaway and to reach San Antonio. A request was sent to the Council at San Felipe to send Stephen F. Austin to Gonzales to take charge of the troops encamped there, which request was granted.

Though weak and emaciated from his long imprisonment in Mexico, Austin proceeded to organize the forces, but could not act

with that agility which the military situation demanded. Captain Westover, a brave man, with a small detachment, on the 3rd of November captured a small garrison of Mexicans on the Nueces River. Things looked bright for the Texans, for with this capture all the small garrisons in the western portion of Texas, except that at San Antonio, had been gotten rid off.

The stronghold at San Antonio was in the hands of General Cos, a brother-in-law of Santa Ana's. Matters had by this time progressed to such a point that it was thought advisable to put an end to the Peace Council and resort to more stringent measures, by calling another council which would have power to act in all matters pertaining to the present state of affairs, which was that of war.

What was styled a Consultation Council was called to meet on October 10th, but did not get organized until the 3rd of November. This was on account of the great distances many had to travel to attend. Eastern Texas, in those days of overland travel, and no railroads, was a long ways off from San Felipe, the then capital of Texas. Bryant T. Archer was elected President and P. B. Dexter was made Secretary. All the papers of the Peace Council were turned over to the new body.

A few of the new Council were opposed to a separation from Mexico, and were only in favor of the war being continued until the rights of the Colonists under the Constitution of 1824 were obtained. They were willing to still remain Mexican citizens. On the 5th of the month a long preamble and resolution was passed, stating that they only took up arms to defend themselves against the encroachment of a military despotism. They denied the right of Mexico to establish a military post in Texas, and expressed a willingness to carry on a war with the authorities while such a military post existed. That during the reign of despotism they held it their privilege to withdraw from the union, and to establish an independent government, and to adopt such other measures as seemed necessary to protect their rights and liberties. That Texas was willing to become responsible for all debts and obligations incurred by her armies and agents, and would receive as citizens all volunteers to her military forces. The document ended with these lines:

"These declarations are made in all solemnity, and a call upon God is made to witness their sincerity."

On the 12th of November an ordinance was passed creating a provisional government and an executive council. This council was composed of one member from each municipality; and when organized, elected Henry Smith as Governor and James W. Robinson, Lieutenant Governor. General Sam Houston was authorized to raise an army, outside of that under Col. Stephen F. Austin, the whole to be under him as Commander-in-chief.

This Consultation Council, before it adjourned on the 14th, appointed Branch T. Archer, Wm. Wharton and Stephen F. Austin Commissioners to the United States. While these proceedings were going on at San Felipe, Austin was making his way with his band of patriots toward San Antonio, for the purpose of taking that last stronghold of the Mexicans, and to drive them from Texas. He reached La Espada on the 20th of October.

On the 27th he detached 92 men from the companies of Fannin and Bowie to ascend the river and select a more suitable camp for his army. Fannin advanced to within one and one-half miles of the city and camped at Conception Mission, on the east side of the river. This was known to Cos, who contemplated an easy task in capturing the little band who had dared to thus encroach upon his stronghold.

On the 28th, taking advantage of a foggy morning, the Mexicans sallied forth, expecting to make an easy conquest. But the Texans, taking shelter under the second bank of the river, near the water, which formed a breast-works, found themselves in a strong position. The Mexicans surrounded them on three sides and opened fire, both with small arms and with cannon; and so fierce was the attack that their lines seemed one sheet of flame. However, their aim was bad, overshooting the Texans ensconsed behind the second bluff of the river.

Having a great advantage over their foes as to position, the Texans could take better aim, and brought down a man at each crack of their rifles. So accurate was their fire that the Mexican gunners could not serve their pieces. Three times the defenders were charged but beat back their foes with great loss. After a fierce fight of several hours the Mexicans retreated, leaving their cannon and some twenty dead upon the field. No doubt many had been carried off the field during the battle.

A small party of Texans, not fearing an attack that morning, and not being able, on account of the fog, to see the approaching Mexicans, had wandered off to an old mission near at hand, to obtain from its top a better view of the surrounding country, and were unable to take part in the fight. Only one Texan was killed.

So elated was Austin over the outcome of this battle, known as the battle of Conception, that he moved on the 31st his little army nearer the city, and rested at the Alamo ditch, near an old mill, and on the following day to within one mile of the city on the east. He had with him near one thousand men, badly equipped for the great undertaking of reducing the city, with its fortifications and vastly superior forces.

The Mexicans were strongly fortified and entrenched behind the massive walls of the city, with plenty of cannon and small arms, ammunition, provisions, and all necessary for a long and favorable re-

sistance. The Texans were poorly supplied with small arms and ammunition, and had no cannon or ordnance of any description. They had nothing but rifles and double-barreled shotguns; but fully equipped with heroic hearts to conquer or die in the trenches of the enemy.

This was a fight for principle on their part; for home, family and a free and independent religious observance of the doctrines inculcated in them by good and pious mothers. This right had been taken from them by the usurper of Mexico, and another religion had been substituted; one they had not been accustomed to, and foreign to their bold and republican natures.

They had submitted peacefully for a long time, and it had now become irksome and unbearable. It was not to their liking. To their free and independent hearts it savored of despotism. All these things conspired to fill the measure of their grievances and to stimulate a desire to put an end to the odious yoke that was galling to the quick. Oppression always has and always will bring out the boldness and daring of the true and noble principles of men.

Smarting under these emotions, it was determined to lay siege to the city and put an end to the last vestige of tyranny. Consequently a call of all the company officers was made on the 2nd of November, and it was agreed to by all, except one dissenting voice, to take the city by siege, and not by storm. Therefore a siege was inaugurated by Austin, and soon felt by Cos, causing a shortage of provender for his cavalry horses.

On the 26th of the month, Cos detailed a strong party of his best cavalry to dash out onto the prairie to cut grass for horse-feed. Previous to this he had dispatched some three hundred of his horses to the Rio Grande to graze during the siege. Col. Travis, with about 40 men, was sent to capture these horses, which he did, bringing them back to the camp of the Texans. This little episode—as all small things do—brought renewed hope and interest to the Texans who, tiring of the slow dragging of the siege, were breaking up in small parties and returning to their homes.

The grass-cutting party being discovered, one hundred men under Col. Bowie proceeded to attack them. The action was seen by the besieged, who sent out reinforcements with two pieces of artillery to help the foragers. A running fight ensued, resulting in some fifty Mexicans being killed or wounded. It was called the Grass Fight. The writer has since heard from the lips of participants in this scrimmage many hot details. One man received a shot in his abdomen, and remarked to a comrade that his "goose was cooked," feeling that this kind of a wound meant almost certain death. His companion upon investigating found that the ball had carried with it a piece of the man's shirt. Pulling at the piece of cloth, he pulled

out also the bullet. Whereupon he remarked to the wounded man: "You are worth half a dozen dead men." It does not fall to the lot of every man to have his life saved by the tail of a home-made shirt.

A few days after the Grass Fight, Col. Austin, on account of his ill health, and his appointment as ambassador to the United States, resigned his command, and was succeeded by General Edward Burleson, who was chosen by the volunteers. A council of war was held on the 2nd of December, and it was agreed that the slow process of a siege should be abandoned, and that a more speedy end be gained by the capture of the city by storm.

According to Mr. Burnett, the army was paraded at headquarters, and addressed by that silver-tongued orator, William Jack, who might be compared to Demosthenes in his address to the Spartan braves, before going to battle with their enemies. After Mr. Jack's address, a call was made for volunteers, and responded to by four-hundred and fifty, including the New Orleans Grays; who stept nobly to the front, and through their officers, offered to help storm the city.

It was decided to proceed with their work on the next morning. However, scouts having seen a man enter the city during the night, it was thought they had been betrayed, and Cos—being warned, would trap them before they had hardly started to fight. Accordingly, many backed down from the idea of an immediate assault. General Burleson was therefore forced to countermand the order.

That evening, three men—Maverick, Holmes and Smith, who had been held prisoners in the city, were released and made their way into the camp. Through them was learned much as to the relative strength of the two forces, the weak and strong points of the fortification, and the plans of defense. General Milam—one of the bravest of the brave, prevailed upon General Burleson to withdraw his order countermanding the assault, and offered to lead it himself.

He called for volunteers once more, and between four and five hundred responded; the others promising to stand by and render such help as they could. An old mill near the city was selected as a place of rendezvous, and it was agreed to attack in three places, Col. Neil being chosen to make a feint by attacking the Alamo, to draw the attention of the Mexicans to that point.

However, when at the appointed time—2 o'clock in the afternoon, only some three hundred had shown up, Col. Milam was forced to make a hurried change in his program, and reduce the points of attack to two. Faithful to his trust, Col. Neil assaulted the Alamo, and Col. Milam attacked by entering the city by the way of Aceguia and Soledad Streets. As to the remainder of the

fight, it can best be told by Col. Johnson, commander of one of the divisions. (See Thrall's History.)

"General Burleson, Commander in Chief of the Federal Volunteer Army of Texas

"Sir: I have the honor to acquaint you, that on the morning of the 5th instant, the volunteers for the storming of the City of Bexar, possessed by the troops of General Cos, entered the suburbs in two divisions under the command of Col. Benjamin R. Milam. The first division under his immediate command, aided by Major R. C. Morris, and the second under my command, aided by Cols. Grant and Austin, and Adjutant Brister.

"The first division, consisting of Captains York and Patton, Llewllyn, Crane, English and Landrum, with two pieces of artillery and fifteen artillerymen, commanded by Leut. Col. Franks, took possession of the house of Don Antonio de La Garcia.

"The second division, composed of the companies of Captains Cook, Swisher, Edwards, Alley, Duncan, Peacock, Bruce and Placido Venevides, took possession of the house of Berremendi. The last division was exposed for a short time to a very heavy fire of grape and musketry from the whole of the enemy line of fortifications; until the guns of the first division opened their fire, when the enemy's attention was directed to both divisions.

"At seven o'clock a heavy cannonading from the town was seconded by a well directed fire from the Alamo, which for a time prevented the possibility of covering our lines, or effecting a safe communication between the two divisions. In consequence of the twelve pounder having been dismounted, and the want of covering for the other gun, little execution was done by our artillery during the day, therefore we were reduced to a close and well directed fire from our rifles, which, notwithstanding the advantageous position of the enemy, obliged them to slacken their fire, and to several times abandon their artillery within the range of our shot.

"Our loss during the day was one private killed, one colonel and one first lieutenant severely wounded; one colonel slightly, three privates dangerously, six severely, and three slightly. During the whole night, the two divisions were occupied in strengthening their positions, opening trenches and effecting a safe communication, although exposed to a heavy cross-fire from the enemy, which slackened towards morning.

"I may here remark, that the lack of proper tools rendered the undertaking doubly arduous. At daylight of the sixth, the enemy were observed to have occupied the tops of the houses in our front, where under cover of breastworks, they opened through loop-holes a very brisk fire of small-arms on our whole line, followed by a heavy

cannonading from the town in front and the Alamo on the left flank, with few interruptions during the day.

"A detachment of Captain Crane's company, under Lieut. W. McDonald, followed by others, gallantly possessed themselves under severe fire, of a house to the right and in advance of the first division, which considerably extended our line; while the rest of the army was occupied in returning the enemy's fire, and strengthening our trenches—which enabled our artillery to do some execution and complete a safe communication from right to left.

"Our loss this day amounted to three privates severely wounded and two slightly. During the night the fire from the enemy was inconsiderable, and our people were occupied in making and filling sand-bags, and otherwise in strengthening our lines. At daylight on the 7th, it was discovered that the enemy had during the night previously, opened a trench on the Alamo side of the river and on the left flank, as well as strengthening their battery on the cross-street leading to the Alamo.

"From the first they opened a brisk fire of small-arms, and from the latter a heavy cannonade, as well as small-arms, which was kept up until 11 o'clock, when they were silenced by our superior fire. About 12 o'clock, Henry Carns—of Capt. York's company, exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, gallantly advanced to a house in front of first division, and with a crow-bar forced an entrance, into which the whole company immediately followed him, and made a secure lodgement.

"In the evening the enemy renewed a heavy fire from all the positions which could bear upon us; and at half-past three o'clock, as our gallant commander, Col. Milam was passing into the yard of my position, he received a rifle-shot in the head which caused his instant death; an irreparable loss at so critical a moment. Our casualities otherwise were only two privates slightly wounded.

"At a meeting held at 7 o'clock, I was invested with the chief command, with Major Morris as my second. At 10 o'clock P. M. Captains Llewllyn, English, Crane and Landron, with their respective companies, forced their way into and took possession of the house of Don J. Antonio Navarro, and advanced an important position close to the Square. The fire of the enemy was interrupted and slack during the night, and the weather exceedingly cold and wet.

"The morning of the eighth was still cold and wet, and little firing on either side. At 9 o'clock the same companies who took possession of Don J. Antonio Navarro's house—aided by a detachment of the Grays, advanced and occupied Zambrano's Row, leading to the Square. The brave conduct on this occasion of William Graham of Cook's company of Grays merits mention: A heavy

fire of artillery and small-arms was opened on this position by the enemy, who disputed every inch of ground, and after suffering a severe loss of officers and men, were obliged to retire from room to room, until at last they evacuated the whole house.

"During this time our men were reinforced by a detachment from York's company, under command of Lieut. Gill. The cannonading was exceedingly heavy all day from the camp and from all quarters; but did no essential damage. Our loss consisted of one captain seriously wounded, and two privates severely. At 7 o'clock the party at Zambrano's Row was reinforced by Captains Swisher, Alley, Edwards and Duncan, and their respective companies.

"This evening, we had undoubted information of the arrival of a strong reinforcement of the enemy, under Col. Ugartechea. At 10:30 P. M., Captains Cook and Patton, with the company of New Orleans Grays and a company of Brazoria Volunteers, forced their way into the Priest's house in the Square, although exposed to the fire of a battery of three guns, and a large body of musketeers. Before this however, the division was reinforced from the reserves by Captains Chesire, Lewis and Sutherland, with their companies.

"Immediately after we got possession of the Priest's house, the enemy opened a furious cannonade from all their batteries, accompanied by incessant volleys of small-arms against every house in our possession, and every part of our lines, which continued unceasingly until 6:30 A. M. of the 8th; when they sent a flag of truce, with an intimation that they desired to capitulate. Commissioners were immediately named by both parties, and herewith accompany you a copy of the terms agreed upon. Our loss in this night attack consisted of one man only: Belden of the Grays, dangerously wounded, when in the act of spiking a cannon.

"To attempt to give you a faint idea of the intrepid conduct of the gallant citizens who formed the division under my command during the whole period of the attack, would be a task of no common nature, and far above the power of my pen. All behaved with the bravery peculiar to freemen, and with a decision becoming the sacred cause of Liberty. Every man has merited my warmest approbation, and deserves his country's gratitude.

"I feel indebted to the able assistance of Col. Grant (severely wounded the first day), Col. Austin, Majors Morris and Moore, Adjutant Bristow, Lieut. Col. Franks of the artillery; and every captain—names already given, who entered with either division from the morning of the 5th, until the day of capitulation. Dr. Cameron's conduct during the siege, and treaty of capitulation, merits particular mention.

"The guides, Erastus Smith, Norwich, Arnold and John W. Smith performed important service; and I cannot conclude without

expressing my thanks to the reserves under your command for such assistance as could be afforded during our most critical movements.

"The period put to our present war by the fall of San Antonio de Bexar will—I trust, be attended with all the happy results to Texas, which her warmest friends could desire.

"I have the honor to subscribe myself

"Your Most Obedient Servant,

F. M. Johnson, Col. Commanding.

"A true copy of the original,

"W. T. Austin, Aide-de-Camp."

The foregoing copy of Col. F. M. Johnson's report fully shows how the battle was fought and its results for the time being. But the after results—coming quickly, bring to mind the saying of some wise warrior, that victory is sometimes worse than defeat.

The disaster which befell the heroes of the Alamo—Crockett, Bowie, Travis and the others, may be laid to the feeling of invincibility—dangerous to men and to armies, which the capture of the city was responsible for.

It would seem always better to overestimate the power of the enemy than to underestimate it, and thus be led to guard better the roads to defeat. Perhaps Col. Travis and those under his command thought that as the Mexicans under General Cos had been driven from the city by a force as small as that under the command of Col. Johnson, it would be quite as easy to defend the city against an attack of the same enemy. This state of mind in all probability was the cause of their downfall and extermination.

## Chapter XXXX

# "BLUE NORTHERS"

THE climatic change in Texas has been very great since I came in 1839. Previous to this there had only been one departure from pleasant winters. In 1837 or 1838 there was a sleet, that in falling, accumulated on the trees to such an extent that its weight broke all the large limbs off the old trees; and, after melting, left the appearance as if a great cyclone had devastated the forests. The young timber was not hurt so much as it was springy and bent under the enormous weight. After the thaw it regained its upright position. But it took a good many years for the old trees to recover.

For several years it was almost impossible to ride in the Brazos bottoms on account of the fallen limbs. After this, for many years there was never any sleet or snow seen to fall in this part of Texas. On the contrary the winter months were usually balmy and during the greater part of the winter men attended their occupations in their shirt-sleeves.

Occasionally, what was called a "Blue Norther" would come up, and for three days it would almost freeze the life out of every living thing. But on the fourth day the atmosphere would be as genial as the quietest spring day. We always had warning of the approach of a Norther. The weather for a few days preceding one of these would be oppressively hot and remain so for two or three days. At this juncture a very black cloud could be seen approaching from the north, and often its pace would be very swift. As it arose above the horizon its appearance would be angry in the extreme, well calculated to strike terror to the newcomer, especially if he had come from a country where storms were prevalent. It had an inky blackness, its outer edges sometimes taking on a greenish cast.

As it came bounding and leaping along it looked as if it might be carrying death and destruction to everything in its path. At its approach, loose horses, cattle, deer, and every living animal would flee as fast as their legs could carry them to the timber, or if not convenient to timber, to the south side of hills, deep valleys and ravines, or anywhere to escape its cold blast.

Often in the flat country you would see hundreds of cattle come together and mill around and around until they would become an impenetrable mass of horns. In this shape they were enabled to keep warm, as those on the outside would, when cold to freezing, wind in

and throw others out. After a while, by this process, the external ring would be in the center.

These northers chilled the air for several hours before the main body of the storm would arrive, giving rise to the saying: "A norther is coming, I can smell it." Another peculiarity about it was that as far as you could see the main body approaching there rolled along in front of it a blue mist of smoke. This smoky appearance would be in some instances ten or twenty feet high and would roll over before the wind like a huge wave on the ocean. This peculiar appearance gave rise to the name—"Blue Norther."

As angry as these clouds looked they carried not a particle of rain or perceptible moisture, but were so dry that they sucked up every drop of moisture out of plants, leaves and grass, and when they passed would leave all vegetation in a wilted condition. These were the old-fashioned northers which left the atmosphere as pure and clear as a freshly cleaned mirror. In those times a man could kill a beef, tie a rope to a quarter and draw it up into a tree, above the reach of blow-flies, and it would remain pure and sweet until eaten.

These blow-flies are another peculiarity of Texas, and a curse to the stock-raiser. If any blood should be drawn, no matter how insignificant, or the mashing of a tick on the body of an animal, a blow-fly soon deposits its eggs, and in a very short time a colony of screw-worms will be hatched, and begin to burrow beneath the skin, killing the animal in a short time—literally eating it alive.

Our air was pure then—plenty of ozone, and on the open prairie free from malaria. No one was ever known to have that dread disease, consumption, or any of its kindred lung troubles. In the bottoms and near creeks the prevailing disease was chills and fever, rarely ever anything worse. These were brought on by stagnant water in the creeks and bottoms, also malaria arising from the moist earth, kept so by the rank growth of vegetation. At the time I speak of this growth was simply immense, and the rays of the sun rarely penetrated the earth in most places.

In the bottom lands stock of all kinds fed upon wild oats and rye and a species of wild carrot, ranging through this forage up to their sides, and often hidden by it completely. They were so fond of the carrots, and fed upon them so much, their milk and flesh was thoroughly saturated with its odor to the extent, in fact, that both were practically useless as food.

In the spring of the year wild onions, and bushes that bore little cayenne peppers, were plentiful; so there was a saying that the wild turkeys, from eating wild onions and peppers, were already seasoned. They only needed to be dressed and cooked. All seems

to be changed now. So much stock grazing in the bottoms has made it impossible for plants to go to seed; and the trampling of the land has killed out all the roots. On this account vegetation does not grow as it did in the olden times.

And this trampling of stock has been a great detriment to the productiveness of the cultivated soil. Neither cotton nor corn seems to grow as it formerly did. I have seen cotton stalks ten to fifteen feet high, and growing so thickly that you could not see a man ten feet from you. A man not accustomed to a woods life could be easily lost on a cotton farm; and would require some time to find his way out.

In the fall, when the fleecy staple had matured, it became so heavy that it would fall over and interlock, making it impossible for either man or beast to get through, and would yield from two to three bales per acre. Of course, in this condition, much of the fruit would rot. Corn grew equally as large, and the yield was enormous. To state the actual production per acre would be to ruin my reputation for veracity.

I have also seen enormous yields of sweet potatoes when planted on the river banks where the soil is sandy and much lighter. After much rain this strip immediately upon the bank would become boggy, and fine for garden truck of all kinds. The writer has seen rutabaga turnips grow to such huge proportions that they would have to be grubbed up with grubbing hoes, as you would stumps.

This soil was also good for peaches, watermelons and fruits of all kinds. It has been overlooked by fruit growers of the present day, but at some future time it will be a garden spot from its mouth to its source. This river-bottom land will also be a great place for grapes. Vines of the native Mustang grape grow very large, suitable for firewood. They are exceedingly productive and furnish much food for wild animals.

There used to be vast numbers of wild animals. Black bears, wolves, lobo and coyote, panthers, catamount. Then there was a beautiful spotted cat, black and white, something like a leopard, only smaller. Then, as now, there were an abundance of skunks. There were also wild boars, and a species of wild Mexican hog. These were very dangerous when mad. Their tusks were long and sharp as needles, and woe to the dog or any animal which attacked them. The males grew to size weighing from sixty to seventy pounds, and had a sack of musk on their hips near the root of their tails (they really have no tails). A sandy-gray coat of bristles covered their bodies, giving them a peculiar appearance. Their legs and feet were keenly made, giving them great speed. Although their flesh

was dark it was very good to eat. There used to be great numbers of these peculiar hogs, but they have now entirely disappeared.

There were also herds of wild cattle, very much different from our domestic animals, being trimly made, with legs and feet built for speed. It would take a good horse to outrun one of them. They were different from the domestic cattle in that they ran to one color, being black with brown backs and bellies. In time, however, they became mixed with domestic cattle, and their calves took on mixed colors. When harried or wounded they were very vicious and would fight any living thing. Their sharp horns made them a very formidable foe. I saw two of them killed in 1861. They were male and female, and I think were the last to be seen in the bottom lands of Washington County.

The last buffalo was killed in Washington County in 1850, in New Years Creek bottom. They were killed by Mr. Wooden Chappell, after whom Chappell was named. Mr. Chappell and his sons were great hunters, kept a large pack of bear dogs, and always had a plentiful supply of bear meat and that of other game, which they could find easy to obtain either in New Years Creek bottom or that of the Brazos River. The latter stream when at low-water mark is easily forded, having a firm, sandy bottom, and offers no barrier in following the dogs.

After the usual overflow of the Brazos a deposit of yellow mud was left, two or more inches in thickness, almost free from grit. This evidently came from the washings of hills and valleys near the headwaters. In fact, the whole Brazos Valley is made up from washings of soil brought by overflows from near the source of the river. My father opened a farm in the forks of the Brazos and Navasota Rivers, and in digging a well some twenty-five or thirty feet deep, came upon cottonwood bark. At a depth of twenty feet he found the foreleg of a deer. This shows that, like the Nile, the soil which it brings down will never wear out. When the hills adjacent become barren and unproductive people will have to take to the river bottoms for sustenance. Then the overflows, which are looked upon now as a great calamity, will be looked to with as much solicitude as the Egyptians look upon those of their great river.

South from the town of Washington, upon a high hill on which the Academy stood, the prospect was especially fine. To the east ran the Brazos River, with its heavy belt of timber; and between the hill and the river lay broken country, affording much fine scenery. To the south, as far south as New Years Creek, lay a vast and undulating prairie, rich and fertile as man ever saw. In 1840 there were only a few settlers on this prairie, and in its virgin state one could see cattle, horses and other stock grazing quietly in flowers up to their sides.

The milk and butter in those days were rich in perfume of the flowers; even the beef partook more or less of the flavor of flowers, and was pronounced by epicures to be delicious. It was a grand sight indeed to see the cows marching home just before night, with udders distended to their utmost capacity with rich, delicious milk, and their sides expanded to such proportions that apparently if they had eaten another mouthful they would have burst. Assuming a self-important, dignified, lazy strut as they marched homeward, one behind the other, they looked as if they had been grazing in the "Gardens of the Gods."

To the west was one vast prairie country, containing every variety of soil and climate. This country ran back from the Brazos to the Colorado River, and in its southernmost part consisted of long, gently sloping hills and valleys of fertile land, almost all of which was susceptible of the finest cultivation. In most places the soil was rich, black, sandy loam, which in seasonable years produced great crops of cotton, corn and millet.

To the north of the town, and in the compass of a few miles, was the hunters' paradise. This part of the County comprised a scope of about ten miles square, the principal growth of which was postoak, hickory and ash, though, generally speaking, it was an open country, with here and there thickets of scrubby growth. It also took in a portion of the bottom lands on the west side of the Brazos River. It was cut up by creeks and dry ravines.

The land being sandy, with clay foundation, had the peculiarity of all the other sandy soil of the state, becoming very boggy in wet weather. Another peculiarity was the scrubby character of the trees, though this did not hold true as to the timber along the river and the piney woods of Eastern Texas. It used to be said that the reason for this was that the soil became so wet the trees bogged down. As I saw it, in early days the land was not packed down by the trampling of many animals, consequently the soil, being spongy, took up more water than it does now. Some trees do not thrive on too much moisture.

Traveling about outside of well-beaten paths after heavy rains was a difficult matter. This militated greatly against our sport in hunting. This part of the country was filled with game, and was a great natural park, set apart by Nature as a reserve for deer, turkeys and much small game, and many were the lively and exciting chases with gun and dogs the writer has had in this park.

My brother and I lived on the southeastern part of these hunting grounds, anl always kept a well-trained pack of hounds. Nearly every morning after breakfast our hunting horses were caught and

saddled. Then we would sound the horn, thus calling all our friends in the town who might wish to join us in the morning's hunt. Frequently five or six responding blasts were heard from different points, all being recognized by us as being willing to go, and that their owners would soon be with us.

Soon our friends would begin to arrive. When some one would be tardy he would be greeted with the blowing of all the horns in unison. This would provoke the hounds, eager to be off on the hunt, to open up and howl; and it would seem as if pandemonium had broken loose. I wonder did any of my readers ever hear the sounding of horns and the baying of dogs in chorus? It produces upon the hunter the most pleasing sensation. There is a peculiar nervous feeling running up and down the spine, that permeates the brain and sends to every part of the body the most pleasing ecstasy, even to the ends of the fingers and toes.

In the midst of this pandemonium of sounds, the laggards having arrived, we would be off, man, horse and dogs. Soon would be heard the leader of the pack giving tongue. If the game had passed some time since the gait of the dogs would be slow and sometimes tedious. But bye and bye the game would be flushed, and the excitement would wax high and furious. Every man would apply whip and spur to gain the point where the deer might be expected to cross the path or ravine. They almost invariably have regular runs, which, if learned by the hunter, makes a bag certain.

Should the hunter have been fortunate enough to reach the stand a few minutes early, and to listen to the hounds in full cry, with the expectation of seeing his buck break cover at almost any minute, a degree of excitement would be the result that nothing could excel. If he was a nervous man he would take on such a case of "buck-ague," that his aim being unsteady, the deer would pass him untouched and vanish.

I have heard it said that a pack of hounds in full cry sound like the sweetest music. There must be some reason in this, for in every pack you have a full scale of notes, a complete gamut; these notes being mixed at random produce a harmony which one not accustomed to would hardly expect.

Should the deer have escaped the first shot, the dogs would pursue him until he was back at the place he first started from; here, being confused, he would soon fall victim to another. Then the fortunate hunter would sound his horn, and the others, also sounding their horns, would soon gather about him to excitedly swap banter and explain just why they did not get the game first. An experienced hunter would be able to locate each of his companions

by the sounds of their horns, as each had a note of its own. Often a day would be spent thus, and the spoils divided at night before separating, each to his own home.

Noticing in the papers inquiries as to how certain places came to get their name, I will relate how two creeks came by theirs, as told me by an older citizen than myself. As related before, the very earliest settlers had to depend upon game for sustenance, and upon their rifles for obtaining it. Two young men had about cleaned up the buck deer in their immediate neighborhood, and had for several days been subsisting on does, which at that time of year were rather poor eating.

They accordingly went over westward onto another creek. Coming upon a feeding deer, one was about to shoot it. However, the other, discovering it not to be a buck, yelled: "Run, doe, run!" The startled doe ran, and to this day the creek is called "Doerun."

New Years Creek runs entirely through Washington County. From ten to fifteen miles back from its mouth its flow is affected by the backwaters of the Brazos, into which it empties. Its channel is very narrow, and when the floods come it is out of its banks, sometimes from two to three miles. If this stream could be leveed so as to prevent this overflow, several thousand acres of the richest land in all Washington County would be available for farming.

During the Civil War the writer had a short furlough coming to him, which he naturally wished to spend at home. On the road from Washington to Chappell Hill I found my way blocked by about a mile of muddy water. Thereupon, I rode back to the home of an old friend, Judge Feldar, where I secured an old horse-trough, and borrowed a negro to act as boatman. With the negro at the paddle, and myself bailing, we managed to make the trip, and feeling as happy as Vanderbilt with all his riches, I rewarded my ferryman with my last dollar.

What I started to tell, however, was about the way this creek also came to have the name it has borne since early days. A party led by Stephen F. Austin, returning from the States, came to the banks of this creek, and finding shade, proceeded to eat the first New Years snack that was ever known to be eaten upon its banks by white men. Therefore it was New Years Creek.

While on the subject of water courses, would say for good old Washington County that it is well supplied with water and timber. There were immense cedar brakes in the southeastern part of the County, which supplied the Texas Central Railway with most of its piling, and also the Santa Fe. Besides the cedar there are large quantities of postoak and ash, and a great deal of black walnut.

Several shipments of the latter have been made to Germany, although I have been told by one of the shippers that this was without much profit to him.

The County was once a fine stock producing country. The soils, black hog-wallow and black sandy, were both productive of the finest mesquite grass. There were two kinds of mesquite grasses growing on the prairies, either of them nutritious to the highest degree. In the fall of the year the cattle became so fat on these grasses that they could not be driven any distance without danger of overheating, resulting in death. Herders had to be very careful in driving, for over-fatigue meant loss.

I dare say that before the white man came, Washington County was paradise for buffalo, deer, antelope and other wild game. This, with the herds of wild horses, made it the Happy Hunting Ground for the Comanche Indians.

# APPENDIX

## COPY OF WILL OF JAMES LOCKHART

*(Dr. Lockhart's Great Grandfather)*

Dated October 2nd, 1798:

I, James Lockhart, of Johnston County and State of North Carolina, being of sound mind, and thanks be to God for the same, do make and again declare this my last will and testament, revoking any and all others heretofore made.

ITEM: I lend to my beloved wife, Hannah Hawkins Lockhart, during her widowhood, and no longer time, one negro wench, called Nan; two feather beds and furniture, one table, six knives and forks, four chairs, two basins, two dishes, one chest, one horse bridle and saddle, one woolen wheel and card, one flaxwheel and hackle, two cows and calfs; two ewes and lambs; two sows and pigs; one iron pot and hanger, one dutch oven, one pair of smoothing irons, one tub, pail and piggins, one loom and some geese and few other articles such as she cannot conveniently keep house without, such as provisions for first year, and the seine and the privileges necessary to support the seine beach and the land and plantation whereon I now dwell, on the east side of Wolf Pitt branch, during the above mentioned time, and after that to them that may have right to enjoy it by law.

ITEM: I give and bequeath to my son, Benjamin Lockhart, one tract or parcel of land, as follows:

Beginning on the South side of Neuse River, where Archibold Vinson's upper line comes to the river, thence his line and mine to the north prong of Norris Creek; thence up the various courses of the said prongs to the Spring, a large poplar; thence a small distance by the Spring, a west course to a line of mine that extends north and South; thence with and with that line north to Knotty Branch; thence down the various courses of the said branch as far until a north course will strike the head of a small branch that entered into the river, opposite, the mouth of Sapworth Creek, the line to leave Knotty Branch where it may strike the head of the western prong of the branch at the upper spring, then down the various courses thereof to the beginning, except what I have left to my wife Hannah, containing 200 acres, more or less, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: The rest of my land except 200 acres on Poplar I desire to be equally divided between my three sons, namely, Cary Lockhart, Thomas Lockhart, and Elam Lockhart, to have the plantation where I now dwell, and his part adjoining to it, to them, their heirs and assigns forever. The 200 acres to be sold by my executor for the use of building a good decent dwelling house for my wife to live in during the above time, and if that should not

be sufficient to complete it, the moneys arising out of any other property must do it, if I do not do it in my life time.

ITEM: I give to my son John Lockhart, one negro woman named Cincy, and $150.00 to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to my son James Lockhart, one negro man, named Harry, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give unto my son, Brittin Lockhart, the sum of FIVE DOLLARS to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to my son Stephen Lockhart, one negro man, named Julius, and $50.00 to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give and bequeath to my son, Osborne Lockhart, one mulatto woman named Pat, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to Thomas Lockhart, one negro man, named Ned, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to my son Benjamin Lockhart, one negro girl, named Sal, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to my daughter, Patsey Lockhart, one negro girl, named Ritta, to her heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to my daughter, Eda, one negro girl, name Rose, to her heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give to my son, Cary Lockhart, one negro boy named, Phil, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

ITEM: I give unto my son, Elam Lockhart, one negro girl, named Esther, to him, his assigns forever.

N. B. If any of my children should lose any of their negroes before they receive them by death, then my wife to distribute part of what she has lent to her to give them some relief, and the rest of my estate not willed away, I desire to be sold to the highest bidder by executors, hereinafter mentioned, and John Lockhart to be paid 30 Pounds out of it, and my son, Thomas, and all of my children that are younger than him, to be equally divided between them, and I appoint my loving wife, Hannah Hawkins Lockhart, Robert Gulley Sr., and Osborne Lockhart, and Thomas Lockhart, executors of my last will and testament.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the 2nd day of October, 1798.

SIGNED James Lockhart

WITNESSES:
R. Sanders
John McCullers
M.Hardy

# A LETTER FROM DR. JOHN W. LOCKHART TO SARAH A. E. BROWNING

At Home, Dec. 6, 1859.

DEAR MISS SALLIE:

It is with emotion of the deepest affection that I attempt to address you again. To restrain my feelings longer seems to be an impossibility. I have struggled hard to conceal my passion of love from you, but I have no doubt that ere this you have read it in all my movements and actions toward you. Therefore, I now make an open and free confession to you that I love you devotedly and ardently, and I feel proud that the All-wise Creator has given me the faculty of loving one who I think so gentle, amiable and good. Miss Sallie, since I last addressed you and after making the pledge to you that I did, I strove to forget all that had ever passed between us. I strove to withdraw my affections, but I could not, and it was for this purpose that I left home. I thought that distance and absence might sever the cords which bound my soul, but I found that true love never dies! It may wane and become invisible as the moon, but when memory would reflect your image, or in imagination I would revisit you, my soul overflowed with love, as the moon, when once more it turns its broad bosom to the sun, is filled again with light.

Miss Sallie, will you blame me for thus loving you? I think your generous soul will forgive me and if you can not reciprocate you will throw the mantle of charity which so gracefully decorates you, around my imperfections and weakness, if it can be called such. I am but human, and owing to my organization I am bound to have some object on which to place my affections, and it seems that destiny has selected you as that object and, notwithstanding the many defeats, my affections still cling to you. Fate seems to have dealt hardly with me. Perhaps for wise purposes (in all probability to humble me) I must not complain—"God seeth and doeth all things well."

Should I be so fortunate as to gain your affection and esteem, I shall be happy again. The earth will brighten anew. The rose and the lily receive back their lost hue and fragrance and all nature will wear afresh the aspect of cheerfulness, happiness, and gaiety.

Your company is pleasant to me. But I do not feel at liberty to intrude myself upon you without first gaining your permission. If it be agreeable with you, I hope you will retain this note,—if not, please return it. Into your generous hands I commit myself. Please deal gently.

I remain as ever, yours devotedly,

J. W. LOCKHART.

P. S. Please keep this as a secret. J. W. L.

I have broken this open to add that I am sorry to trouble you so much. That unless your heart should beat in unison with mine this missive must be exceedingly disagreeable to you, and if they should be, I sincerely hope you will pity my ignorance and excuse my presumption.

Please excuse me for sending this by a boy.

Your J. W. L.

## THE LINE OF DESCENT THROUGH DR. JOHN W. LOCKHART

James Lockhart married Hannah Hawkins in North Carolina.

One of their issue, Stephen Lockhart, married Nancy Norwood in Alabama.

One of their issue, John Lockhart, married Eliza Alexander in Alabama. Their children: William Lockhart, Charles Lockhart, John W. Lockhart, Alexander Lockhart, Lucian Lockhart, Sam Houston Lockhart, Benjamin Lockhart, all of Texas.

John Washington Lockhart married Elmina Carolina Wallis. Their children were:

(1) Elmina Eliza Lockhart, who married Henry A. Landes. Their child:
John Lockhart Landes.

(2) Mary Elizabeth Lockhart, who married Henry A. Landes. Their children:

(1) Elmina Lockhart Landes, who married Eugene Alston Hawkins. Their child:
Eugene Alston Hawkins, Jr., who married Margaret May Johnston. Their child:
Margaret Landes Hawkins.

(2) Daniel Edmund Landes, who married M. Elizabeth Williams.

(3) Henry Browning Landes, who married Mary Edith McNair.

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John Washington Lockhart married Sarah Ann Elizabeth Browning. Their children were:

(1) William Browning Lockhart, who married Esther Gresham. Their children:

(1) Josephine Gresham Lockhart.

(2) John William Lockhart, who married Frances Harris. Their children:

(1) Frances Lockhart.

(2) Josephine Lockhart.

(2) Jonnie Lockhart, who married Charles Landes Wallis. Their children:

(1) Ethelyn Wallis, who married Philip Benjamin Kennedy.

(2) Joseph Edmund Wallis, who married Ethelyn Elizabeth McNair.

(3) Harvie Lockhart Wallis, who married Paul Bovard Hammond. Their children:

(1) Charles Wallis Hammond.

(2) William Theodore Hammond.

(4) Byrd May Wallis, who married George Ralph Martin. Their children:

(1) Jeanne Lockhart Martin.

(2) Elizabeth Browning Martin.

(3) Daniel Harvie Lockhart.

(4) Joseph Henry Lockhart.